WEEK ENDING MARCH 16, 1929

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

OVER 1,900,000 NET PAID CIRCULATION

DELMAR ~ MORRIS ~ SUTHERLAND ~ GREEN ~ BRENNAN

Scene in a Costa Rican Plantation. The fruit is cut when at the proper degree of fullness, laden into cars, and hurried to a waiting ship—which is really a floating cold-air plant. A few days later the bananas are unloaded at one of our seaports, inspected and carefully ripened, so that they reach your table, firm, delicious, ready to eat.

BANANAS

Delicious Alone . . .

or with any fruit combination

No matter what the season—chilly December or torrid July—you can always secure ripe, luscious bananas. And what a useful, tempting fruit for mother to keep on hand at all times! Children love them!

The banana is fully ripe when flecked with brown

WITH bananas in the house there is never any need to worry about desserts, salads, or healthful between-meal sweets for the children.

The delicious, distinctive flavor of ripe bananas never grows tiresome, and this fruit lends itself to a variety of recipes.

Eaten just as they come from the skins, or sliced with milk, cream or cereals . . . bananas are always tasty, wholesome and nourishing. When added to other fruits, they seem to be the one ingredient that perfects the combination. In fruit cups, fruit salads and fruit gelatines bananas always bring out the flavor of the other fruits and make them taste better.

Nature made them taste so good because they're so healthful . . . In every home where there are children, bananas should be served as regularly as milk and green vegetables. Doctors and nutrition experts have tested bananas exhaustively and have found them to be one of the most valuable energy-producing foods. They also contain the essential vitamins and mineral salts.

But like any other fruit, bananas should be eaten only when *perfectly ripe.* When the skins are generously flecked with brown spots they literally melt in the mouth and are thoroughly digestible.

If not at the proper stage of ripeness when you buy them, let them ripen at room temperature. Never place bananas in the ice box, for the cold retards the ripening process.

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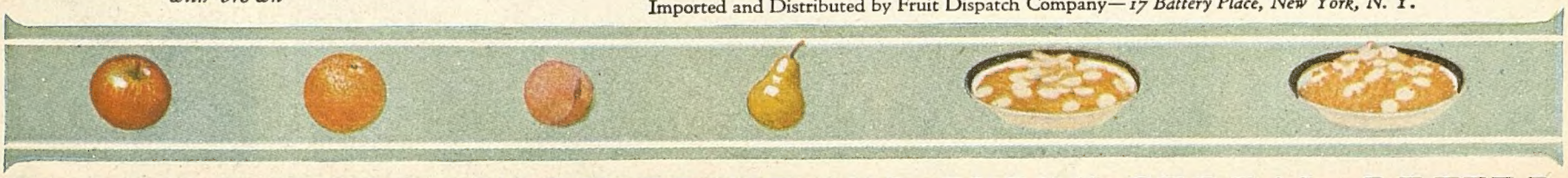


BANANAS MAKE EVERY FRUIT AND EVERY CEREAL BETTER

Members of the family

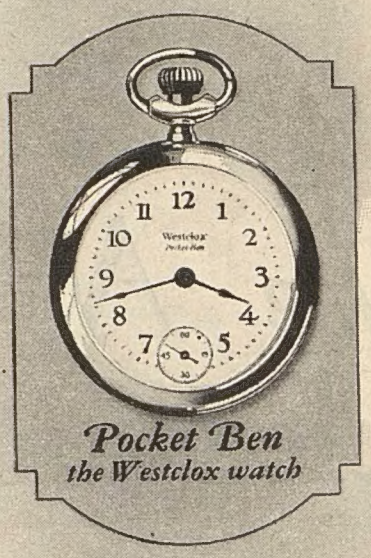
HOME! . . . what a mighty influence in shaping the destiny of the individual . . . the wholesome atmosphere of happiness, the wise counsel of a kind and generous father . . . the high ideals of a devoted mother. How fortunate are the children who are "members of the family."

Years come and go. Modes and customs change. But character created during that impressionable period of youth remains steadfast.

Big Ben, Baby Ben and other members of the Westclox family introduce a delightful new style in alarms. But they adhere . . . to the very utmost . . . to those characteristic principles of precision for which Westclox are world-famed.

The sturdy base provides protection against tipping, assures longer life and lends a note of majestic grace in design. These new models are made in nickel — and lovely shades of old rose, green or blue . . . Westclox improved in appearance, modern to the last minute in beauty of design. And Westclox quality, as ever, thoroughly dependable, unchanged.

Pocket Ben—an attractive *watch*, priced at $1.50—is also "a member of the family." And, like all Westclox, is endowed with the family trait of trustworthiness.



Prices slightly higher in Canada

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY, La Salle, Illinois, U. S. A.

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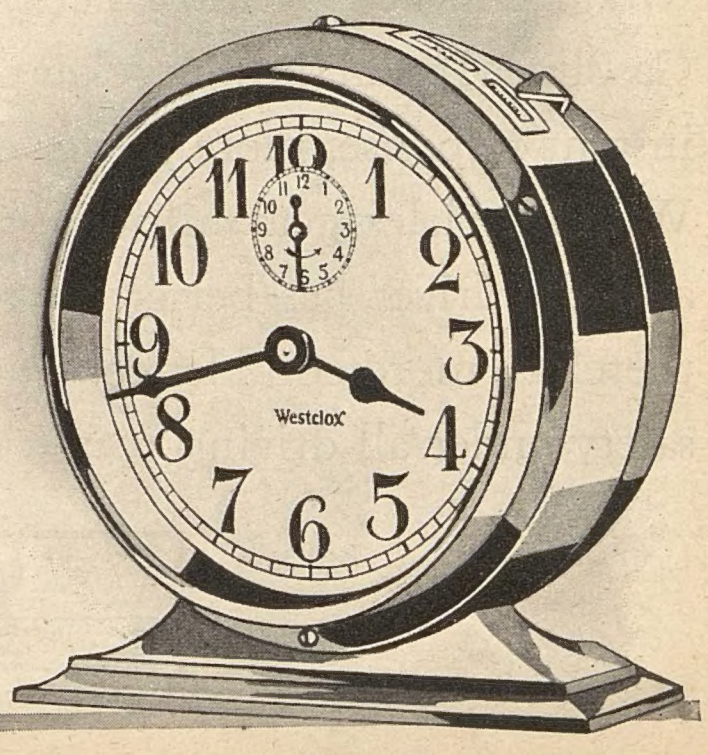
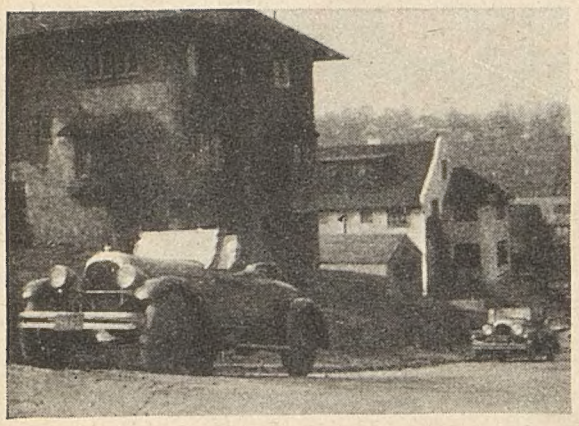
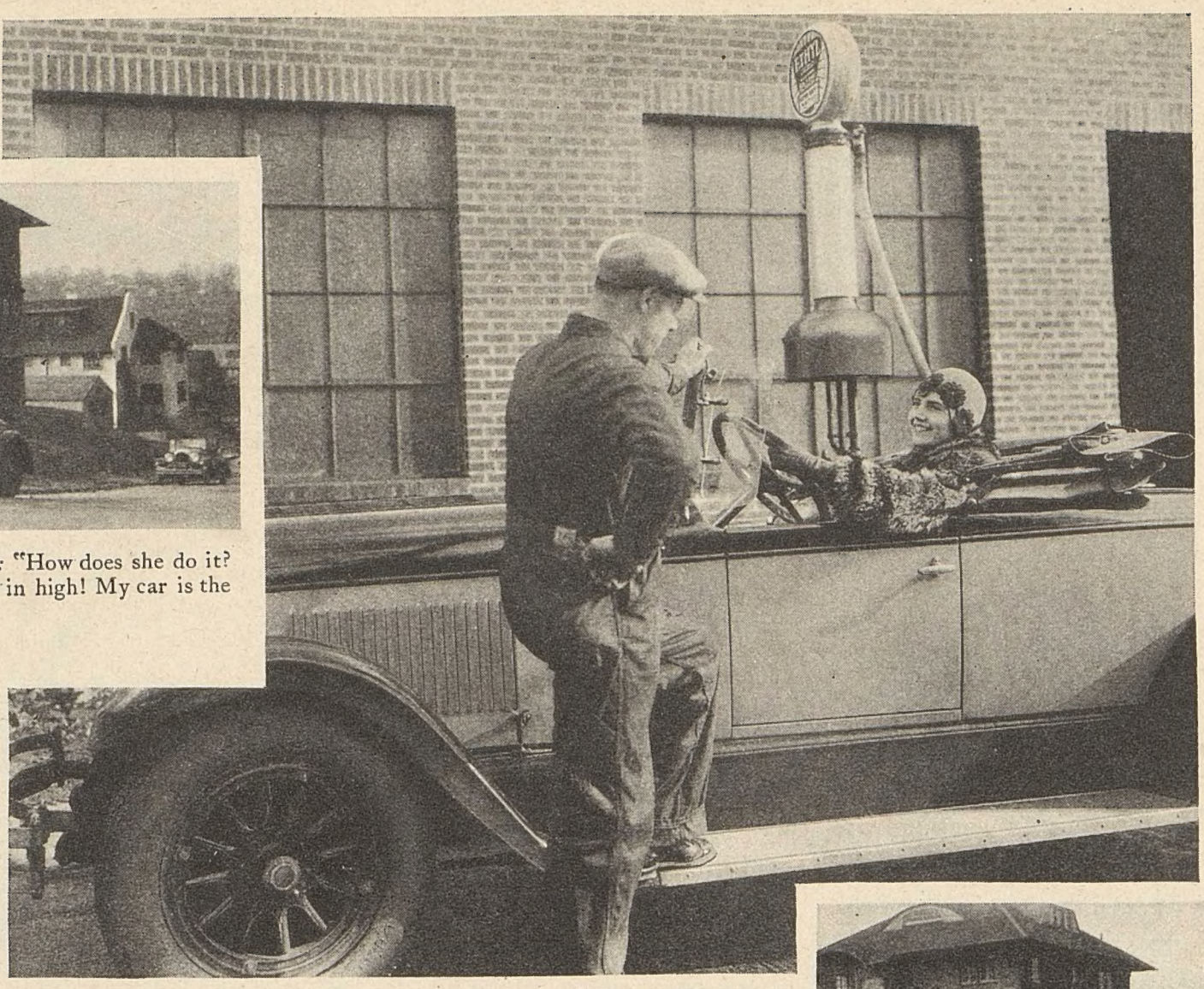
Westclox

There's a delightful variety of Westclox to select from. And you may have your choice of dials, too—plain—or luminous, that tell time in the dark. Prices range from $1.50 to $5.00.



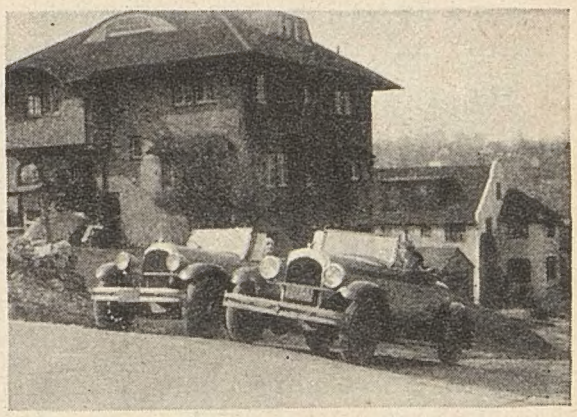


A *Lady in car behind:* "How does she do it? Right up past me in high! My car is the same as hers too."



B *Service Station Man (to Lady):* "How does she do it? She's using Ethyl. It makes any car run better."

Lady: "Well then, fill *my* tank with Ethyl."



C *Lady:* "Right up the hill in high! So that's what Ethyl Gasoline does!"

The A-B-C *of* pleasant motoring

Any car—whatever its age or type—will give its best performance on Ethyl Gasoline. It will show quicker pick-up, instant response, more power on hills. With Ethyl, less gear shifting is required and the driver has better control and therefore more confidence and greater safety under all driving conditions.

Ethyl Gasoline is good gasoline *plus* Ethyl fluid which leading oil companies are adding to give the advantages of high compression performance to the owner of *any* car.

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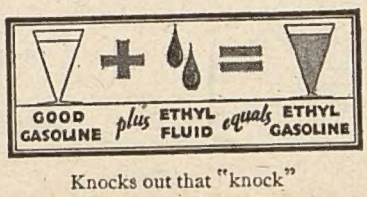

Knocks out that "knock"

ETHYL GASOLINE

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MARCH 16, 1929 **Liberty** *A Weekly for Everybody* VOL. 6 No. 10

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices:
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.
Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower, Tribune Square. Detroit: General Motors Bldg. Boston: Rice Bldg. San Francisco: Kohl Bldg.
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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

A GREAT MOVIE

Producers of pictures, with their world upset by new inventions, are groping about for the best way to make a talking movie.

A recent experience leads us to suggest that if you want a recipe for a wonderful talkie the first thing to do is to get Sir James M. Barrie to write the dialogue. Then engage two or three of the best actors obtainable, give them the Barrie dialogue, and let them go to it.

At one time the writer who occupies this pontifical chair was a mere dramatic critic. Moved by some vagrant impulse, he strolled the other day into a picture theater—which he doesn't often do.

The theater was one of the largest in New York City. It was Saturday afternoon, which meant that the place was thronged. Guided by what seemed an endless succession of ushers, the visitor found himself hoisted in an elevator to a lofty balcony whence a pygmy orchestra, far below, looked like a company of insects. It hardly seemed possible that one could see or hear much.

Well, the show proved as visible and audible as it would, in days past, from the traditional fourth row on the aisle.

The picture was The Doctor's Secret, made by Paramount from the Barrie playlet Half an Hour. In it a company of fine actors depicts the crowded events which took place between 7:30 and 8 o'clock one evening in the life of a woman who married for money.

With no preliminaries at all, you are given the situation in the first word of dialogue. A young man is pleading with the wife to run away with him to Egypt. Quickly follows a scene between husband and wife—the husband domineering and sardonic, the wife cruelly affronted. It is a capital bit, full of eloquent overtones.

The wife, in despair, telephones her suitor that she will go with him. Presently she joins him, and there is a touching interlude with the devoted little slavey who has cared for the man's rooms. The man steps out to get a taxicab and is killed by a passing motor truck.

It is as sudden as that—compact, terse, and inescapable. Not more than ten minutes is supposed to have passed, but a complete, intricate, and ironic tragedy has been enacted.

And this is only the beginning. What follows need not be told in detail, but it makes tense, poignant drama. Every word of the dialogue is alive with significance and every shade of the acting is adroit and telling. Here you see the need of good artists in pictures.

For her characterization of the wife Ruth Chatterton has been given—and deserves—high praise. She is an excellent actress, but has not had much luck of late on the stage. Almost she seemed to be approaching the end of her career. In this picture she finds a medium in which her voice and even the quiver of her eyelids become instruments of the highest artistry.

One's greatest admiration, perhaps, goes to H. B. Warner in the ungrateful rôle of the domineering husband. You might think he played himself, so persuasive is his acting—and yet this is the man who, in The King of Kings, played a completely opposite part.

In a secondary rôle Robert Edeson offers a fine, suave performance.

All this, from the topmost balcony, was far more vivid and intelligible than it could have been from any part of a playhouse in the old days. It was as if the players were acting under a microscope. By this new medium they made their skill register all over a vast theater—and they were doing the same thing simultaneously in other theaters all over the country.

We speak unreservedly, it is true, but we believe this talking picture is an enormous advance in the art of entertainment. It is a great movie, though it does, in its essential tragedy, run contrary to the usual formula for motion pictures.

No doubt some of our bright young solicitors will use this editorial to try to get some advertising. We hope the Paramount company will disregard that. What is said here is said *con amore*, free gratis and for nothing. Paramount produces bad pictures as well as good ones, and we may have occasion to say so some day.

To Mr. Frederick James Smith we offer our apologies for encroaching on his domain. We haven't read his review of The Doctor's Secret, but we don't see how he could disagree with us. You can find out about that if you like by turning to page 33.

THE TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 8

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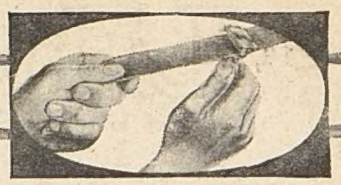
STROPPING IS ESSENTIAL TO THE PERFECT SHAVE!



Stop torturing *your face*

. . . follow the example of a million master-barbers!

There's a tribe in Asia which glories in self-torture. Natives actually lie upon boards of needles!

Savage? Of course! Yet thousands of men who shudder at such primitive practices indulge in a similar form of self-torture . . . . they *shave* with needles!

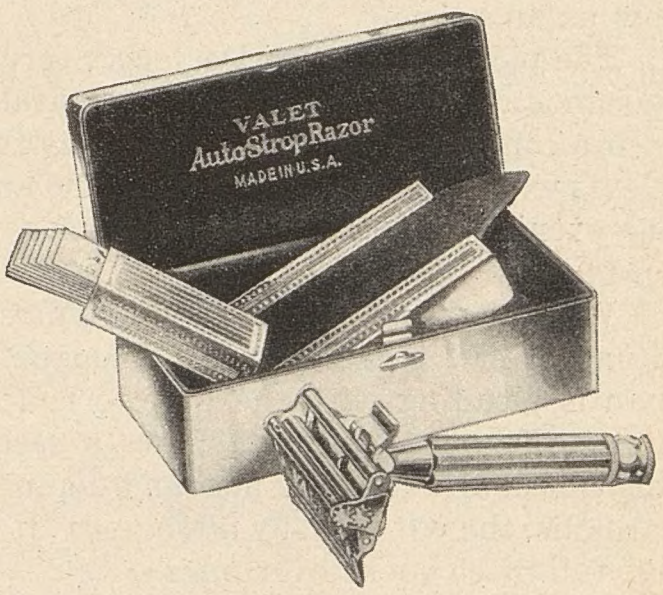
Every used blade has millions of tiny needle points. Only stropping will smooth them out. That's why barbers strop before each shave!

And that's exactly what the new Valet AutoStrop Razor does *automatically!* A couple of flips on the strop . . . . and you have an edge so keen that even the stiffest beard gives up in despair. It's the only razor that strops, shaves, and cleans without removing the blade.

Try it . . . . you'll miss the sting and smart. You'll forget the fear of scraping. Each stroke of the razor is sure, clean, slick. And cool as a mountain spring! You get through faster—your shave lasts longer—your face feels better and looks it!

New million dollar

Try it . . . and know that the world has really progressed!



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Dance Hall

A Story of Flying Feet and a Steadfast Heart

By

VIÑA DELMAR

Pictures by
RAYMOND SISLEY

SHE was dancing with a stranger. A tall, lithe stranger with keen eyes.

TO see Tommy Flynn dancing was to see Horatio holding the bridge, David facing Goliath, or Hannibal crossing the Alps. There was no nonsense about Tommy Flynn when it came to the sacred art of dancing. His partner had to be held just so. He didn't want any of these loose, dangling mamas. The girl Tommy danced with had to stand up on her own two feet and they had to be hot, dancing feet, too. Any girl who thought she was going to giggle and chatter out on that dance floor with Tommy was just cuckoo. She had only to look at his serious face to feel the intense solemnity of the moment. This was important. Rhythm, carriage, and originality all counted and had to be considered when dancing with Tommy Flynn.

Tommy brought to his temple of worship a well shellacked head of hair, a neatly pressed and belted blue serge suit, a trim bow tie, and a passionately shined pair of shoes. During the day, when he was just a shipping clerk, it was possible for hair to be ruffled and hands perhaps not quite clean, but when night fell and it was time to go to the dance hall—gee, then there was the devil to pay if Tommy couldn't find his bandoline and a clean shirt.

"Hey, Ma, what do you mean I ain't got a clean shirt? Gee, don't a fellow get no service around here any more? Say, I'll bet old man Williams is using my bandoline!"

"Sh, he'll hear you, Tom. He's in tonight with a terrible headache."

"I hope he does hear me. Gee, there's nothing lower than a guy who'll steal bandoline."

"Hush, I said. Do you want him to leave? He pays six dollars a week here and he ought to be able to sleep when he don't feel well."

"Aw." Tommy's antagonism toward old man Williams died hard, but when his mother looked like that he always had to shut up. Poor Ma, she had her troubles.

But, somehow, Ma's troubles, old man Williams' and his own troubles always seemed slighter when he was out on the street walking toward the dance hall. There was a pleasant feeling in knowing that it was springtime and the stars were shining and he was going to dance.

The dance hall was on Broadway. It was called a ballroom, but Tommy couldn't think of it as a ballroom. It sounded gayer and friendlier when you called it a dance hall. They charged eighty-five cents admission.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINE]

The *Editor's* Page

WE started this page last week with the idea of telling something about the people who write for LIBERTY and indulging variously in such shop talk as you might not be likely to hear otherwise. Authors, we find, are interesting persons—as interesting sometimes as the characters in their stories. Usually they tell you tales of long, hard struggles: years of sending out manuscripts, only to have them come back, rejected; long periods of poverty and perseverance in the face of discouragement. The business of writing is an arduous and uncertain one, and there are lessons to be learned from the lives of those enthusiasts who are devoted enough to stick to it.

Viña Delmar

BUT you won't learn any of them from the life of VIÑA DELMAR, whose story, Dance Hall, runs through these pages. She had her share of poverty and discouragement when she was a theater usher in New York, where she was born, but since she has taken to writing her career has been like a fairy tale. Her first visit to a magazine office brought her a job—doing pieces regularly for Snappy Stories. Her first serious attempt at fiction was offered to LIBERTY and quickly bought, and she hasn't had an unsold story since. Some time ago she showed us the manuscript of a novel; she thought we'd like to read it, but didn't expect us to buy it. We didn't buy it, nor did any magazine serialize it, since it didn't seem exactly a serial kind of a story. We are still wondering whether we were right about that. They called it Bad Girl and published it in book form, and before you could say Jack Robinson it became a famous best seller.

M. R. Werner

Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Gouverneur Morris

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN, who also has a story in this issue, is another newcomer. As a reporter on the St. Louis Post-Dispatch he covered some of the turbulent gangster doings in Williamson County, Illinois, and saw in them material for fiction. One of his first stories, Snitch, he sent rather timidly to LIBERTY, and we enthusiastically bought it. We had never heard of him before, nor had we heard of Mrs. Delmar when we bought that first tale of hers. You don't have to be known, you see. . . . GOUVERNEUR MORRIS and M. R. WERNER, the biographer of Bryan, were both born in New York City, thereby upsetting another tradition: i. e., that nobody is ever born in New York. Mr. Morris began selling stories before he was out of Yale. Mr. Werner started as obituary editor of the New York Tribune! Not so long ago, either: he is still only thirty-two.

IN THIS ISSUE

Dance Hall—*The love story of a girl whose job was jazz*.....VIÑA DELMAR 7
The Dear Ladies—*A survey of why they are so dear*.....IRENE KUHN 17
Shoes—*A South Sea island tale of love and laughter*.....GOUVERNEUR MORRIS 24
Growing Up—*The week's review of picture plays and players*.....FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 33
The Mystery of the Lost Heiress—*A test for amateur detectives*.....SIDNEY SUTHERLAND 34
It Was This Way, Sheriff—*A romance of gangland*.....FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN 45
Bryan (Part X)—*Continuing a remarkable new biography*.....M. R. WERNER 57
Love Letters of an Interior Decorator—*That rococo Morocco*.....BERT GREEN 63
Golf Architecture—*A glance at the art of hazard-making*.....JOSEPH W. KAYE 66
The Murders on the Roof (Part IX)—*A serial of mystery on Broadway*.....EDWARD DOHERTY 71

News of the World (p. 23); Twenty Questions (32); Bright Sayings of Children (40); Vox Pop (54-55); For the Love o' Lil (56); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (65); Fashions (79) Cross Word Puzzles (80-81); Food (82) Cover by Leslie Thrasher

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVEN]

That was a lot of money. A fellow couldn't go every night of course, but he could kid himself into thinking he went every night. He could go to bed right after supper on the nights when there wasn't going to be any dancing, or else he could bring home a can of silver polish and spend the evening polishing his trophies to a high and dazzling luster. Seven loving cups and four medals. You didn't get those things for nothing. You got to be a swell dancer to win eleven contests. Gee, Ma was always moving them around, too. It was only the night before that she had accidentally turned one of the loving cups so that you couldn't read the inscription on it. Women had no sense —not even Ma, sometimes.

They were playing Irving Berlin's latest number when Tommy came down from the checkroom. He stood a moment looking around. He wanted to see a lonesome girl or else some fellow he knew who'd lend his girl for a dance or two. Some guys had money enough to bring girls with them. Tommy sighed at this reflection. Oh, well, he was lucky even to be here. If Ma had been the kind who wouldn't take in a roomer then there'd be no dancing at all for little Tommy. It was lucky, too, that he could walk to the dance hall. Ninth Avenue was an ideal spot to live, he thought, so close to everything. Of course, it was a little inconvenient to get to work from there, but only a stone's throw from the dance hall.

TOMMY leaned back against the wall with his hands in his pockets. Short, slim Tommy with bright, eager eyes searching the faces of the crowd.

Now if he only had a girl to dance with. Of course there were hostesses. The sign outside said there were 150 hostesses. It cost thirty-five cents extra to dance with one. Gee!

Tommy's gaze shifted to the girls who sat in a row waiting for someone to ask them to dance. They got a percentage of the price you paid to dance with them. They wore evening clothes and looked bored. No use mooning at them. That wouldn't get a fellow a dance.

The music stopped. A girl in a silvery, undulating sheath of a gown came from the dance floor and passed Tommy on her way to the hostesses' bench. She left a trail of perfume behind her.

When she turned to sit down he saw that her eyes were blue as Ma's best dress, and shinier than all his trophies.

It was only a half minute before the music started again, but in that half minute Tommy Flynn had spent his next day's lunch and cigarette money to dance with a hostess.

HE found her on the balcony. "Hush," she said to him. "I thought I heard a plane."

I can't give you anything but love,
Baby—
That's the only thing I've plenty of,
Ba-by.

Her name was Gracie Nolan. She was from Greenpoint. When Tommy wrinkled his brow in puzzlement she said it was in Brooklyn—somewhere near Jumping-off Place. It was her first night as a hostess, she said. That was why she talked so freely and easily about herself, but neither of them realized it. Three dances with Gracie were allowed Tommy for his thirty-five cents. It was between them that he heard about Gracie.

"I don't live in Greenpoint now," she said. "My father died. He had a store."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DANCE HALL
Continued from page nine]

"Yeh?" asked Tommy.

"Yeh, he got sick. I could 'a' run the store maybe. It was just a little hardware store. But the creditors wouldn't wait."

"Gee, tough," said Tommy.

"Yeh, he died." There was a wail in her voice or maybe it was the low sob of the saxophone as the orchestra began a red hot blues.

The dance over they stood together again with warm, flushed cheeks and shining eyes.

"I tried to get on the stage," Gracie said. "First off I thought they'd take me, but they wouldn't."

"Why, you're a swell dancer."

"Yeh, but I couldn't keep looking around. I needed a job."

"Gee, tough," said Tommy.

"Yeh," Gracie said.

He was so sympathetic and she was so lonely. He was the first one who'd been willing to listen to her. Funny to be telling him her troubles in this place where people come for fun.

There was another dance coming to Tommy. It was heaven to dance with Gracie. She was like another self. All rhythm and ease and no fooling about her. She knew dancing was no fun. It was serious.

After the third dance he said, "So long," and walked away from her abruptly. He hadn't another nickel. No use teasing himself looking at her and wishing. Hostesses' incomes are substantially strengthened by gratuities. Tommy was unaware of the fact and Gracie didn't care. He had been the first person willing to listen.

Tommy felt that he had discovered Gracie. Even later, when she had acquired poise and could put a fresh guy in his place with a light, easy tactfulness; when she had built up a clientele and was easily the most popular hostess in the dance hall, even then Tommy still felt that she somehow belonged to him. She was the high priestess of the temple of dance. She was Gracie Nolan—blue-eyed and slim, who took dancing seriously.

EVERY time that Tommy came to the dance hall he danced three times with Gracie. It meant going without lunch the next day, but what's a little thing like that? With grave face and tense eyes Tommy could lead Gracie out to the dance floor and swing her into the rhythm. Sometimes he could be seen after the dance practicing by himself in a dimly lit corridor of the dance hall. Gee, why hadn't he gotten that tap right? This was terrible. Beads of perspiration would burst out upon Tommy's forehead. He would be blue and unhappy all the next day. A thing like that, you know, is something fierce.

Just a kiss in the dark—
That to him was a lark—

They were gilding the lily in the dance hall. Dimming the lights to lend a soft, breathless ecstasy to the waltz. The dancers floated in a blue dusk and through the casement windows the spirit of the young summer crept and touched the faces of the dancers. Tommy felt a light breeze and it made him think of woodlands. Funny, because Tommy had never seen any woodlands.

He was dancing with Gladys Shaughnessy, but he was looking around the floor for a glimpse of Gracie Nolan. Somehow she went with the thought of starry, silver nights.

Gee, he was thinking crazy. Like a guy in love—That was it maybe. Oh, gee, he couldn't be!

There was Ma to think of, and a shipping clerk didn't make much money. But maybe Gracie wouldn't mind being a hostess for a while—just until his chance came to make good. Gee, if they were both working and old man Williams kept his room they could manage all right. Gee, a guy couldn't be killed for asking. He'd get Gracie on one of those benches in the back near the fountain and he'd ask her.

Just a kiss in the dark
But it kindled the spark—

The waltz was over. The lights flared up again. Reality rushed relentlessly at one.

"That was a grand waltz, Tommy," Gladys cooed.

"Aw, go on. You got two left feet," her erstwhile partner responded brutally. He didn't even pay her the compliment of looking at her as he spoke. He called to her over his shoulder as he ran to buy a ticket which would enable him to occupy Gracie's time long enough to tell her something which he had just found out.

HIS ticket secured he looked wildly around for Gracie. He didn't see her until the music had started again and then he saw that she was dancing with a stranger. A tall, lithe stranger with keen eyes and a reckless grace. He didn't seem to know he was dancing. Surely he was not thinking about it. His attention was completely held by Gracie's face. He smiled down into her eyes and spoke to her without neglecting rhythm or symmetry. Tommy saw that Gracie's eyes were starry and adoring. He looked at the stranger again. There was a rakishness about him. Something different.

And so, unheralded and inopportunely, did Ted Smith appear in the dance hall. He had not meant to come to the dance hall. He would have explained it by saying that he just hadn't had anything to do and had happened to see the bright, flickering lights of the dance hall's sign. Just happened on a dull evening to go to a dance hall and meet Gracie Nolan and fall in love with her.

He bought an hour of her time and sat with her on a bench near the fountain just where Tommy had meant to sit with her. Only Tommy couldn't have bought an hour of her time.

"Do you like to dance?" Ted asked her inanely.

"Well, I guess so. I don't know. I never thought about it. Do you like to?"

"Yes, once in a while."

"Do you live in New York?" she asked.

"Almost. Over on Long Island."

"Oh. Do you work in New York?"

"No. Over on Long Island. But I get all around."

"Oh, what do you do?"

"I'm a pilot."

"A pirate?"

"No, a pilot."

"Oh, on boats. I had an uncle who did that."

"No, on planes. You know, airplanes. I fly them."

"Go on. What are you trying to do, kid me?"

He laughed. "There really are people who fly them, you know," he said.

"Yeh, but you never see them. Say, I meet a lot of people. I danced with a fellow one night, a nice, soft-spoken fellow who got shot the next day. He was a racketeer of some kind or other. Then one night I danced with a fellow—he was here with a whole crowd—and a week later I see his picture in the paper. Big society wedding over on Park Avenue. He married a funny looking, squint-eyed blonde that was here with him. I guess they thought they were slumming coming in here. Anyhow I meet a lot of men, but I never met a—what did you call yourself?—oh, yeh, a pilot before."

"Well, maybe I'm not a pilot after all. But I did get a license and a job, so there are some people who believe I am."

"Well, maybe." Gracie gave up the fight because she

had just noticed his smile. There weren't many people who could resist Ted Smith's smile.

"How would you like to take a little ride in a plane?"

"Who? Me?"

"Sure."

"No, thanks."

"Why not?"

"Say, I'd sooner have people say, 'See that girl dancing there? Well, she's afraid to go up in a plane,' than have them say, 'She'd have been twenty-one on her next birthday.' Say, what do you do with planes anyhow? Where do you fly to?"

"Oh, just around. I test them for the Curter Company. Want to take a ride out to Curter Field some day?"

"In what?" asked Gracie suspiciously.

"In an automobile."

"A real one? Does it stay on the ground?"

"Nine times out of ten."

"O. K."

So Gracie went to Curter Field and saw Ted Smith at home. She saw him taking off, circling around, and landing. There was a funny something that fluttered in her throat when she looked up and saw him high above the trees. Small and helpless he was up there. She wished he would bring his bright smile back to safety.

Before Gracie left Curter Field she flew with Ted. She had to know what it felt like to be up there.

Before Gracie left Curter Field she flew with Ted. She had to know what it felt like to be up there. If she didn't know, how could she understand Ted?

"Gee, I ought to have gone to the tea dance this afternoon," Gracie said on the way home. "We don't have to be in on afternoons, but I know they were short on girls this afternoon. Are you coming to the dance hall tonight?"

"I can't. I wish I could."

"Can you come tomorrow night?"

"I don't know yet."

"When will you know?"

"Some time tomorrow. Say, I'll tell you what. You're going to be at the tea dance tomorrow? Well, I'll fly over the dance hall about four-thirty. You watch for me. If I give you a right bank—you know, if I turn my plane to the right side—it means yes; left, no. I'll be flying one of the company's executives tomorrow. Probably scare him out of a year's growth."

IT was a right bank that Ted signaled to Grace next day. She saw him first when he was just a little speck against the sky. It made Gracie giggle a little to think of all the people on the streets watching Ted and nobody but little Gracie in the dance hall knowing why he suddenly turned to the right. There was something thrilling about getting a message from the sky.

Tommy and Ted met each other that night. Gracie always wanted people that she liked to know each other. Little gleaming-haired Tommy and tall, slim Ted liked each other. Ted saw something real and candid in Tommy. Tommy was still young enough to see Ted as something of a hero. There is a glamour about aviation and Tommy felt it. He asked Ted many questions about planes and Ted answered them gravely. Tommy accepted eagerly Ted's invitation to fly with him some day.

"He's a regular fellow, Gracie," Tommy said when he had a moment to whisper it. Gracie nodded brightly. She did not know that Tommy's words meant that he was retiring from competition. He retired without malice. There was only admiration for Ted Smith in Tommy's young heart, and a hope that Ted and Gracie would make each other happy.

Tommy left them alone. He went to dance with Beatrice Sullivan. She was a pretty fair dancer. Ted laughed as he watched Tommy's serious face.

"He certainly makes a job out of dancing. Talk about important moments."

"Say, pipe down, pilot; he's a friend of mine," Gracie reminded Ted.

"I know, and I like him, but he is serious. Dancing is all his life, isn't it?"

"I suppose so."

TOMMY flew. One fine day he saw Long Island from a height of a thousand feet. Ted dove and zoomed to give his passenger a thrill. Tommy cringed at the dives. For one terrible moment he thought—but it was only a moment. And after all they landed safely.

"Well, how did you like it, Tommy?"

Tommy with his hands in his pockets executed a neat little "break" with his nimble feet. "Swell," he said. "You get the same sensation, though, when you do a snappy fox trot to good music."

It was a very modest ring that Ted slipped on Gracie's finger when she promised to marry him. He hadn't much in the way of worldly wealth. He'd never saved a nickel and had never given tomorrow a thought. Things were different now.

"Soon as I come back, Gracie, we'll get married. I won't be gone more than two weeks at the outside."

"I wish you weren't going," she said in a small voice.

"Oh, don't be foolish, Gracie. Why, this trip will make me."

"Yes, all you have to do is to hop from Long Island to Los Angeles and back again in a Curter plane. Gee, I wish you weren't going."

"Come on, Gracie girl, snap out of it."

"Will it say anything in the papers, Ted? You know what I mean, will I be able to read that you've reached such and such a place?"

Ted shook his head. "No, dear; this is done to advertise the Curter planes. Nothing will be said about it unless I succeed, see?"

"Oh," said Gracie faintly. "I see."

Ted looked Tommy up to say good-by to him. He found him practicing by himself a step that was an improvement on the old Charleston.

"I'm going away for a couple of weeks, Tommy."

"Oh, yeh? Gee, I'm sorry."

"Well, I'll be back. And say, you'll dance at a wedding then."

"No kidding?"

"Sure."

"Congratulations, Ted. She's a swell girl."

"You bet she is. Look after her while I'm gone, will you, Tommy? So long."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DANCE HALL
Continued from page eleven]

That was all there was to it, a careless salute, a few casual words, and Ted Smith was gone. But his casual words lingered in Tommy's thoughts. He was responsible for Gracie now. Ted had asked him to look after her. As one man to another, Ted had asked him to look after Gracie.

He would have to make it his business now to get to the dance hall every night. He didn't quite see how it was going to be done, but he had to do it. How was he going to look after Gracie if he didn't go to the dance hall? He remembered after an hour of racking his brain that before he had gotten his steady shipping-clerk job he had addressed envelopes at a dollar and seventy-five cents a thousand. He hadn't done it long, but it had helped out at the time. He'd do it again now.

So the next night, far into the small hours after the dance hall had closed, Tommy could have been seen sleepily copying names from a list.

He had watched Gracie like a hawk at the dance hall, had scrutinized closely the men she danced with. One he suspected had gotten fresh with Gracie.

"You looked mad at that guy," he had said. "What did he say to you?"

"Nothing."

"He did, too."

"Well, what do you care?"

"I want to know. I'll bust him in the nose, see? What did he say to you?"

"Nothing, I'm telling you."

"Well, he'd better not. Not while I'm around."

IT was lucky, Tommy thought as he yawned over the seven hundred and sixth addressee, that he had been at the dance hall. Maybe that guy would have been real fresh if Gracie hadn't had someone to protect her.

Tommy set off to work the next morning whistling. He had to whistle to keep awake. He read a paper in the train for fear he'd doze and sleep past his station. He rarely bought a paper, but a fellow has to keep awake somehow.

It was just a little notice. Only a couple of lines:

Lieutenant Theodore Smith making a coast to coast flight for the Curter Aëro Corporation had not been heard from at midnight last night. It is believed that his plane was forced down somewhere between Illinois and Colorado.

Tommy put the paper down and rubbed his sleeve across his eyes. He remembered how he had felt when the plane had dived. Gee, Ted Smith! So tall and straight and such a regular fellow. Poor Gracie. He picked the paper up and read the little item again. Well, maybe it was all right. Maybe Ted was safe. But suppose he wasn't?

Tommy couldn't rid himself of the vision of Ted's plane swooping with a sickening swiftness toward the ground.

He came home early that day. The boss had let him go. He was sick.

That night when he went to the dance hall, it only took one glance at Gracie to know that she had seen the news. There was a bright pink in her cheeks, a sober, secret look in her eyes. She laid an ice-cold hand on Tommy's hand.

"I called the Curter Company," she said. "I asked them. They wouldn't give no information. Oh, Tommy, Tommy, you know he's dead. If he weren't he'd have telegraphed me not to worry."

If she were crying he could have soothed her perhaps. He could have reminded her of the crowded dance hall, the curious eyes. But she was not crying. There was a fierce calm in her tone. A quiet that comes from a deep conviction.

"Don't worry, Gracie. You'll hear from him tomorrow, maybe."

She shook her head. "No," she said. "No."

Later, when he missed her from the floor, he found her on the balcony that lay beyond one of the rear casements.

"Hush," she said to him when he came upon her. "I thought I heard a plane."

"Oh, Gracie. Gee, kid, don't." There were tears in his voice. She was so little and white and so pitiful standing there listening for the whir of a motor above the Broadway traffic. A rain had begun to fall slowly, sullenly.

"Come on, kid, get inside." When he touched her hand he found it hot, burning. "Don't stand out here, Gracie. Look, you go inside. I'll listen for Ted. How will that be?"

For an hour Tommy stood vigil on the little balcony. He had promised Ted that he'd look after Gracie till his return. A promise was a promise.

When he left the balcony Gracie had left the dance hall.

"She looked sick," the chief hostess told him. "I got Nan Hirsch to take her home. Nan ain't coming back either tonight, so don't park on the stairs, please."

One of the nurses scolded her. "Here's your sweetheart calling every evening and you never give him a smile."

Gracie didn't come next evening to the dance hall. Tommy with trembling knees and dry lips rang the bell of her rooming house.

The landlady, plump and loquacious, opened the door. She shook her head dolefully at Tommy's question.

"No, the poor lamb is gone. You know, she use to take a walk every morning and I didn't see her this morning, so I went up to her room and in I went. There was the poor lamb lying on the bed still in her evening clothes raving about flying in an aeroplane. She had a high fever and she sure was sick. Well, I didn't know anybody to notify and I'm too busy a woman to nurse anybody so I called the hospital and they sent an ambulance and took her away."

"What hospital was it?"

"Well, now maybe I done wrong in picking this one. Some people say it's a regular death house, but my sister swears by it. She was in there a couple of times and she said the care was great. Now, I says to myself, everybody—"

"What hospital was it?" Tommy shouted.

She told him and Tommy fled from the lady even though she still stood on her doorstep talking.

They wouldn't allow him to see Gracie at the hospital. They admitted she was there, but visitors were not permitted in wards as late as this.

"How is she?" he asked anxiously.

"Resting quietly," was the uninformative reply.

Tommy himself called up the Curter Company the next day. Perhaps he'd have some good news to bring to Gracie.

"Who is this speaking?" a crisp-voiced man asked him.

"I'm a friend of Smith's. I'm —I'm the brother of the girl he's engaged to marry."

"Sorry. We have no information to give out."

Tommy hadn't the kind of personality that gets favors from executives. He hung up the receiver and went with a heavy heart to the hospital.

He found Gracie in a ward with fifteen other women. She looked very small and helpless there. Tommy gave her the rose which he had bought on the way up.

"How do you feel, kid?"

"Sick."

"Do you want anything?"

"I want to die."

"Quit joking. Want me to buy you something? A magazine or something?"

She shook her head.

"What have you got, Gracie? Did they tell you?"

"No."

His visit was over then, for Gracie's strength was not to be taxed. The nurse told him that she had pneumonia.

TOMMY wished he could take her from the hospital, but he had no place to take her. Gee, was this looking after Gracie to have her sick in this white, unfriendly place where everybody had a frozen face?

He went to see her every day. He doubted though that she wanted him. She did not speak nor look at him. Not even when the nurses said she was on the road to recovery.

"Come, come, look alive," one of the nurses scolded her. "Here's your sweetheart calling every evening and you never give him a smile."

Tommy looked away at the nurse's words. He did not want to see Gracie's eyes at that moment.

"She'll be able to leave the hospital in a few days," the nurse told him later. "Are you going to take her out? I asked her today and she said she had no money."

"Yes, I'm taking her."

That night Tommy faced his mother across the kitchen table.

"Ma, can I bring a girl here? She's been sick. Her name is Gracie Nolan and she's—she's beautiful, Ma. She ain't got a nickel and no friends except me. Her sweetheart was a pilot, Ma, you know—an aviator. He —he got killed. Ma, I promised him before he died that I'd look after Gracie till he came back, and see, Ma, he ain't coming back. I got to look after Gracie now, for always."

"But, Sonny, there is no room here."

"Ma, we got to tell old man Williams to go. I'll work like the dickens to make up the difference. Don't you see, Ma, I promised Ted right before he was killed. This is serious, Ma. Don't you see, Ma? It was a promise that I'd look after Gracie. Gee, Ma, I'll make up the difference, you'll see."

"Sonny, I see. She has to come, doesn't she? We'll manage all right."

"Gee, Ma, you're an ace. You tell old man Williams and I'll get some money right away."

Tommy left the kitchen then and walked slowly to the table on which his trophies lay. Gee, eleven of them.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DANCE HALL
Continued from page thirteen]

You had to be a swell dancer, all right, to win eleven contests. It was a little awkward to bundle those loving cups and medals together, but finally Tommy had them so he could carry them down the stairs and out to the street. He didn't have a free arm though and he would have liked a free arm. There was a moisture that kept getting in his eyes. Gee, they were beautiful trophies.

They looked so shiny and glimmering as they stood on Mr. Kerewsky's counter.

"Will you give me a hundred dollars on these?" Tommy asked.

"What! Are you crazy or do you think I am? Six dollars I give you on the whole bunch."

"Six dollars!"

"Sure." Mr. Kerewsky touched a scornful finger on the largest loving cup. "I'd be satisfied to sell these all day at a dollar apiece."

Well, six dollars was, after all, six dollars.

So Gracie came to live with the Flynns. She rarely spoke at first, but she was grateful. Her eyes, when they rested on Tommy or his mother, spoke volumes. She was very weak. The Flynns plied her with milk and eggs.

There was never any mention made of Ted Smith. Yet always the eyes of Tommy and Gracie spoke of him when they met.

Tommy bothered the Curter Company no more. They would tell him nothing and if Ted were alive all hell wouldn't keep him from getting in touch with Gracie. Twice Tommy had gone to her old rooming house to see if any mail had come for her. There was never any, so he stopped going.

He walked home from work one night wrestling with his problem. Would she marry him? Ted was gone and maybe she would never love anybody again, but he could take care of her so much better if they were married. She need never feel then that she was imposing if she were married to him. Besides he'd have a right then to make her take her milk and a walk in the sunshine.

What would he say to her? Should he say, "Well, kid, I guess you'd better marry me," or should he say, "Grace, darling, I love you. Will you do me the honor of becoming my wife?"

But when he got home she was reading the paper carefully, perusing every tiny item searchingly. So after all he did not say anything.

She did addressing now, too. She insisted that she was strong enough and wanted to help. He argued, but she fretted so that he brought her envelopes and they worked together in the evenings.

The months passed. Gracie spoke of returning to the dance hall. Tommy looked at her with misgivings. She had never regained her strength or her healthy roundness. She was white and frail.

"I got to go back, Tommy. I owe your mother so much I got to make some money."

"That's a lot of horse-radish, kid. Take it easy. Rest up."

BUT Gracie walked one day to the dance hall. She found herself tired by the walk, but that, she assured herself, was because she wasn't used to it. The usual tea dance was in full swing. The music burst upon her ears with familiar and painful associations. The man at the door did not remember her.

"Where's your card?" he asked as she tried to pass him.

"I haven't it any more. I haven't worked here for months. I'll be upstairs just a minute, truly. I'm only going to see about a job."

"Sorry, I can't let you by. You'll have to get a ticket."

Gracie fumbled around in the pocket of her suit. She had enough to get in and a nickel over.

Upstairs she saw Mr. Valentine, the manager. He looked at her pityingly. Poor kid. She couldn't dance. She'd kill herself. He hated to tell her that she looked so ill that he'd be afraid to engage her. He shifted the job to the chief hostess who told her gently.

"Don't rush things, Gracie. You're weak yet. Take it easy. Why, we wouldn't let you cavort about till you're better. Say, if you ever went to dance, kid, you'd faw down and go boom."

Gracie walked away from the sly kindness of the chief hostess. She was not fooled. She had seen the pity in her eyes.

Well, what now? She couldn't be a care forever to the Flynns. It wasn't only money. It was heavy on the spirits of Tommy and his mother to see her every day dragging her sorrow with her wherever she turned. It wasn't fair to them.

The music was showering the dancers as usual with a burst of hot notes.

I want to be loved by you,
I want to be kissed by you.

Gracie, leaning against the wall behind the hostesses' bench, opened the casement. She wanted a little air. It was hot in here. She looked down at the street. A hard pavement glittered up at her. Some people jumped from windows. She had read about it. They jumped right down on the hard pavement. Sometimes they jumped because they were no use to themselves or to anybody else.

SUDDENLY Gracie's head came up with a jerk from her contemplation of the street below. There was the whir of a motor. She squinted her eyes and saw a tiny black speck in the sky. A plane coming down Broadway. She watched it come. Closer—closer it came, as Ted had come on that day long ago. It was over the dance hall now. Right over the dance hall. It was banking right. It did a right bank. God in heaven, did you see what the plane did? A right bank. It was Ted! It was Ted!

Gracie felt herself shriek and she knew that her cheeks were wet with tears. She knew that the music had stopped. The whole dance hall hung in suspense and the chief hostess was crying, too. Gracie knew that she was explaining in a strange, high-pitched voice about the right bank.

"Did you see him?" she shouted at perfect strangers. "He came right over here and signaled to me. He means that he'll be here tonight."

The music began again. It was, after all, very blasé music. It had thought for a moment that a girl had jumped out of a window. It had no patience with sentimental stuff. So it played very loudly and brashly:

Then when two baby eyes
Look at us in surprise,
Then we'll realize
That's a happy ending.

So they stood together that night in the dim corridor of the dance hall near the fountain. They held each other's hand and talked but rarely.

"You see, I was badly cracked up, Gracie. I thought I'd never be more than half alive again. That was no kind of a husband for you, so I thought I'd just fade out. Soon as I knew I was all right I wrote and told you that I'd come along some fine day and give you a right bank. I wasn't surprised you didn't answer, because I inclosed no address."

Another silence fell between them. A happy one.

A girl and a boy came to join them in the dim corridor.

"Oh, look," said the boy. "There's Tommy Flynn dancing out there with Bee Sullivan. Ain't he a scream? Get the set expression on his face. Wouldn't you know he never had a thought in his life except dancing?"

THE END

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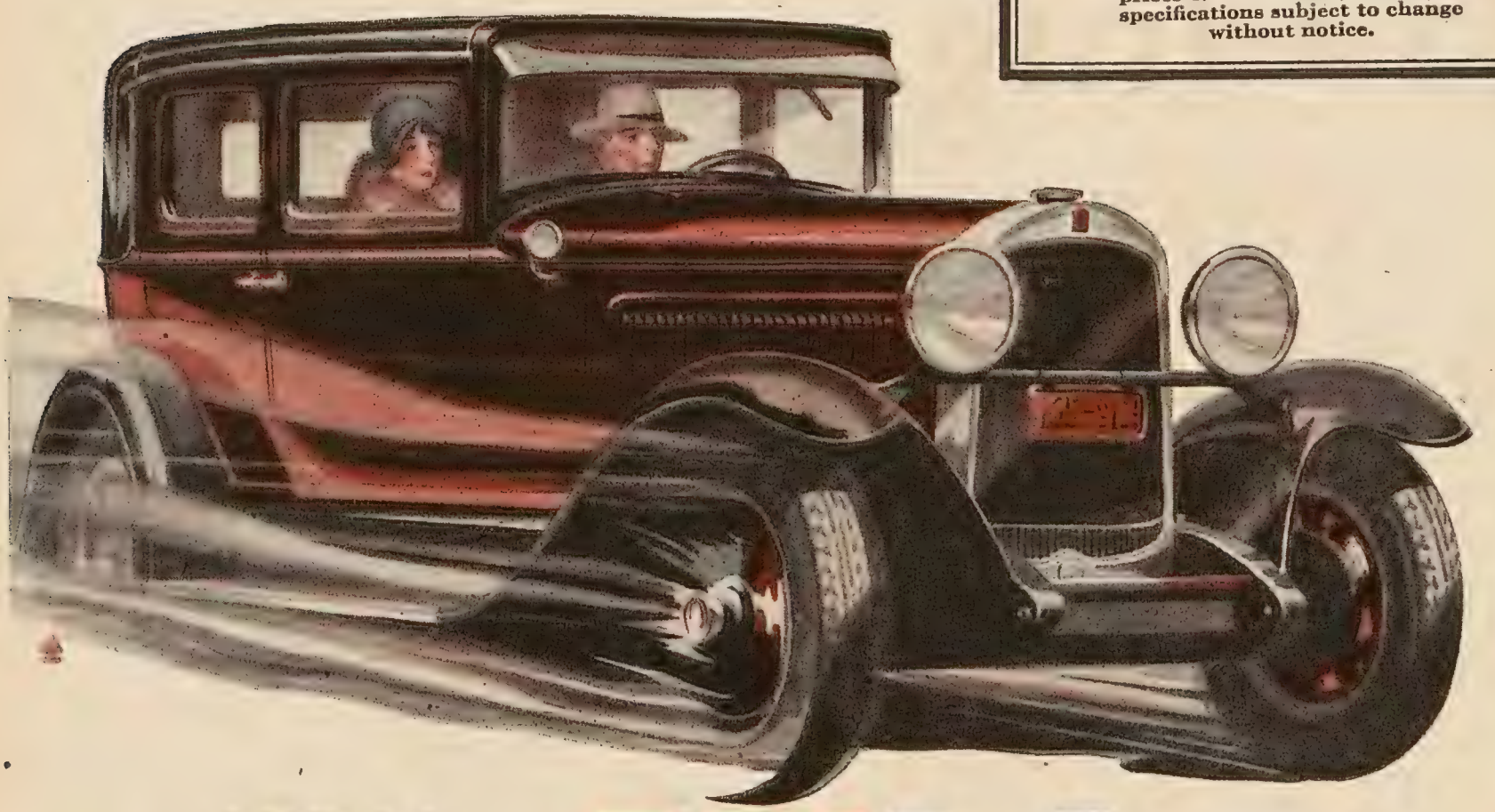

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The DEAR Ladies

A Couple of Thoughts on How They Get That Way, and Why

By
IRENE KUHN
Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

After all, man has put woman on a nice pedestal.

THIS is the age of women, said an observant bird, cocking an eye at Miss America's symbol of the freedom of the knees and the shes—a silk step-in, flying in the breeze from the Monday wash line.

For a good many years now, women have been making their men step to keep them in step-ins. That large smile on Everywoman's face is because she knows that men still fondly believe it's a man's world.

In a sense it is, but men pay dearly for the privilege of owning the earth and imagining they run it.

Don't let's take the privilege away from them. Don't let's try, even. Things are better as they are—much, much better.

Before I realized what a lucky break the women are getting, I made a well intentioned literary gesture that swept over manly apparel from B. V. D.'s to feathered derbies and spats. It was an article entitled The Get-Up of the Male, which LIBERTY published not so long ago. I tried to show that the tweedier sex was buttoned up to its chin in tradition and that women had dropped inhibitions with their petticoats and were clothes-emancipated.

It was an indictment of the lethargy of men's clothing designers and of the male uniform in general, written for the purpose of stimulating some so-called masculine brain to devise a sartorial can opener to rip off the superfluous buttons and get his fellow prisoners out of their clothes predicament.

Was I abused? And how! But the joke is still on the men, for a conscientious survey of the realm of women's clothes for the purpose of making an answer to the critics of my criticism of men's garb resulted in the startling discovery that men are behind the movement to keep their sex poor by dolling up the females.

Do women dress for women? Don't be silly! "Ask the man who owns one." Woman's primary object in life being to get her man and keep him (or get another), she dresses for the general admiration of everyone, with emphasis directed toward male approval. A husband, used to being pleased in courting days, carries into marriage the illusion that his wife dresses smartly only for him. He delights in a prettily clothed wife and pays for her clothes to please his own eyes.

But since women achieved the larger freedom Mr. Smith can get an eyeful of Mrs. Jones' regalia for nothing. So can everyone else that Mrs. Jones passes in the street. Mr. Jones unwittingly arrays his Mrs. for general inspection.

In doing so he draws a circle which brings the ultimate cost of every woman's clothes right home to his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

own doorstep, for Mr. Jones—multiplied by millions of American men dressing their women in the style to which they have accustomed them—enriches the designers (male) of women's clothes, the manufacturers (male) of feminine fripperies, and the big face-powder and rouge men whose mansions are built from little grains of talc on the perfect backs of Miss and Mrs. America.

Women are dear things—men tell them so and keep them that way. Figures, statistical and shapely, reveal all. We'll get around to them shortly.

Miss Simplicity is the member of the family who economizes in the number of garments worn at one time—but it stops there. She changes her few garments as often as she powders her nose. In her continual put-on and take-off she has called upon the world to supply her with the pretties that make her a veritable moving picture. A thousand industries are devoted to the manufacture of all the different kinds of garments she wears, so that she may be a success in her kaleidoscopic clothes career. Who own the industries? Men!

To keep her in her *tout ensemble* five continents are busy.

THE timid soul who is her husband or her father cheerfully (?) foots the bills, one of his smart sex having beforehand created the things she wears and turned his genius to work in their making, in getting them to her and, by clever advertising (usually man-written), getting her to wear them.

Men freeze in the far north to trap animals whose furs keep her warm. They brave the jungle swamps to murder alligators and other reptiles for her shoes and bags. They perish in tropical waters diving for glorious pearls for her on the floor of the South Seas.

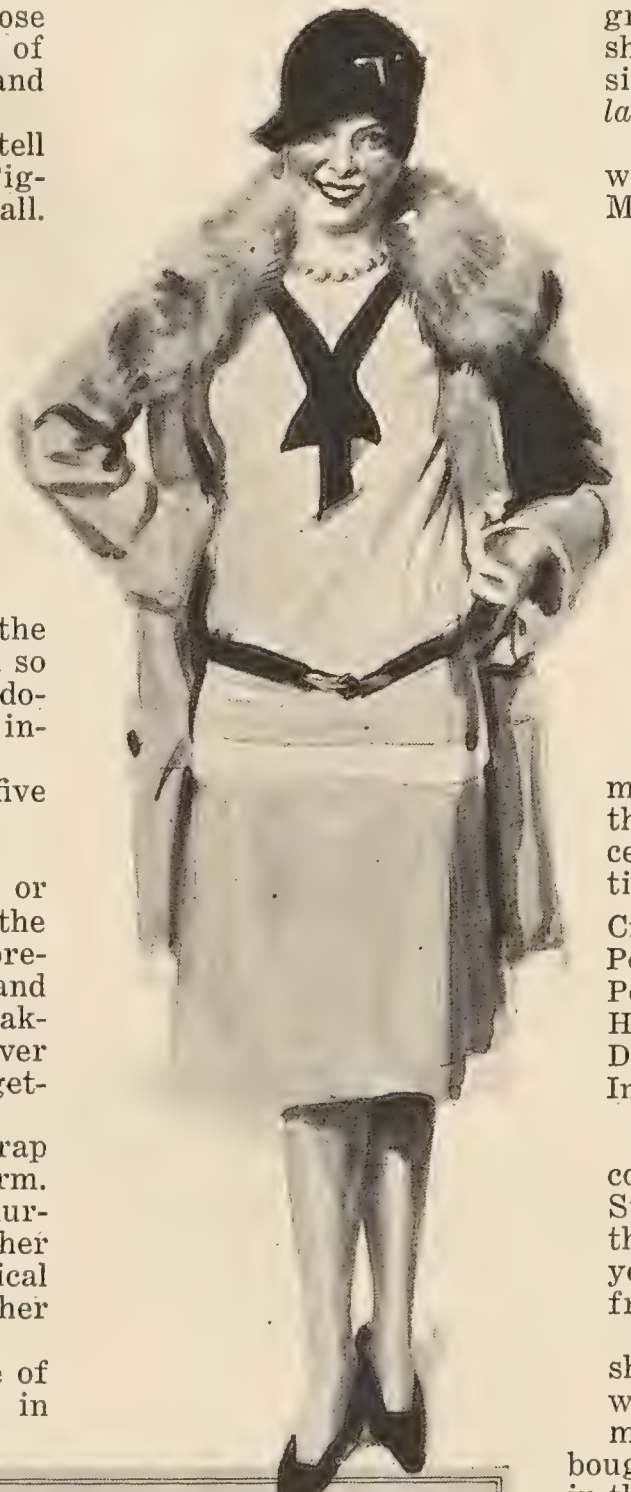
From the top of her hat to the sole of her shoe she is clothed and decked in man-made garments and accessories. Under the sole of her man-made shoe is the soul of man.

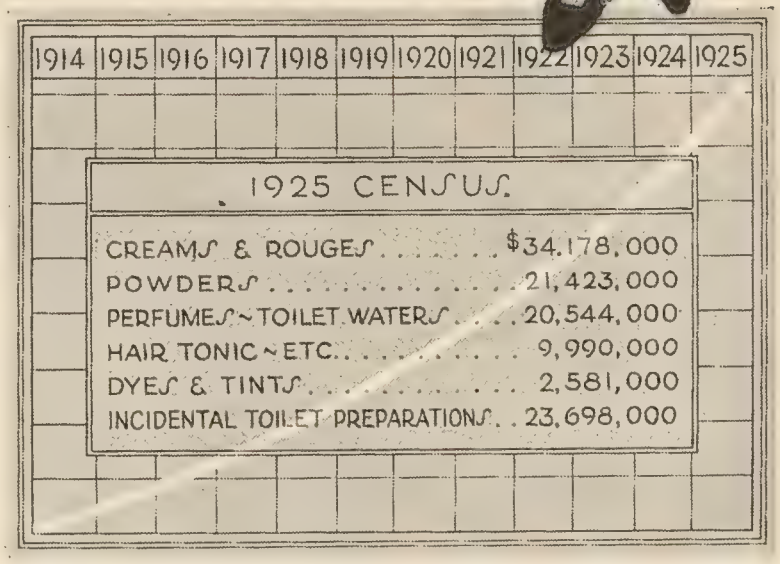
But more of that later.

Let's give a thought first to her face, for that is the item that is most important to man since Helen of Troy gave the shipping business a great send-off.

The average man can go into a barber shop and get the "works," including a shoe shine and tip, for a five-dollar bill. Put a woman in a shampooery and her man gets an invoice with a bill of lading attached.

In the preservation of facial beauty alone, as well as in the unending quest for it by those who haven't got it, really important money is involved, and no end of husband-headaches.





Miss Simplicity, who wears but few garments at a time, yet whose expenditure for lipsticks and such things increased, within twelve years, more than 600 per cent—as the fever chart shows.

What price beauty? The total figure covering cosmetics and beauty culture, as estimated by the Department of Commerce, covering the year 1927, is $1,825,000,000!

Let us think of woman's hair, her crowning glory that was. Blonde or brunette, red or gray, short or long, straight or curly, she spends millions a year to keep it silky and just the right shade that is *la mode*.

Who made the waves that rule the world? Who keeps them permanent? Man—first with his hand curling iron, later with his waving machine.

While Miss Simplicity is having her locks washed, tinted, trimmed, and permanented, speculating the while on a facial, a manicure, and a pedicure, let's look behind the mirror in which Gaston's fancy work on her dome is reflected.

THE figures behind that mirror, representing her unceasing devotion to beauty culture, would endow several hospitals, finance a couple of wars, and send thousands of young men through barber college.

Take a look at the cold figures that make for warm beauty, as culled from the pages of the report of the 1925 census of manufactures, the latest statistics available:

Creams and rouges	$34,178,000
Powders	21,423,000
Perfumes and toilet waters	20,544,000
Hair tonics, etc.	9,990,000
Dyes and tints	2,581,000
Incidental toilet preparations	23,698,000

Between 1914 and 1925 the use of cosmetics by the women of the United States increased 666.4 per cent—and that includes the war years! The skin you love to touch doesn't get that way from rain water!

Very few women emerge from the shampooeries without taking home with them some of the patent beauty medicine sold therein. If a woman bought all the stuff that's sold and used in the hope of making men leave home, or keeping them home after they've quit the parental or bachelor roof, she'd need a couple of Mack trucks.

The array of beauty aids on the dressing table of an ugly duckling and a Follies girl, such is the supreme faith of women, is the same. Let's have a field day among the labels.

Night cream, day cream, cold cream, vanishing cream, massage cream, lemon cream, reducing cream, special creams for the hands and neck, pore reducers, astringent to close the pores, skin tonic, muscle tonic, muscle oil, whiteners and bleachers, rouges in all shades, for all hours and all lights, from sunlight to spotlight—

Deep breath. Next shelf!

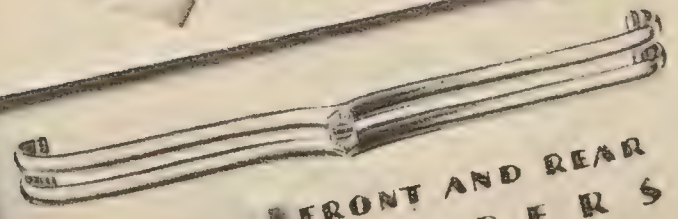
Eyebrow tweezers, eyebrow pencils, eyebrow persuaders and brushes, eye drops, eye brighteners, eye enlargers, mascaro for the lashes, eye shadow in all shades to match all eyes and moods, eyelash grower, face powders, neck powders, talcum and body powders, bath salts, reducing salts, hair tonics, hair bleaches, henna, white henna, henna shampoo, wave lotions, stacomb and stickum, water-wave combs and net caps for setting

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]

EQUIPPED with EVERYTHING

...at no extra cost

BIJUR CENTRALIZED CHASSIS LUBRICATION



FRONT AND REAR BUMPERS

TWIN IGNITION MOTOR

WORLD'S EASIEST DRIVING CONTROL

The New NASH "400"

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

HOUDAILLE SHOCK ABSORBERS

All motor cars have two prices—the factory (f.o.b.) price, and the *delivered* price. If the delivered price includes the extras, charged for at retail prices, you'll find your car costing a lot more than you anticipate. Some dealers (not Nash dealers) charge as much as $50 or $60 for bumpers alone. ¶ On the new Nash "400" you'll find every necessary accessory . . . hydraulic shock absorbers . . . bumpers, front and rear . . . even tire locks . . . installed at the factory . . . included in the factory price . . . *at no extra cost.* ¶ That means a very much lower price, delivered, fully equipped. *The Nash "400" leads the world in motor car value!*

COSTLY-CAR INTERIOR FINISH

[THE DEAR LADIES
Continued from page eighteen]

permanents at home, depilatories (cream, powder, and liquid), deodorants—

Whew! Next shelf!

Toilet waters, perfumes, rubbing alcohol, cuticle remover, nail bleaches, toilet soaps, polish for the nails (paste, liquid, and powder), tooth paste, tooth powder, tooth whitener, breath sweetener, gargles, lipstick—kissproof, waterproof, permanent and transient—a spiral rolling-pin for coaxing off the fatty spots, rubber mask and gloves, mud packs, rubber ankle reducers—and so on.

The effect of all this array on the homely girl and her lovelier sister is approximately the same. Each looks better groomed—that's all.

Women, having exhausted the repertoire of stuff to put on their faces and bodies to make them lovelier, are now actually monkeying with surgery to get underneath the surface.

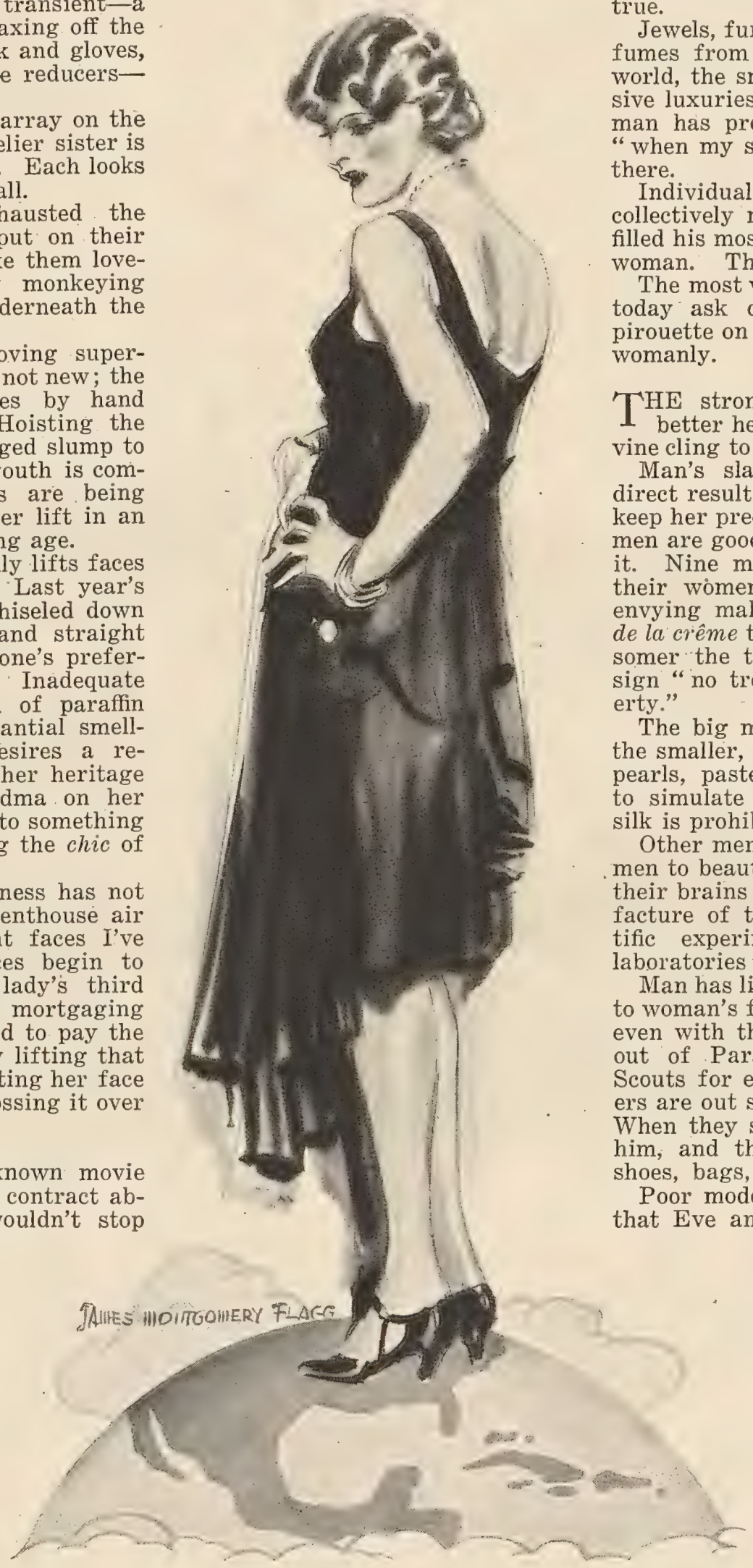
Electrolysis for removing superfluous hair and moles is not new; the manufacture of dimples by hand carving is not new. Hoisting the face from that middle-aged slump to heighten the effect of youth is comparatively new. Faces are being lifted at about $1,000 per lift in an effort to outwit advancing age.

Plastic surgery not only lifts faces but makes over noses. Last year's Roman model may be chiseled down into something smart and straight along Grecian lines, if one's preference runs that way. Inadequate noses can be shot full of paraffin and built up into substantial smellers. The girl who desires a retroussé nose can have her heritage from her homely grandma on her father's side tilted up into something more nearly approaching the *chic* of her mother's proboscis.

This face-lifting business has not given a Park Avenue penthouse air to any of the basement faces I've seen. True, when faces begin to hang down around a lady's third chin, scaring her into mortgaging the old family homestead to pay the plastic surgeon, the only lifting that will be effective is elevating her face right out of sight and tossing it over a back fence.

RECENTLY a well known movie star nearly had her contract abrogated because she wouldn't stop eating. All her éclairs rushed to her hips and she developed a plumpness that in grandma's day was what every girl craved but which today, in the Attenuated Age, is as welcome as permanent mumps.

She hied herself to a hospital, went under ether, and had her fat pared off, until she now tips the scales at the reduced poundage stipulated in her contract.



Man has literally brought the world to woman's feet. By his lavish contributions to her wearables, he has made the adorable sex still more adorable, and still "deadlier."

Leaving our beauty before her mirror with that big he-man Gaston twirling his curling iron, let us see what else John J. Walrus (sometimes called Friend Husband) has done for modern Alice in Undieland.

First of all, he's put her on a nice pedestal. She is his monument to toil, progress, commerce, and devotion. Within the pedestal upon which stands the object of his adoration and the incentive to his perspiration are—well, you'd be surprised. It's a warehouse of masculine pledges come true.

Jewels, furs, silks, satins, rare perfumes from the far corners of the world, the smartest and most expensive luxuries—everything that every man has promised to every woman "when my ship comes in, dear"—is there.

Individuals have fallen short, but collectively man has more than fulfilled his most extravagant pledges to woman. The pedestal holds them all.

The most virile and masculine men today ask only that their women pirouette on top of it and be nice and womanly.

THE stronger the male oak, the better he relishes having his lady vine cling to him.

Man's slavery to woman is the direct result of his pampering her to keep her precious to himself, but few men are good enough sports to admit it. Nine men in every ten glorify their women sartorially that other envying males may view the *crême de la crême* that is theirs. The handsomer the turnout, the sterner the sign "no trespassing—private property."

The big money buys the genuine, the smaller, the imitation. Synthetic pearls, paste diamonds, green glass to simulate emeralds, rayon where silk is prohibitive—

Other men, sensing the urge in all men to beautify their women, turned their brains and hands to the manufacture of these things after scientific experimentation in chemical laboratories had perfected them.

Man has literally brought the world to woman's feet. He has recently got even with the snake that drove him out of Paradise and into clothes. Scouts for enterprising manufacturers are out snake-hunting these days. When they scotch a snake they skin him, and the skin adorns women's shoes, bags, and belts.

Poor modern Adam, still whining that Eve and her serpent were the cause of his expulsion from Eden, has hurled the reptile down at her feet and she likes it. Snakeskin shoes are among the most popular footgear today.

By his efforts, by his lavish contributions to her scheme of beauty and her wearables, man has made the adorable and deadlier sex more adorable and therefore still deadlier. Woman, being pretty smart, has let the

proofs of masculine devotion fall where they will.

The history of the female sex has never lacked proof of her grand manner in doing all things and she has become the world's champion receiver.

"Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief." Man, for woman, has made himself all of the characters in the old button game. History is replete with examples of great heroism and horrible crime by men to glorify their women. The poor man is made poorer in trying to supply his wife with the furbelows she needs to keep up with the Joneses. The rich man—even those who get rich by designing and manufacturing the things that women crave — is himself a prey in his own household to the man-inspired craze in women for fancy clothes and plenty of them.

Blonde or brunette, bobbed or long, straight or curly, woman spends millions a year to keep her hair silky, smartly waved, and just the modish shade.

Men like variety and women give it to them. The few garments a woman wears would keep the clothes bill down if she wore her clothes merely to keep her modesty intact and her body protected. But she doesn't, and her changes make the annual American apparel bill look like the Allied war debt.

Here is the bad news in figures, promised several paragraphs back.

In terms of dollars, $1,293,705,291 covered the amount spent annually for the get-up of the female when the last complete apparel census was taken in 1925. What has happened since is a matter of decimal points and ciphers.

When we speak of her shoes we speak in nine figures—$697,000,000 for 1927, this amount being several millions greater than for 1925. A trifle of $421,000,000 would about cover the bill for her silk stockings, with another $117,512,925 for her underthings—and we are only beginning to lose touch with her satin skin on the way upward and outward.

FOR security's sake, corsets or something approximating them are necessary. The cost of the good female figure of the United States in 1925 was $75,541,959. Blouses and underwaists were $13,411,604.

For her dresses the total was $585,157,477, not counting those simple little things from Paris that so many girls rush over to buy, while her suits came to $34,916,591. Separate skirts flared out and up to $3,523,718, and coats wrapped themselves contentedly around a $411,397,866 figure.

When winter comes, woman thinks seriously of furs. Her summer furs represent $40,000,000, and for the four cold months of the year when more than her neck needs covering, the tariff is $254,265,708.

There is much more. The object of male adoration had on her head, in 1925, $309,856,341 worth of millinery, and very becoming it was, too. It's a long cry from the simple little cloche of today to the androsmane, that tricorn affair of the eighteenth century which represented one of woman's nice adaptations of male fashions as being better suited to her particular style of beauty. It was never popular before she took it up. She has given it a run in two centuries since.

Feminine gloves stretched into nine figures, silk ribbons fluttered up to $52,061,180, and laces enmeshed another $255,724,922.

TO get some idea of the thoroughness of the male in scattering around ideas as magnets to woman's vanity and desire for stylish appearance, look at her shoes. There have been more than 1,000 different shoe styles for women since the high buttoned or laced shoe was discarded for the low cut slipper back in 1900. The brevity of modern skirts demands the glorification of the leg and foot. The enormous jump in the silk stocking industry in the last few years is due to the rush of beige to the feet.

Black stockings are seen so seldom as almost to cause heads to turn. Why? Because black is the most serviceable and therefore least profitable to the hosiery manufacturers. They've got to make a living; they have womenfolk to dress, too. Black is really the most flattering to the leg, but women have been told that lighter colored stockings are more youthful looking. Perhaps.

A bright young man, watching the hemline go up and up and up, had a pink thought one day and translated it into a rose-beige stocking.

There are now about fifty-two standard shades of silk stockings, all properly christened with Pullman-car names.

So sharpened has woman's taste become that she frequently has to have several pairs in each shade in order to be sure she has the right match for her frock.

The stockings created the vogue for colored shoes. There used to be two standard shades—black and tan, with white for summer wear and satin slippers made to order to match the evening gowns. Now the number of shoe colors, and the combinations of colors in shoes, is dizzying.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

IF YOU ARE RUN DOWN, FAGGED OUT, CONSTIPATED AND *IN FACT*.....

EAT YEAST IN THIS MODERN FORM

"I'd like to eat yeast, but I can't stand the taste of it." If you are one of the thousands who have thought or said this, just try Yeast Foam Tablets and learn how good real yeast is. This yeast is pure, concentrated into easy-to-eat tablets, convenient to swallow, good to chew. No water, no starch, no other ingredients—just yeast. And high in its corrective powers.

Try these tablets for constipation, indigestion, skin disorders, "nerves," run-down conditions. There's nothing like them. That's why they are used by leading universities and by the U. S. Government. Only 5c for the little glassine envelope or 50c for the 10-day bottle. Northwestern Yeast Co., 1750 No. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

Who's Who on Brunswick

Electrical Records

"A Night at Coffee Dan's"

Frank Shaw

San Francisco's Famous Night Club

FRANK SHAW
Master of Ceremonies

assisted by Les Poe, Pianist, brings you an evening's typical entertainment from this bohemian rendezvous

EVERY tourist visiting 'Frisco goes to Coffee Dan's. It has a national reputation. Here gather stage folks, movie stars, concert artists, celebrities of various kinds. You will remember the cafe scenes in "The Jazz Singer," where Al Jolson makes a hit as a singing waiter. These scenes were made at Coffee Dan's.

This remarkable Brunswick Record brings you the music and laughter of Coffee Dan's as if you were at a table yourself! In come the "Big Shots" from Little Rock, Pittsburgh, and other towns, and you should hear Frank Shaw kid them. Then, of course, there's "I Wisht I Was in Peoria," and Frank Shaw does plenty to that tune. Any Brunswick dealer will let you hear "A Night at Coffee Dan's." Stop in and hear it today. Its number is 4100.

If there is no Brunswick dealer in your town, "A Night at Coffee Dan's" will be sent by mail on receipt of price, 75c, plus 10c for postage. Address Dept. R-46, 623 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Brunswick

Panatropes Radio Records Panatrope-Radiolas

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Chicago New York Toronto

[THE DEAR LADIES
Continued from page twenty-one]

The picture hat and the overtrimmed millinery of a few decades ago are as dead as the little bird that used to perch on Nelly's headgear. The average woman today who hasn't at least four hats to her name is in a terrible way. Although her hats have been cut down to mere shells of their former shapes and have become skull-huggers in felt and silk, the good ones cost as much as the plumed skyscraper models of earlier years. And she must have more of them. The day of the hat for "best" or Sunday wear and one for "every day" is gone. The hats that are cheaply priced at $5 each appeal to the bargain-hunter instinct in every woman and she invests frequently in two or three at a time.

Women buy things in bunches. Man shops for the things he needs when he needs them. Women shop for the things they want, and they usually want something all the time. A purchasing jag is the time for all good men to come to the defense of their wallets, for a new hat to a woman is like a cocktail to an initiate. The first invites the second, and "another little purchase won't do us any harm."

Dear, Dear! — and Ever Dearer

Approximate annual expenditure for women's adornment based on latest obtainable figures:

Cosmetics	$1,825,000,000
Shoes	697,000,000
Stockings	421,000,000
Underwear	117,512,925
Blouses, underwaists	13,411,604
Corsets	77,114,840
Dresses	585,157,477
Coats	411,397,866
Skirts	3,523,718
Suits	34,916,591
Summer furs	40,000,000
Other furs, including fur coats	254,265,708
Millinery	309,856,341
Gloves	*100,000,000
Ribbons	52,061,180
Laces	255,724,922
Jewels and jewelry	350,000,000
Total	$5,547,943,172

*Approximate; exact figures not available.

IF all of us women were not so intent upon pleasing our men, they wouldn't succeed in making us slaves to fashion and beauty.

No man will take out a frump. Some of my correspondents, in their squeals of protest to Vox Pop anent The Get-Up of the Male article, waxed personal and wondered how any woman could look decent enough for a great big fine man to take her out if she dressed herself only in six pieces.

Men have only themselves to blame that women spend their money to get themselves up smartly. If they didn't want us that way, we wouldn't do it.

"I love the odor of your hair," breathes a lovesick young man in the throes of pre-marital passion. Can his wife be blamed if, in trying always to keep her hair fragrant to the royal nostrils, she spends steak money on perfume?

"My heart is enmeshed in your lovely lashes," breathes Romeo to Juliet, who from then on mascaros diligently three or four times a day, and succumbs to all the advertisements for eyelash grower, eyelash beader and curler.

"Your violet eyes in their faintly purpled shadows bewitch me," poetically intones a young man just because violet eyes happen to be his weakness then.

The girl wears out a pair of shoes and fourteen drug clerks go mad while she's trying to find just the right tint of eye shadow with which to anoint her lids to keep her poet bewitched.

LOOK at the poor girl whose young man tells her he adores her feminine curves and then walks out on her to be replaced by one whose passion is for beanpoles. She goes right smack on a diet and genuflects before a corset sales*man* who sells her a boyish form brassière.

A woman used to be able to look forward to middle age as the time when she could get fat in peace. Now she has only the grave to look forward to for peace.

If she gets fat she might just as well be dead, unless men as a body go Turkish and demand them plump. Then watch the dear ladies heave the bathroom scales out the window and observe the bull market on skyrocketing potato stocks.

All in all, and with these few words, let me add that there's just nothing that can be done about it. I never meant to do anything. I'm just telling you.

So long as women love men enough to keep sewing their darn old buttons on, they'll wear buttons. So long as men demand beautiful women, beautifully dressed, they'll get them, but men will pay, and pay, and pay.

Beautiful women in beautiful clothes cost money—important money. Woman to man will always be the dearest thing in the world, literally, figuratively, and sentimentally. She represents today America's costliest institution and most expensive necessity. You could not really call her a luxury, although she rates such a designation!

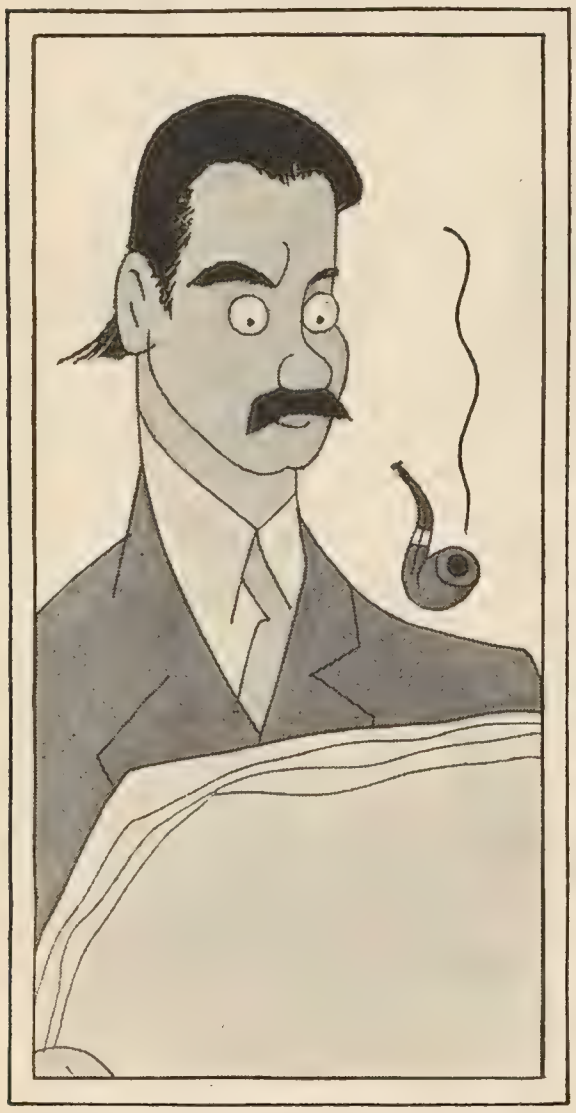
In round numbers, the dear ladies live up to their name, setting their men back just about $5,547,943,172 annually. And the end of it is not yet. They're getting dearer all the time.

THE END

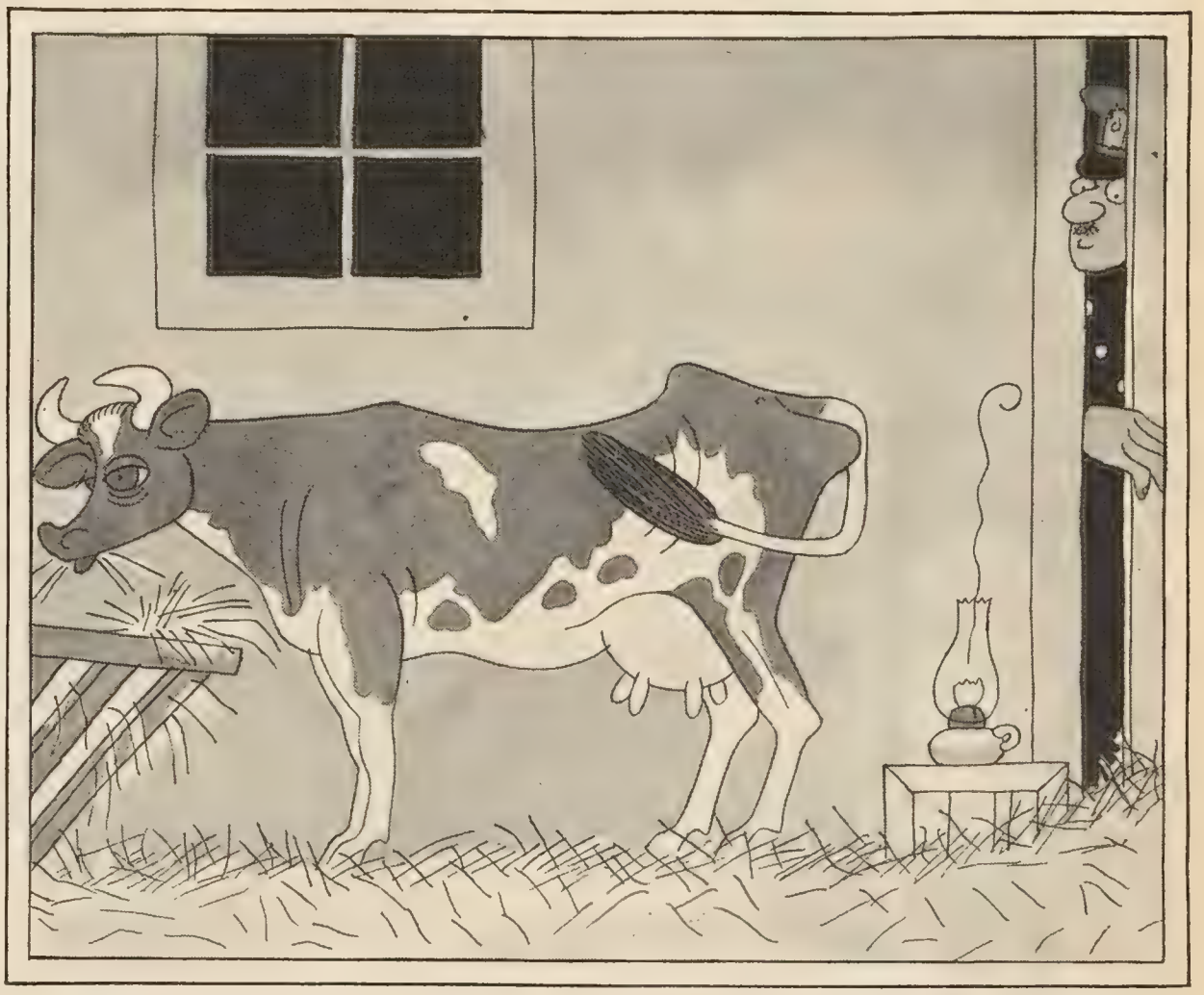
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON



ONLY TWELVE MEN ON EARTH can understand Einstein's theories, and not even the professor himself can understand the public's enormous interest in them.



WILL HISTORY REPEAT ITSELF? All other methods having failed, an ambitious Chicago police captain arranges a cow and a lamp in the positions which did so much toward cleaning up the city in Mrs. O'Leary's time.

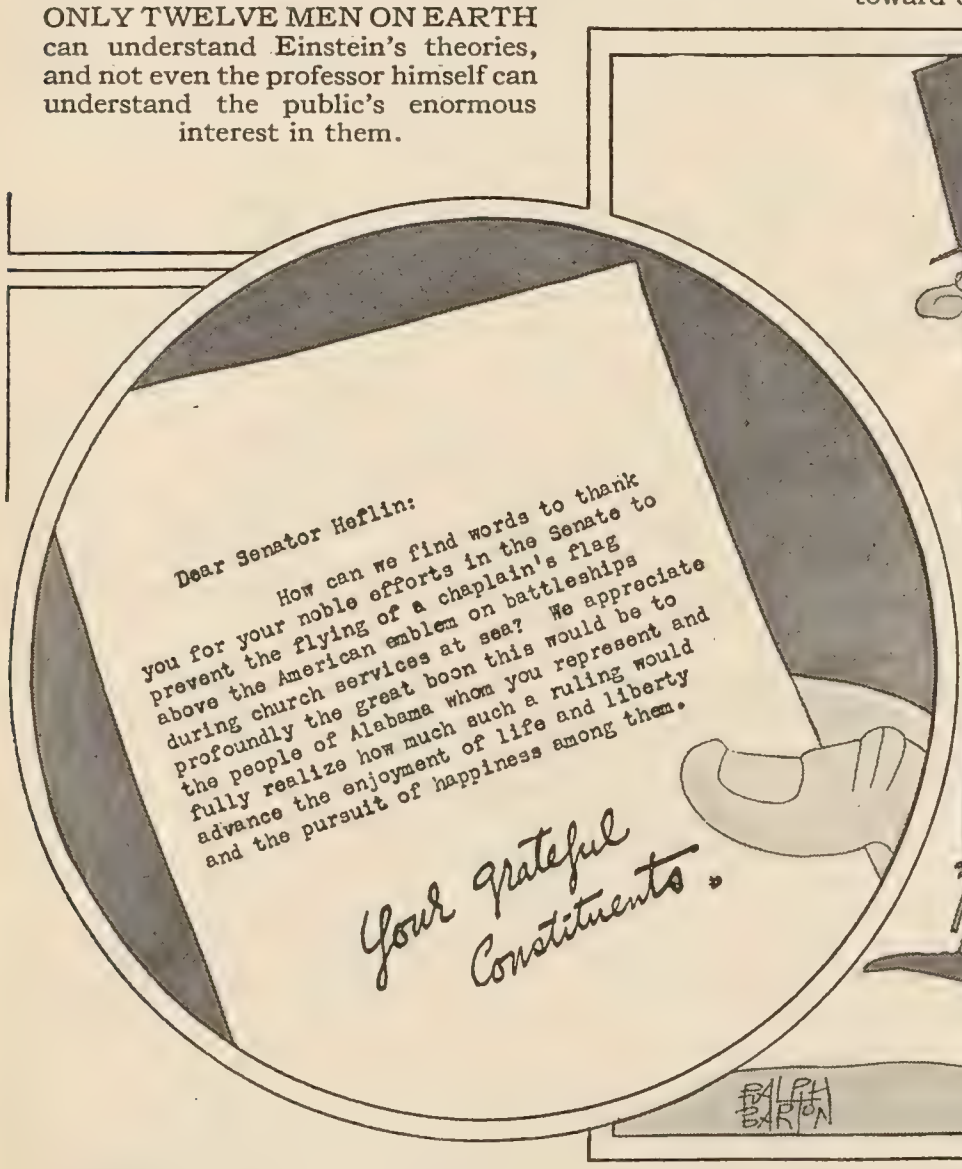


PHOTO OF A LETTER OF THANKS sent from the people of Alabama to their chosen representative in the U. S. Senate.

STEPPING INTO THE BREACH. While the members of the Anti-Saloon League quarrel among themselves over the disposition of the $24,000,000 enforcement fund, our Knights and Ladies of the Right fly to Washington to direct the government until the league is ready to take it over again.

He had slept in a cave with the dead. He had seen a ghost more than sixty feet high.

SHOES

A Tale of the South Seas

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

Pictures by GLEN MITCHELL

OTHER islands? Oh, yes, he had visited many. He was familiar with many manners and customs of Polynesian tribes. He could talk a little Polynesian. But Tahiti, the most famous of all the islands, he had never visited.

He doubted if it was more beautiful than the others. Why should it be? Coconut trees and tormented mountains. Tormented mountains and coconut trees. They were all alike. There would be nothing to surprise him. There would be waterfalls and hibiscus; frangipani and waterfalls; rivers and gardenias; oranges and rivers.

As for the young men—well, if they weren't afraid of this and that and the other it was by all accounts a fine island for young men. But better not play too much around the sophisticated town of Papeete; better get out into the country villages. In any case, one could see more clearly how things must have been before missionaries and colonization had made them as they are.

Himself? Well, he was going to wait over for the next boat. Most likely he would hire a bicycle—and circumbicycle the entire island a little at a time. That was the way to see things and get acquainted with people.

So Fuller talked to the younger men in the smoking room; but he was on deck before daylight to see the first magical looming up of the island out of the dark waters against the velvet night. If he had not kept apart from others who had also risen to see this, it might have been noticed that he was very deeply moved, had tears in his eyes, and kept murmuring lovingly the lovely names of capes and bays and mountains and valleys. Sometimes he murmured, "O Tahiti—it *is* Tahiti."

To any of the younger men with whom he had talked in the smoking room it would have been obvious that he had done considerable lying. It would have been obvious that this was not his first visit to Tahiti, for no man could have been so moved by anything which he had never seen before; not by any cañon or mountain or dog or woman.

NEVERTHELESS he did hire a bicycle and rode into the country. And he moved by slow stages to the extreme end of everything—the village of Tautira on the peninsula. A dumb man might have found entertainment and lodging along that hospitable road—because the right to eat and to sleep is still supposed to belong to all in common—but because of his Tahitian Fuller fared better than a dumb man would have fared. And the news that a white man who spoke more and better Tahitian than the indigenous ones themselves was on his way to Tautira by bicycle preceded him.

Old women tapped out the news on the resonant trunks of coconut trees, and other old women received the news in their eager ears and retapped it. There was real excitement in Tautira long before he got there. He was, it seemed, a great story teller. He could make you split your sides with laughing. Not even Maru the queen was so familiar with island history as he. He had once crossed the island on foot, and slept in a cave with

the dead. He had seen a ghost more than sixty feet high.

But in the islands time is a vague thing and nobody could make out just when it was that he had had his experiences. It must have been a long time ago. He must be older than he looked. There were very old people along the road which he was traveling, but none of them remembered him. Perhaps in those old days he had worn a beard, and it was his smooth-shavenness which now made him unrecognizable. Where had he lived when he had been here before? He was vague about that. He had lived all over. East and west. High and low. And since then he had continued to live all over. Low and high. West and east.

By that jovial and heartfelt hospitality which was thrust upon him he was deeply moved. A real tenderness for each family with which he stopped possessed him. He made himself familiar with their affairs and ingratiated himself with the children. He went on orange hunts with them and he stood them treats at the Chinaman's. He taught them to tell time by his gold watch. And to show that he was truly their friend and the friend of their parents, when they were naughty he smacked them. And smacking them smiled, so that, smacked, they smiled back and blew up with gorgeous laughter.

SOME of the mountains in back of Tautira are nearly always hidden in blue rain clouds. The river is nearly always full. The dark green mango trees grow to enormous size. The flowers of the hibiscus are more red or more pink or more yellow than elsewhere. The people are kinder than elsewhere, and the *tupapaus* or ghosts, though more frequent, are less terrifying. It is true that they sometimes try to bite off the head of a solitary fisherman shivering on the reef at night, but they have no teeth.

Fuller would have passed right on through the village if it had been possible. But it was not. Word of his coming had long since come by coconut wireless, and a feast had been prepared for him in a long house built of coconut leaves in the back yard of the district chief. It lasted for two days with interruptions of singing and dancing and sleeping.

Fuller remained in Tautira until he was no longer a novelty and could come and go without exciting comment. It was not until then that he paid a visit to the house of Maera.

It is true that she had not come to the feast given in his honor, and people had wondered why. She was a great one for feasts. And neither had her sons come. But it was known that they were off fishing together with their wives. Doubtless, Maera had stayed at home to look after the grandchildren.

HER house stood on a rocky point against which the sea, unhindered here by any barrier reef, was always breaking. It was a tongue-and-groove house two stories high. The lower story all open for the wind to blow through, and all concrete posts and places to sit comfortably or to lie comfortably. Maera's white lover had built the house for her and had given it to her together with two sons and 2,500 coconut trees. She was a rich woman.

The white lover had been daffy about water. He had built a concrete tank high up the mountain side and brought water from it in a two-inch pipe. The pressure was magnificent. Friends and relations of Maera's made long journeys just for the pleasure of standing under her shower bath. The sprinkler had long since been blown off and the water came down on your head in a solid column and splashed for twenty and thirty feet in every direction. The shower had a big thatch house all to itself. When the young women were showering, the young men would peep at them through chinks in the thatch, and vice versa.

Maera was this; Maera was that. She was the best cook on the island; she was the loudest laugher. She had the whitest teeth. She had accepted life and fate with roars of delight or of indignation. But at moments of real importance she could be statue-still. At such moments her fine, indolent mind gathered itself richly

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Twenty years had passed since she had last seen him . . . but she recognized him at once.

Fuller would have passed right on through the village if it had been possible. But it was not. A feast had been prepared for him.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

together and worked. She had clear vision then, and inexhaustible tact.

People said that in some ways she resembled the queen. She had the same imperial carriage of the head; the same young, fearless eyes under incredibly long eyelashes. In her large bare feet she stood five feet eight inches. On those same feet she moved about with the sure lightness of a cat. She weighed nearly 250 pounds. She was the color of pale gold. Her hair—black, wiry, and voluminous—either hung unconfined to her waist or was done into a huge loose knot which thrust the backs of her hats upward and forward. She wore always a mother hubbard with a pattern of huge flowers, and either a Tahitian gardenia or a hibiscus over her right ear.

Her plantation was all coconut palms and Bermuda grass. She was sure death to false tobacco, sensitive plant, and all other weeds. Forty head of fat cattle pastured the grass. She had thirty pigs, a hundred chickens, a cote of white pigeons, some Pekin ducks, and some hives of bees. She was a great trencherman and had for liquor a head at once merry and strong.

She was on her front porch at the head of the steep cement steps when Fuller turned into the yard through the gap in the red hibiscus hedge.

Twenty years had passed since she had last seen him. He had been young then, bearded and beloved. He was no longer young and he had shaved his beard; but she recognized him at once. Her shrewd eyes softened with kindness and she smiled broadly.

"Hallo, Fuller, hallo!" she called, and came hurrying down the steps.

She kissed him on both cheeks, and then held him at arms' length.

"You are the same Fuller," she then said. "But I am change. I am very fat. You would not know I was your old sweetheart—eh, Fuller?"

And she pealed with delighted laughter.

She had not yet let go of his hand. She drew his arm

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

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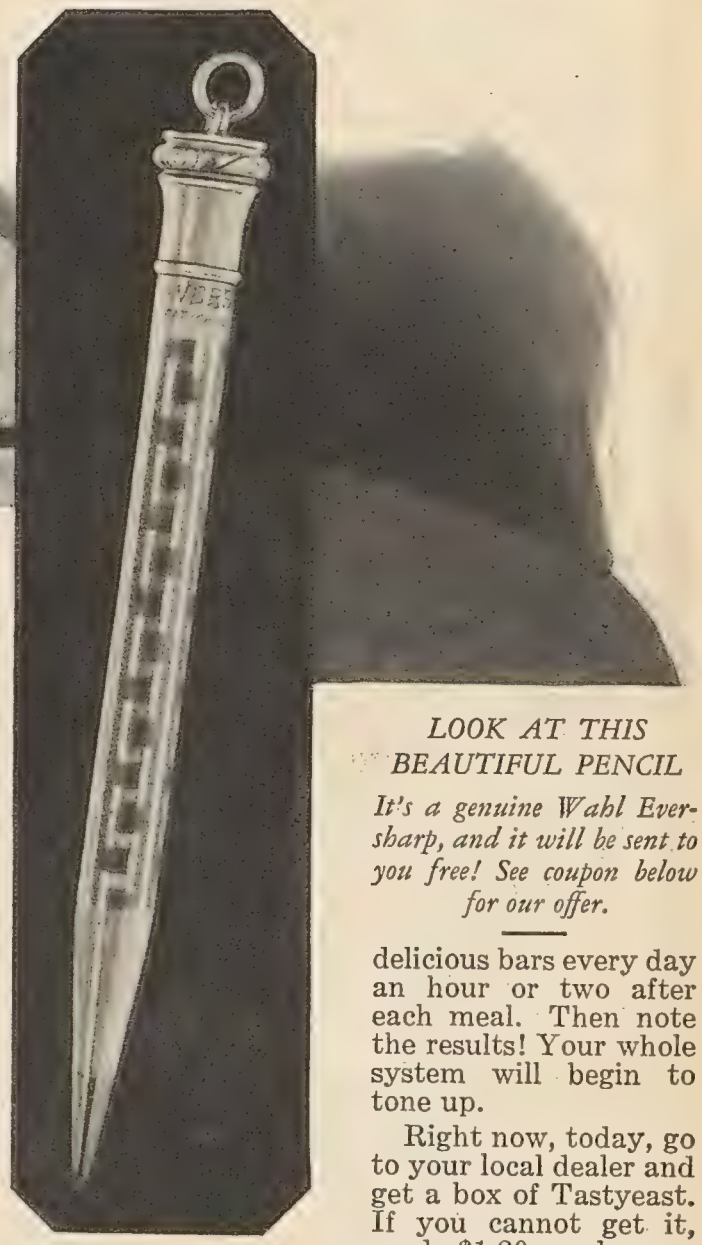

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Right now, today, go to your local dealer and get a box of Tastyeast. If you cannot get it, send $1.20 and your dealer's name to Green Bros. Co., 33 Essex St., Springfield, Mass. They will send you, postpaid, one 24 bar box of Tastyeast.

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*We will accept 12 Tastyeast and 12 Big Banker Candy Bar wrappers. Big Banker is that delicious wholesome 5-cent candy bar—the nutty nougat caramel treat—made by the makers of Tastyeast.

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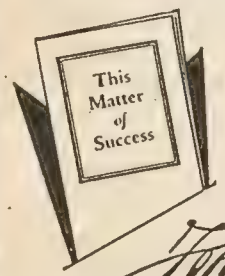

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[SHOES Continued from page twenty-six]

under hers, squeezed it affectionately, and drew him into the cool, cemented underpart of the house.

"Take off your coat, Fuller," she said. "Sit down in that chaise longue. Take off your shoes if you like. Make yourself at home. We will drink a rum punch—eh?"

"Maera," said Fuller, "I wouldn't have believed it, but I think that you are glad to see me."

She simply beamed upon him, and he said, "It is good to be back."

Then he said, "It is very curious. All the way out from Papeete I have stopped with natives. I have told them that my name is Fuller and I have asked many questions about you. But nobody seems to connect your name and mine. The old people remember that there was once a white man who was in love with you, and that you had two sons by him, and that he went away. But it doesn't seem to occur to anyone that I might be the white man."

"That," said Maera, "is because white men who go away never come back. You have come back, so nobody thinks that you can be you."

And she laughed with delight.

"Did you think that I would come back?"

"For one or two years perhaps. Then I think, no, Fuller has got another girl."

"And you, Maera, did you find another man?"

"Not after Dick and Stephen are old enough to take notice. Then I say, stop a little; better be a good example than happy."

AND once more she laughed with delight.

"I think that you could always manage to be happy, Maera."

"Tahitian women are like that. But I have little share white blood. White blood make you think sometimes and be sorry for what you have done. Then I invite friends and we make a fine rum punch and eat a big feast and sing and dance. Two three rum punches and I am just pure native girl. Like to have good time and make big noise. . . . But stop looking at me, Fuller. You make me blush. I can't help if I gain hundred twenty pounds since I see you last."

"I wasn't thinking of that. I was thinking that you are just as charming as ever, just as sweet to be with. You haven't changed at all. You never will."

A really wonderful jocosity could not have caused her to laugh with more whole-hearted pleasure. When she had finished laughing, she shouted some orders in Tahitian, and was answered from somewhere in the upper story of the house. Then she said:

"I am ashame to speak Tahitian in front of you. But perhaps you have forgotten how to speak?"

"Not a word. One doesn't forget tunes."

Maera nodded.

"Maera," he said, "what has become of the boys?"

"Dick and Steve? They have go fishing with their wives. They are very good boys."

"THERE have been very few hours in all these years when I haven't worried about you and about them. Probably you don't believe me."

"I believe you."

"Did they marry well?"

"Each of them have three nice children and will soon have four. The children are all go visit their grandfather. He is a big chief in Raiatea, one-eight white American. Name Smith. Dick and Steve ships on the Potii Raiatea to travel a little and see the world. Pretty soon they come back with the two Smith girls —two twins—Raiatea Smith and Sibyl. And I make a feast that last one week. And I tell you I lose some weight."

"When I went away," Fuller said, "I was not altogether frank with you."

"You tell me only that you *have* to go. And that when you can you will come back."

"I gave you everything I had except the money that was to take me to England. I thought that I would have plenty of money when I got there. But it wasn't true. My father was rich and he had died suddenly. That was why I went home. But his estate was involved and encumbered and it was many years before my mother and I had any ready money. In fact, Maera, in order to keep the estate in the family—and we had owned it for five hundred years—I had to marry an American girl with money. She was a good wife to me and she gave me all the capital I needed, so that now, after I have paid her back, I am as rich as she is. My mother died and I have retired from politics."

"So you are politician too?"

"By birth only. I have a seat in the House of Lords. My father was the Earl of Scriven."

"So now you are the Earl?"

"I told my wife about you, Maera,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY]

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Win One of the **110** CASH PRIZES Given by **Screen Secrets** MAGAZINE

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1. Screen Secrets will award $1500.00 in cash prizes, as listed, for the correct assembly of this puzzle picture and three others to appear in Screen Secrets Magazine, for the neatest presentation of the puzzles, and the best brief biography on one star in each of the four groups.
2. Contest begins with the publication of puzzle No. 1 in the April issue of Screen Secrets Magazine, continuing through May, June and July.
3. Contestants must keep all puzzles until publication of final set in July Screen Secrets. Contests closes July 15, 1929. Any one may compete except Fawcett Publications employees and their families.
4. There are no entry fees, and contestants need not purchase Screen Secrets to compete. Copies may be inspected at public libraries, and it is permissible to trace the puzzles on plain paper.
5. All entries must be sent first class mail, prepaid. None will be returned.
6. The verdict of the judges will be final.
7. Duplicate prizes will be given tying contestants.

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110 Prizes	$1500.00

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If you don't recognize these stars, Screen Secrets may help you, for each issue contains hundreds of movie photos as well as stories about the stars. The April issue, now on sale, in addition to puzzle No. 1 contains a new directory of stars, with facts of their lives; Alice White's Secret Diary, Chaplin's new leading lady, true story of the murder of a great director and many other articles. If your newsstand can't supply you, send 25 cents in cash or stamps to:

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Follow These 6 Simple Rules

1. It is not necessary to buy a copy of Battle Stories Magazine to compete. The contest is published complete in this issue of Liberty.
2. Simply clip these portraits, attach names of the men pictured, and send them with an original letter naming your favorite author of battle stories—and why.
3. Everyone may compete except employees of Fawcett Publications, and their families.
4. Send as many lists and letters as you like. No contestant may receive more than one prize, and no entries will be returned. Send your entry first class mail only.
5. Do not submit fancy or elaborate entries as the contest will be judged on correct lists and the best essay selecting your favorite writer.
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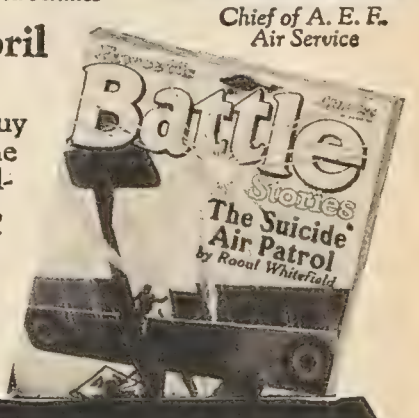

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OF ALL THE PLEASURES MAN ENJOYS PIPE SMOKING COSTS THE LEAST

SHOES

[Continued from page twenty-eight]

before we were married. Like many Americans of the better class she has an unflinching sense of justice. She said the other day, 'Go to her, Bob, and find out what she wants you to do, and do it.'"

"Finish your nice punch," said Maera, "before the ice melts."

"What do you want, Maera, and what do you want me to do?"

"I think very bad plan to tell Dick and Steve anything. They have only island education and island ways. Right now we have plenty money for everyone. But bimeby when the grandchildren begin to get big, I think perhaps we going to be hard up. What you call strapped."

"Would you like me to send the grandchildren to school and college in England? How would their parents feel about that?"

"If we don't tell them anything, they don't feel anything."

"But, Maera, it's a great thing to be an Englishman."

"You are right, Fuller. I can believe it is a great thing to be an Englishman or an American. But is it a happy thing? And now, I think you better think hard over that question and speak the truth."

He did not have to think hard.

"*I* am not happy," he said.

"But you have nice little wife. Children . . . "

"A boy and a girl."

" . . . a nice house, plenty of automobiles and money, very fine education, fine old aristocrat family, and you are not happy!"

"It is no disloyalty to my wife to say that I was happy with you."

"It make me very glad to hear you say that, Fuller. And I can say just the same thing. I used to think I got the finest white man in Tahiti and that make me very proud. Pretty soon I find out that you are a very kind man, too. Very easy man to like. You carry your liquor very jolly, and pretty soon you speak better Tahitian than me or anyone."

"THERE were two brothers between me and the title, Maera. When I asked you to live with me I thought it would be for always. It was never in my mind to go away and leave you. Then they got killed in a railway accident, and my father two days later died of a stroke. Even with all that pulling at me I wouldn't have gone away if—if you had been in love with me, Maera."

"You make me laugh, Fuller. When you go away I cry and cry and cry. Right now it make me laugh often to remember how bad I cry."

"You never loved me the way I loved you."

"When we have been together don't I laugh and sing all the time? It make me very happy to have you in love with me. And I forget there is any such word as no."

He shut his eyes for a moment as if in pain. He was still in love with his memories of her. How slender she had been; how glowing; how golden!

And yet in giving him everything she had never given him anything. He had merely been the answer to one of her normal appetites, just as food was the answer to another and water to a third. He opened his eyes and smiled at her.

"Are you going to stay some time in Tahiti?"

"Only long enough to arrange what is to be done for you and the children and the grandchildren. I would like to stay always. I would like to take a grandchild back with me."

"I think better not, Fuller."

"Whatever you say."

"There are Tahitians with white blood who have been educated in England and France and in America. When they come back to Tahiti and cannot go away any more, they are not happy. They have big thoughts in their heads and here there is no place for thinking. They find out perhaps that their parents were not married and it make them ashamed. I think better for whole Tahitians to stay here and not go away, and for half

Tahitians too. Better not to find out that there is anything different."

"But our children are entitled to so much."

"They don't know."

"If I had married you as I intended, Dick would be the next Earl of Scriven."

"He don't know that. Maybe right now he and Raiatea have caught some nice fish and are laughing, they are so happy. Maybe right now they go in some shady place and make a little love to each other. Could he catch fish in London and make love in the shade?"

"Of course you are right. I envy him."

"I think always, better leave well enough alone. How many people live in London?"

"Seven million."

"How many are happy?"

"Only a few children."

"Here we have maybe ten, fifteen, twenty thousand people, and very many happy ones. We do what we like, we eat, drink, make music, make love. If little baby have no father, nobody point finger and say shame. If a man want bread and have money, he go to the Chinaman. If he want bread and have no money he go to a tree."

"I know."

"A man of England may come here and be happy."

"I came and was."

"But a man of Tahiti can only be happy in Tahiti and if he have travel he cannot be happy here. *Nom d'un nom,* Fuller, there is no use to argue. It is better we drink a fresh rum punch."

SHE sat straight-backed in an ample wicker chair which she filled to overflowing. Her eyes and skin were still young and fresh, and, in spite of her immense smooth forehead, if she had kept her weight down she would have been beautiful still. To the average white man she was no longer desirable. But fat is the rule of the islands, and in no way did she suggest one of those women who are tragic because they are no longer attractive to men.

The fresh rum punch was brought and a feeling of great contentment came over the Englishman. He saw eye to eye with her.

It would be a foolish thing to play destiny to Dick and Steve or to any of their children. It was enough that he, who was the cause of their being in the world, should go back to the civilization which he detested, and sit on miserably in the House of Lords.

"When Dick and Steve come back from fishing," said Maera, "I shall make a big feast. I shall invite eighty or a hundred people. Tutere shall build us a *nihau* house to eat in. There is a new girl in Papara who is a wonderful dancer."

"Better than you?"

"Now," she said, "I only dance to make people laugh. I am so fat it is

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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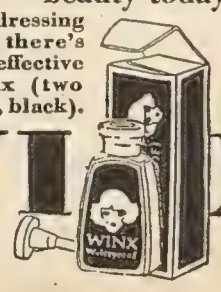

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[SHOES Continued from page thirty-one]

funny. We shall have very fine time and you shall see how happy we are, so that when you go away you won't feel sorry 'bout anything."

"Maera," he said, "you know more about happiness than most people. What is it? What is happiness?"

"Food," she answered promptly, "drink, health, love, children, and sleep."

"In exactly that order of importance?"

She pondered for a moment and then, counting on her fingers, made a new ordering.

"First come food and drink," she said, "then sleep and health. When we are young, love come next and last, children. When we are old, children come next to health, and love last of all."

"I believe you, Maera," said the Earl of Scriven; "and what is unhappiness?"

"That not so easy to say," she said, "because I don't think much about such things."

"I can tell you," he said. "The knowing that what was was pleasanter than what is, and that what is going to be will be less pleasant."

"You are too deep for me, Fuller."

"Perhaps unhappiness is racial," he said. "You tell me that Dick and Steve are happy. To know that they are happy ought to make me happy, but it doesn't. I won't meddle with them, but to my dying day I shall have fits of remorse when I think that I abandoned them in this island paradise instead of introducing them to the struggles, the crowdings, the inventions, and the jealousies which make the average white man wretched. Probably it is my duty to make them wretched. All my friends would think so."

Suddenly, Maera put back her head and uttered a magnificent peal of laughter.

She laughed so hard that she had to wipe tears out of her eyes.

"Share the joke with an old friend, Maera."

"I am laughing to think," she said, "that it wouldn't be crowds and inventions and jealousies would make them most unhappy in London."

"What would it be, then?"

"Shoes."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page 78)

1—What is the capital of California; Colorado; Connecticut?

2—What is *embonpoint?*

3—What is common to the following: adrenal, pituitary, thyroid?

4—From what is cocaine obtained?

5—With what science does the nebular hypothesis deal?

6—What is the title of the ruler of Persia?

7—What is common to the following: Angora, Manx, Siamese?

8—By what names are the American League baseball teams of the following cities known: Boston; New York; Philadelphia?

9—Give in their order the five units of military organization lower than a brigade.

10—What is a terpsichorean?

11—What is the literal meaning of cornucopia?

12—How many black keys in an octave on a piano?

13—What is common to the following: breva, panetela, invincible?

14—What is meant by war to the knife?

15—What metallic element bears the name of a Roman god?

16—What is a polygon?

17—In which of Sir Walter Scott's novels does Friar Tuck appear?

18—On what do silkworms feed?

19—How long is the interval between rounds in Marquis of Queensberry rules of boxing?

20—What is common to the following: Cheddar, Parmesan, Stilton, Gruyère?

Growing Up

Mr. Barrie Gives the Talkies an Adult Play

A Page of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

THE talkies are as inevitable as flu, or spring fever. You can no more escape the audibles than you can dodge a bill collector. Nearly everything is still the matter with sound films—and things cannot improve for some time. You just cannot turn over the infant talkie and go back to sleep. Audiences are going on straining their eardrums until electrical engineers discover better ways of sound reproduction. But, take my word for it, all the experimenting will be done with and in films for which you will pay and pay.

★ ★ ★

After seeing Paramount's 100 per cent sound-film version of Sir James M. Barrie's playlet, Half an Hour, it is obviously apparent why the title was shifted to The Doctor's Secret. In developing it into a soundie the careful spacing of words has lengthened the half hour into more than sixty minutes. There can be no speeding of dialogue until the talkies can reproduce the result. Sibilants need skid chains and gutturals have to take sharp inclines in second.

This slow pacing has not injured Sir James' tense little drama. Paramount has given the story a tasteful and intelligent production. Sometimes strange sounds emerge from the screen, but, on the whole, the members of the little cast disclose well modulated voices.

While Director William de Mille (Cecil's lesser brother always uses a small *d* in honor of his illustrious relative) merely has photographed a stage play and the result is not cinematic, he has told things in direct and straightforward style.

The Doctor's Secret relates what happens to an unhappy young London matron when she decides to join her lover and run away to Egypt. She makes up her mind at 7:30. At 8 she is back in the brutal husband's swanky home, the intervening thirty minutes being studded with sudden death and impending disclosure of the pitiful, lonely little love affair.

The talkies may sound for all the world like a 1924 radio, but they are lifting the quaint old picture drama up to adult stature. Here is a mature story of three real grown-ups and, while it may mash its words, it doesn't mince them.

Ruth Chatterton and Robert Edeson in The Doctor's Secret, the film version of Barrie's Half an Hour.

Dolores Costello as an innocent underworld flower in The Redeeming Sin. That's Warner Richmond as a Paris apache beside her.

Ruth Chatterton is the wife who crowds a life's drama into a half hour and she gives a superb performance. The excellent cast includes Robert Edeson, H. B. Warner, a personable newcomer named John Loder, and a child, Nancy Price, who does an unforgettable little cockney slavey.

★

The step from Barrie to The Redeeming Sin is a considerable one. This newest variation of Paris sewers and apache dens bursts into speech now and then. Even when it is silent, the picture shrieks improbability.

Dolores Costello plays an innocent little flower of the French underworld. When her little brother dies in the arms of Dr. Raoul Deboise, Joan plans a terrible revenge. She will wreck the doctor's heart. What happens? You guessed! Yes, she falls in love herself.

The background is full of apache thugs who audibly plot dire deeds in infantile English. The foreground is crowded with sudden convalescence. The hero is stabbed and thrown in the Paris sewers. He limps slightly the next day. When Joan leaps from a high window, she merely takes to a wheel chair for a day or so.

★

Captain Lash is a William Fox film starring the rough and ready Victor McLaglen in another hard-boiled rôle, that of a ship stoker. This picture offers some facts on sailors' lives and customs overlooked by previous films.

Personalities—

Ruth Chatterton was long a stage idol in gentle rôles. . . . John Loder's birthplace was London. Date: 1898. . . . Among Victor McLaglen's relatives was a Boer general or two.

Pictures by G. PATRICK NELSON

"Failure stares me in the face. All I see ahead is a long road with no turning. Mother will always think an accident has happened."

The Mystery of the LOST HEIRESS

What Became of Dorothy Arnold?

By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

NOT conclusively proven to be a homicide, nevertheless there is justification for incorporating in this mystery series the extraordinary disappearance of Dorothy Arnold. No case in the annals of American police investigation so richly challenges the imagination, so completely baffles logic and reason, or leaves the reader so tantalized by a feeling of irritating bewilderment.

Dorothy Arnold simply could not have disappeared. Yet she did! And for more than eighteen years detectives throughout the world, professional and amateur, have failed to find a single clew to the mystery.

Chronologically, this is the story:

Francis R. Arnold was born in New York City in 1838. His friends say he was a lineal descendant of one of the Mayflower's register. There is no doubt that his forebears were prominently and honorably identified with early phases of our history.

In 1876 Mr. Arnold married Mary Martha Parks, then twenty years of age. Miss Parks was born in Montreal, and she attended convents there and in Ottawa. She was in St. Mary's School in New York City when she met her future husband.

Their first child, John Welles Arnold, was born in 1881. A daughter came next, in 1885, and they named her Harriet Camille Dorothy Arnold. She was called Dorothy. Dan Hinckley Arnold was next, three years later; and the fourth and last child, Marjorie Brewster Arnold, was born in 1892. A sister of Mr. Arnold was married to Justice Rufus W. Peckham of the United States Supreme Court.

Mr. Arnold was head of Francis R. Arnold & Co. of 7 West Twenty-second Street, New York City. The firm dealt in perfumes and cosmetics, and was the American representative of Maison Dorin of Paris. Mr. Arnold was a millionaire when he died on April 1, 1922. The family home was at 108 East Seventy-ninth Street; and every member of the household was and is in the Social Register.

Brown Bros. photo

N. Y. World photos

Dorothy Arnold, from three portrait photographs. At the time of her disappearance in 1910 she was twenty-five and in the best of health.

Almost nothing of moment or consequence figures in Dorothy's girlhood. A governess was provided until she was old enough to attend a girls' private school. She then went to Bryn Mawr. There she was regarded as a bright student in English and dramatics. She spoke French and German fluently, and she was an indefatigable reader. She early manifested literary aspirations. Of which more anon.

SEVERAL girls in Dorothy's class, '05, continued their friendships later—Edith Ashley, daughter of Dean Ashley of the New York Law School; Theodora Bates, afterward an instructor in a school for girls in Washington, D. C.; Helen Kempton of Newtonville, Massachusetts; Gladys King; and Elsie Henry, daughter of a Wall Street broker. Miss Henry and Miss Bates were closer to Dorothy than the others.

From 1905 until December, 1910, there seems to be nothing in Dorothy's life which would illuminate the coming mystery. She was popular in the rather restricted circle she ranged. Teas, musicals, amateur theatricals, shows, dances, occasional outings occupied her lighter hours. She had no love for athletics. John S. Keith, of the law firm of Garvan & Armstrong, was the personal attorney of the Arnolds. A year or two older than Dorothy, he sometimes took her to bridge parties. To this day he pays tribute to the excellence of her game.

Dorothy was five feet four inches tall and weighed 140 pounds. Her hair was dark brown and abundant, her eyes grayish blue and steady, her color good, her figure fairish in its ample proportions, and her health flawless. Her dentist had filled several molar cavities with porcelain.

LITTLE was made public concerning the girl's male friends. Four men were questioned after she vanished, and three of these were never named. Earnest assurances were given the police and the reporters by the Arnold family and its counselors that no minute detail in their acquaintance with Dorothy was of any importance. More extended allusion to the fourth man will be made.

Mrs. Arnold was a tireless worker in the vineyard of charity; yet she confined her philanthropies to such interests as came within the scope of St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church at 122 West Sixty-ninth Street. There is no record of settlement work, nor of any visits by mother or daughter to the tenement districts. Dorothy attended her church occasionally, but she was not par-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

$10,000 for the Best Solutions of TEN REAL LIFE MYSTERIES

THE Mystery of the Lost Heiress is the eighth of a series of ten stories of celebrated, never solved detective problems.

Since everybody is a detective at heart, it has occurred to the publishers of this magazine that interest in the stories—most of which will be told in this series from beginning to end for the first time—may be pleasantly heightened by offering cash prizes for the best feats of detective reasoning.

LIBERTY therefore is giving its readers $10,000 in prizes for solutions of these ten mysteries. There will be eight prizes for each mystery: one of $500, one of $250, one of $100, one of $50, and four of $25. In case of a tie, the prizes will be duplicated.

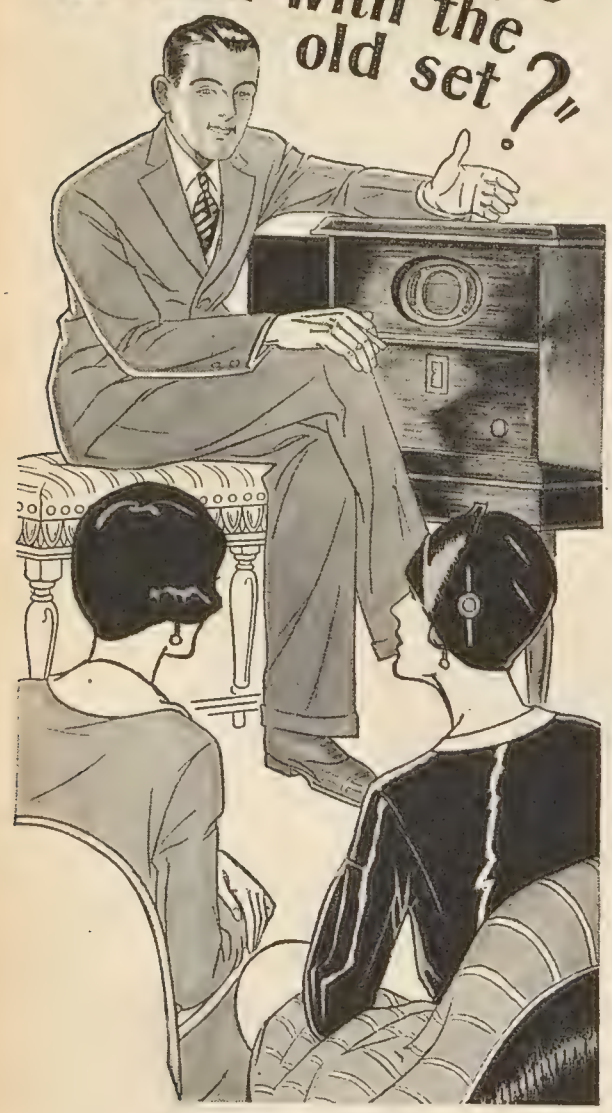
Read the story, figure out what became of Dorothy Arnold, and mail your solution to me in care of LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to be a professional writer, or even a subscriber to LIBERTY. Everyone except employees of LIBERTY and members of their families is eligible. *What* you say will count, not *how* you say it. It might be well to say it within 500 words, simply explaining your theory of Miss Arnold's disappearance.

Neatness, brevity, logic, originality of deduction—these will count with me in considering your contributions. The publishers have decided that I am to have the only and final say as to the winners.

To be considered, any solution mailed to me must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story appears. Names of winners will be published as soon after they are selected as is mechanically possible in the printing of a weekly magazine.

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND.



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[THE MYSTERY OF THE LOST HEIRESS]
Continued from page thirty-five

ticularly orthodox, or even devout.

Mr. Arnold gave his daughter an allowance of $100 a month. She also had access to the family's charge accounts in numerous stores along Fifth Avenue. She usually drew twenty-five dollars a week. This indicates that she was not secretly hoarding money for an elopement, or for any other mysterious departure of a voluntary character.

Several years before the climax of her story, Dorothy met George S. Griscom, Jr., of Pittsburgh. Griscom was about forty years old, a bachelor, member of a wealthy family. That he was called Junior to the end of the chapter; that he usually traveled with his parents; and that his father sometimes bought his collars and cravats, suggests, along with the testimony of his friends, that he would hardly be mistaken for a Romeo or a cave man.

There was considerable reticence, even irascibility, on the part of the Arnold family anent the friendship of Dorothy and Griscom. There is no doubt at all that they objected strenuously at the time even to intimations that anything of a romantic quality colored that friendship. When Griscom later said that he and Dorothy had been in love and engaged, the Arnolds denied it.

Was Dorothy Arnold the prey of kidnapers?

This angle of the affair is dwelt on here because, first, it is the only colorful thing in Dorothy's life prior to her disappearance; and, second, because in seeking a solution to this disappearance, unbiased and impersonal "detectives" must have every known fact.

SOME time in 1910 Dorothy wrote a short story and submitted it to McClure's Magazine. At once she became the target of good-natured gibing at home. While waiting for McClure's to send her a check, she began to beg her father to let her open a studio in Greenwich Village. Atmosphere, she explained, was of great help to an author.

Mr. Arnold, realizing that it doesn't make much difference where a writer sits so long as he has something to say and knows how to say it, refused to provide the Bohemian aroma Dorothy thought she needed.

The manuscript came back, of course; and Dorothy found life a minor torment among her amused relatives. Some time in the autumn of 1910 she went to the general post office downtown and rented a box. She did not tell her family about it; but neither did she carry concealment to its logical conclusion. That is, she rented it under her own name, and she complied with the post-office requirement that she find two reputable persons to vouch for her. Two well known men, friends of her father, did so, after she had explained to them that she wanted to receive rejected manuscripts there.

But later she got personal mail there, some of it with a foreign postmark. As you shall see.

In September, 1910, Dorothy practiced the first known act of duplicity permitted to reach the public. On September 16 Griscom registered at the Hotel Essex in Boston, where he was well known.

Dorothy was at York Harbor, Maine, with her parents.

On September 19 Griscom went to the Hotel Lenox and engaged a room and bath for Dorothy Arnold. For five days he and Dorothy, who had told her mother that she was going to visit Theodora Bates at her home near Cambridge, were seen almost constantly together—so Griscom's friends stated to the Boston police.

ON September 23 Dorothy went to the Collateral Loan Company on Boylston Street and pawned her gold watch and chain, two diamond rings, and two bracelets. The jewelry was worth about $500 and they let her have sixty dollars. Here, too, Dorothy gave her name and address for the pawnbroker's records and tickets.

On September 24 Griscom and Dorothy paid their bills and left their respective hotels, Dorothy returning to York Harbor. Later, Helen Kempton told reporters that she and Dorothy's parents had believed at the time that Dorothy was visiting Miss Bates.

When Dorothy returned to New York City she wrote another short story. The title was Poinsettia of the Flame, and she had Elsie Henry read it for grammar, punctuation, etc. Dorothy then sent it to McClure's, giving her secret post-office box as her address.

On Thanksgiving Dorothy perpetrated the second inexplicable act of her known career. On Wednesday, November 23, she took a suitcase full of clothes and went to Washington, D. C., to visit Theodora Bates, who was teaching there. She had given the post office a forwarding address, the apartment at No. 1000 Mintwood Place where Miss Bates lived with her mother and a sister.

The next morning Dorothy did not leave her bed, Theodora went in and learned that she felt indisposed—an indisposition which alarmed neither girl, and which was later advanced as refutation of certain persistent and sinister rumors as to what became of Dorothy.

Then a strange thing happened. The colored bellboy went upstairs and

delivered a large envelope addressed to Dorothy and forwarded from New York City. No explanation ever has been proffered as to when this letter arrived. It was Thanksgiving morning—and that is a holiday. Mail is not delivered on that day.

Theodora entered Dorothy's bedroom and handed her the letter. She swore that Dorothy showed no surprise or chagrin or disappointment. She did not know positively, but she was of the impression that the envelope was one of McClure's, and, from its shape and bulk, probably contained the rejected Poinsettia. Dorothy merely glanced at it and said nothing, according to Theodora.

The next morning Dorothy walked into the living room fully dressed and carrying her suitcase.

"Why, Dorothy," exclaimed Theodora, "where are you going?"

"I'm going home."

"Home! But this is only Friday, and you came to spend the week-end as well as Thanksgiving."

"Why, no, I didn't," said Dorothy. "I only came to spend the holiday, and I am going home."

"Dorothy Arnold, you intended to spend several days with me. I must have done something to offend you. What in the world is the matter?"

DOROTHY laughed, but insisted that Theodora must have misunderstood her, and then kissed her and caught a train. When she walked into her home, Mrs. Arnold's mouth opened in surprise.

"Why, Dorothy, what has happened? Why are you home?"

"Why not?" replied Dorothy. "I made my visit, and of course I came back."

"But you were to spend the week-end with Theodora, as well as Thanksgiving. Did you girls have a quarrel?"

"Of course not, mother," said Dorothy calmly. "You are mistaken. I had no intention of spending more than one day with Theodora."

Her mother was stunned. She never knew why Dorothy had cut the visit short; nor did Theodora, or anybody else.

The next day, Saturday, the 26th, Dorothy wrote a long letter to Griscom. Mr. Keith, the lawyer, said at the time, and says today, that except for one paragraph it was merely a girlish, gossipy, friendly epistle. But near the end were these strange sentences:

Well, it has come back. McClure's has turned me down. Failure stares me in the face. All I see ahead is a long road with no turning. Mother will always think an accident has happened.

To this day, nobody has ever explained to what that ominous paragraph alluded. Griscom is quoted as saying that he had told Dorothy that he had large influence at McClure's. Beyond that, Griscom declared, he had no idea what the girl meant.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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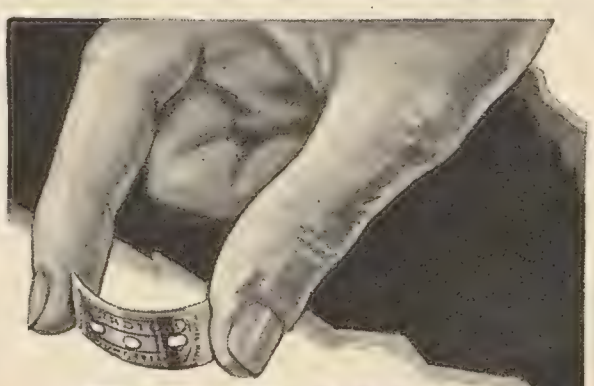

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[THE MYSTERY OF THE LOST HEIRESS]
Continued from page thirty-seven

The next two weeks were uneventful, Dorothy's parents said. On Thursday, December 8, she posted about seventy-five invitations to the coming-out party of her sister, Marjorie. The party was to take place on Friday, the 16th.

On Friday, December 9, Dorothy went to her bank and withdrew her balance, thirty-six dollars. She spent part of that day shopping along the Avenue for a dress to wear at the party. That evening she went to an art exhibit at the Metropolitan Art Museum with a young stockbroker. This youth was several years younger than Dorothy, and interrogation speedily disclosed there was nothing in their relations that would give any inkling as to what became of her.

Was Dorothy Arnold a suicide by drowning?

The next morning Dorothy told her mother she was going shopping again, and if she found a dress she liked would telephone. She was accustomed to selecting her own clothes, but invariably asked her mother's judgment before buying them.

That afternoon she invited Elsie to go to a matinée. They went to see The Garden of Allah, Dorothy paying four dollars for the tickets, and then paying the check for tea which they drank at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. Before they parted Dorothy made an engagement to see Elsie the following Monday. The next afternoon she telephoned and broke the date, saying she might be all Monday finding the party dress. She promised to call Elsie later.

Monday, December 12, 1910, Dorothy rose about 9 o'clock, dressed, had a leisurely breakfast, and about 11:15 left the house. In the hall she met her mother.

"Well, mother, I'm going out to see if I can find it," she said.

"Wait until I change my dress and I'll go with you," Mrs. Arnold said.

"Oh, never mind. If I find anything I like, I'll telephone and you can come see it."

SHE then left the house. She wore a tailored blue serge dress; a long blue coat; a small black velvet hat, with hatpin of lapis lazuli and earrings to match. She had a black fox muff with white points. She owned a neckpiece of the same fur, but she left it home. The temperature that morning was twenty-one degrees above zero. Friends cited her failure to take the stole as evidence that she intended to return home. Others said that possibly the girl's one and only vanity was the lovely neck her photographs reveal.

She also carried a black velvet handbag, and she must have had about twenty-five dollars with her, deducting the tickets and tea and other incidentals from the thirty-six dollars she had withdrawn from the bank the preceding Friday.

From 12 to 1 o'clock, certain girls known as "relief clerks" take their posts at the counters of Park & Tilford's confectionery and grocery stores throughout New York City, while the regular clerks eat their luncheons.

About 12:15 one of these relief girls waited on Dorothy in the shop at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street. The sales slip showed Miss Arnold bought a half-pound box of chocolate candy and had it charged. She often made her luncheon of such candy.

At 1:45 o'clock Dorothy emerged from Brentano's book store at the corner of Twenty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue, thirty blocks farther south. She had just purchased a book, telling the clerk to charge it. As she reached the sidewalk she saw Gladys King hastening north. She called to her, and they stood a moment talking.

"I'M on my way to meet mother for luncheon," said Gladys. "I was to meet her at 1:30 at the Waldorf and I'm fifteen minutes late. Oh, by the way, I received your invitation to Marjorie's party, and I was just going to mail my acceptance. Here's the letter I was writing you; as long as I've met you, here it is."

Dorothy laughed, thrust the letter with her name and address on it into her handbag, and Gladys hurried on.

Dorothy Arnold was never again seen; at least, no human being has been found who ever saw her again. She disappeared completely and without trace into a void which has been explored for more than eighteen years without success. Every solution based on her previous career or character runs into a blank wall of the impossible; every speculation runs into the same barrier.

Was her disappearance voluntary or involuntary? If the former, one finds oneself enmeshed in a net of theories. Did she die under a sudden operation? If so, what became of the body? There is no more basis for such solutions than there is for any other.

Did she elope? If so, with whom? Certainly not Griscom, as will appear. Certainly not with anybody else the family knew; and she could hardly have known anybody else long without her family or her friends knowing him. And, as the years passed, somebody would have been sure to meet her, no matter in what remote corner of the world she and her lover or husband hid.

Did she enter a convent? She and her ancestors were Episcopalians; and she had no great sorrow to warrant

such a theory. Besides, why should she have broken her mother's heart by perpetual silence?

Maybe she committed suicide? Why? Was that cryptic paragraph in her letter to Griscom a signpost pointing in that direction? Surely a rejected manuscript would not lead a healthy, normal girl, whose comportment had attracted no attention from Thanksgiving to December 12, to end her life.

Possibly there was some aftermath to her secret visit to see Griscom in Boston in September that would so terrify a girl that suicide might conceivably seem the only way out. Yet Theodora's account of the visit to Washington, always assuming she was correctly quoted, seems to exclude such a thesis.

And what became of her body, if she did kill herself? The steamer that runs to Fall River, Massachusetts, might have been her Charon's skiff. These steamers leave New York City for their trip up Long Island Sound at 5 P. M., after darkness has come in mid-December. And it wasn't necessary in those days to buy a ticket: you simply walked aboard and paid your fare as you left the vessel.

Somewhere out in the chilled waters of the Sound Dorothy may have climbed the rail and slipped overboard. I have heard veteran police of New York say that no suicide's body ever has been recovered from the Sound.

Possible, yes; but why? Why?

Did she simply run away alone? She had less than thirty dollars with her; she could not have persisted in anonymity when the world began to hunt for her.

DID she vanish unwillingly?

There had been a turmoil in 1909 in New York City over discoveries by the special grand jury headed by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. This body investigated the white slavery traffic in the metropolis, and as a result the Mann Act was passed by Congress in June, 1910.

Yet the " cadets," or procurers, could not possibly have forced Dorothy Arnold into such a life with impunity to themselves. Granting that she might have been kidnaped and drugged and conscripted into the scarlet sisterhood, and that shame might have kept her hidden forever from the ken of kith and kin, somebody sooner or later would have penetrated her secret, by comparing the stranger inmate to the photographs of the missing girl sent all over the world and printed in every paper, or by remarking her culture, so foreign to such a profession.

And it would have been easy for her to escape, despite the lurid yarns of ecclesiastics and reformers that no girl can flee the clutches of the " cadets " and the madams.

How could a large, healthy, clean-minded girl, with all the sophistication of a twenty-five-year-old resident of Manhattan, be kidnaped? If somebody tried to compel her forcibly to enter a cab— The idea is ludicrous; she had only to scream.

Did she hear a cry for help, enter a cab or a building, and find herself overpowered? On what street would she be where she alone would hear the cry? So far as is known she had never been east of Lexington Avenue, and few kidnapers lurk west of that thoroughfare.

But if this be true, what did the person who overpowered her do with her if she remained alive; or with the body if she were killed?

Did she, unknown to her family, have that studio she asked her father for; and did she there meet underworld characters in her search for " atmosphere " for her stories; and did some man from the nether world attempt to rape her and, failing or succeeding, destroy her to still her voice? If so, what did he do with the body? True, he might have waited till dark, and then rowed a couple of hundred feet from the wharf at the foot of East (or West) Fourteenth Street, weighted the corpse, and dropped it noiselessly overboard.

That might be the solution; but acceptance of it means presupposing facts that have no logical foundation in anything her life, routine, and character ever disclosed to friend and parent.

Well, what happened that remarkable 12th of December that we do know about?

The Arnolds waited dinner a while. Then, impatient

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Even when teeth are white

NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

*4 out of 5 Neglect the Gums and Surrender Health to Pyorrhea

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Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

[THE MYSTERY OF THE LOST HEIRESS
Continued from page thirty-nine]

and worried, Mrs. Arnold telephoned to Edith Ashley and Elsie Henry, casually asking each girl if Dorothy had dropped in to see her and forgotten to call up home. Neither had seen her.

But Edith and Elsie wondered simultaneously about the thing, and called each other up. Then Elsie telephoned to Mrs. Arnold.

"I was just wondering if Dorothy got home all right?"

"Oh, yes," replied the mother. "She's here now."

"Please call her to the phone," said Elsie.

Mrs. Arnold made her deception complete: "Why, she just finished dinner and went upstairs to lie down. She has a headache from shopping, she said."

The Arnolds slept little that night. Early the next morning, John, the eldest son, telephoned to Mr. Keith and asked him to drop by the house on his way downtown. The lawyer had been drawing up a contract between the Arnold firm and Maison Dorin in Paris, and he thought John referred to that.

"I haven't got the contract ready yet," he said.

"It isn't about the contract," John replied in solemn tones. "This is far more serious."

Bachrach photo

John S. Keith, the Arnolds' attorney.

Skeptics will find in Mrs. Arnold's last quoted statement and in John's solemnity engrossing ground for speculation. Why the evasion and the worry over a girl's remaining away one night? Why, if the worry was so profound, were not the police notified? A friendly answer is that since Dorothy had never before stayed away in such a manner, a family so exclusive and cultured as the Arnolds would shrink from notifying anybody until they had consulted the family lawyer.

Mr. Keith came. He at once went to the girl's bedroom. There was nothing to indicate that when Dorothy left the morning before she had not planned to return in the afternoon. In her dresser were numerous letters, scattered carelessly about. Her clothing hung in its accustomed array; her shoes were in their usual place.

IN her fireplace was a pile of ashes, papers she had burned. There is conflict in the stories told about these ashes. Mr. Keith first said he saw the little pile of charred paper; but when it was remarked that the maid must have been careless when she cleaned the room the previous morning, he said that he forgot whether *he* saw the ashes, or whether the Arnolds told him there had been ashes there when the maid went in.

Among the letters were several from Griscom. They were never made public, but it was vehemently denied that any of them bore a foreign postmark.

Yet, a day later, the Arnolds questioned Lloyd C. Griscom, former ambassador to Italy, and from him learned that Griscom, his kinsman, was in Florence, Italy. On December 14, using his firm's code name, Mr. Keith cabled Griscom: "Dorothy Arnold missing. Family prostrated. Cable Garvarmcon if know anything of her whereabouts."

"Know absolutely nothing. Junior," Griscom cabled.

Later Griscom received this cable: "Letters received. Dorothy still missing. Cable Henrirusso if you can suggest possible plan or if further developments. Send letter November 26 or anything since. Henrirusso."

No explanation as to what this cable means, or its sender's connection with the affair, has been vouchsafed. Mr. Keith says he knows nothing about it.

The attorney at first personally conducted the investigation. In vain he combed the city's hospitals and sanitariums and morgues, thinking Dorothy had had an accident, or suffered a stroke of amnesia.

A day or so later he went to George S. Dougherty, superintendent of the Pinkerton Detective Agency in New York City. Dougherty at once sent confidential circulars to police departments throughout the country offering a reward of $5,000 authorized by Mr. Arnold.

Mr. Keith meanwhile wirelessed every vessel that had left New York about that time. It was then more difficult to listen in than it is today; yet Irvin Cobb, then on the New York World, heard of the radioed query. Mr. Keith was able to convince him that nothing of importance was afoot.

IT was not until the night of January 25, 1911, six weeks after Dorothy disappeared, that the police department and the public were apprised of the mystery.

That evening reporters from all the papers assembled in Mr. Keith's office. The police got busy, under Second Deputy Commissioner William J. Flynn; and the newspaper men got busier. There ensued a series of discoveries by the press, denials by the Arnolds, confirmations by the press, and admissions by the Arnolds.

The papers were filled with innuendoes and honest searching at the time, but out of the tangle nothing came, and no explanation was made as to why, on January 27, Mr. Arnold reduced the reward from $5,000 to $1,000. It suffices to report that from the moment Gladys King waved a gay good-by to Dorothy, nothing definite has been known or revealed that would solve the mystery.

Mr. Arnold died in April, 1922. Mrs. Arnold survived him until December 28, 1928. In both their wills is this identical paragraph: "I have made no provision in this will for my beloved daughter, H. C. Dorothy Arnold, as I am satisfied that she is not living."

One wonders what the answers are to one or two questions: How did Dorothy account to her family for the disappearance of her jewelry from September 23 to December 12? Surely somebody must have noticed it was missing. Mr. Keith went to Boston on February 16, identified it, paid the redemption price, and brought it home.

How did the Arnolds explain, within their circle and to their servants, the absence of Dorothy from December 12 to January 26? If they confided in inquirers, what an admirable conspiracy of silence it was, that not one word leaked out to the microphone-eared newspapers!

What did Captain John H. Ayres, head of the Bureau of Missing Persons, really mean when, on April 8, 1921, in an address to the High School of Commerce, he stated that the Dorothy Arnold case was a closed file at headquarters, since both the family and the police had known the solution for a long time?

Called promptly to account by Mr. Keith, Captain Ayres declared he had been misquoted, a ready subterfuge for men who, saying too much, regret that they ever talked at all.

Mr. Sutherland will recount another real life detective problem next week.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Capping the Climax

"My dear little Elsie, what a terrible time you have had! They tell me you have had the measles, mumps, and chicken pox, all in the last two months. You poor little dear!"

Elsie, still quite feeble, answered with quavering voice, "Yes'm, an' I been baptized too!"—J. C. Minor, M. D., Hot Springs National Park, Hot Springs, Ark.

* * *

An Observant Child

La Vaughn was sympathizing with his newly married sister, who was working unusually hard in the kitchen. She said her husband was good help and would get supper.

"Yes, but that won't last long," said La Vaughn; "I know how these men are."—Mrs. Herbert S. Miller, 1608 West 29th St., Oklahoma City, Okla.

There's more to Washing the Face *than many women think*

Unless you actually cleanse the skin of powder, rouge, dirt and impurities, your complexion will suffer seriously. Olive oil, blended into this facial soap, provides an ideal means of removing dirt and make-up.

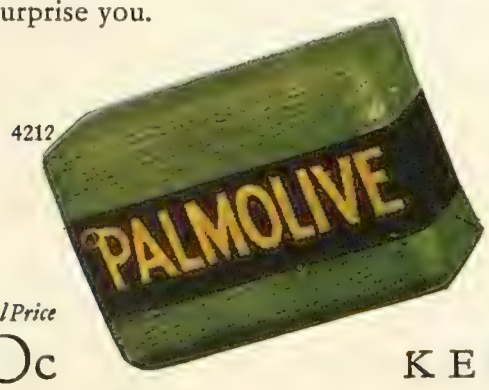
THE next time you wash your face, consider these facts; all day long dust and dirt, oil secretions, and dead skin gather in the fine pores that make up your surface complexion. If you add cream, powder, rouge—and only half remove them by incorrect cleansing methods—the result is blackheads, pimples, oiliness, sallowness—dozens of defects that may entirely be avoided if you know *how* to wash your face.

The value of olive oil in soap

How to wash your face! That sounds so simple. Yet it can be an art. It can make or mar your beauty. That is why doctors and beauty specialists advise a soap blended of olive oil—blandest, gentlest, yet most penetrating of all emollients.

You use it twice a day, in the treatments described below, and this is what happens: the gentle lather of this facial soap with its olive oil content works into your pores and gently, easily frees them of tiny, hard masses which otherwise become blackheads and pimples. It keeps the skin firm, stimulated, healthy with color. It leaves a satiny glow, an enviable smoothness of texture that typifies youth.

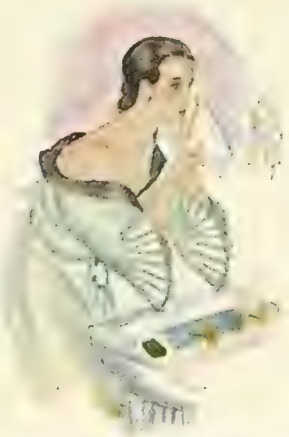
You, yourself, may be abusing a naturally beautiful complexion by the wrong cleansing methods. Just as a test, use these simple treatments beginning tonight, and watch the way your skin responds within a short time. There is no doubt that your own loveliness will surprise you.



Retail Price
10c

At night:

Make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands, apply it to face and throat, massaging gently with an upward and outward motion, to stimulate circulation. Rinse thoroughly with warm water graduated to cold until you actually feel all impurities, oil secretions and make-up carried away. Then dry the skin by patting it tenderly with a soft towel.

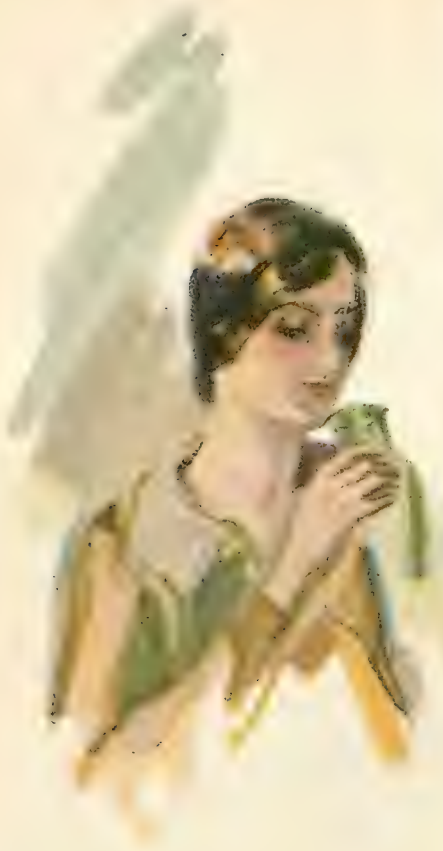


In the morning:

Repeat this treatment and add a touch of finishing cream before putting on rouge and powder. That's all! A simple treatment, but it must be observed twice every day to keep the skin lovely and youthful. At 10c Palmolive is the world's least expensive beauty formula. It costs so little, millions use it for the bath as well. Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION



It keeps you feeling

You'll be amazed how promptly Sal Hepatica overcomes constipation, how it clears complexions and keeps you feeling fit!

A SPARKLING glass of Sal Hepatica is the world's best antidote for constipation. It clears you promptly at the crack of day — and it leaves you feeling fit, fine and fresh all day long!

And the saline method with Sal Hepatica not only banishes constipation speedily but, by ridding the body of accumulated poisons and by neutralizing acidity, it is helpful, far beyond an ordinary laxative, in headaches, colds, complexion disorders and other ills.

The great doctors of the world . . . our own and the European . . . know well the benefits of salines and the great "cure-stations" of the Continent are thronged with wealthy and fashionable people seeking relief by the saline method.

Constipation . . . self-poisoning . . . headaches . . . colds . . . rheumatism . . . indigestion . . . constipation . . . complexion disorders and many other ills that arise from faulty elimination yield to the good effects that follow the drinking of saline waters such as Sal Hepatica. Ask your doctor to explain to you the great benefits of the saline method. Ask him about Sal Hepatica. Buy a bottle of it at your druggist's. And the next time you wake up feeling a little out of sorts—drink a morning glass of Sal Hepatica. It is prompt in its action . . . speedy in its result . . . You'll feel better the whole day long.

How the Sal Hepatica Saline Treatment helps to relieve these common ills

CONSTIPATION—To clear away stoppage take 2 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a large glass of water half an hour before breakfast or before any meal. It acts promptly, gently, thoroughly.

AUTO-INTOXICATION—To banish that "tired feeling," headaches, and depression take 1 teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a large

Sal H

n the Pink" *all day long!*

atica

glass of water before breakfast. Repeat daily until elimination becomes regular. Favor light foods; drink plenty of water.

RHEUMATISM—As an eliminant take 1 or 2 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water half to one hour before each meal and at night just before retiring. This assists the body to keep free of the toxins of waste and acidity; and so helps to relieve twinges and pains. Eat sparingly of meats. Drink water between meals.

BAD COMPLEXION—To keep the blood stream clear of the impurities that so often cause blemishes and skin eruptions take a teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a large glass of water immediately upon arising—for a week, or as long as necessary to clear the complexion. Don't be tempted by rich foods.

INDIGESTION—Take 1 teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in hot water. Repeat in 15 minutes if not relieved. If you are subject to frequent attacks of indigestion take 1 teaspoonful in a glass of water regularly upon arising each morning. Get some regular exercise.

COLDS—The first step is to relieve the intestinal congestion with 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Repeat each morning on arising to keep the system free of poisons until the cold clears up.

Send the coupon below for free booklet that gives full details of Sal Hepatica's many benefits.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A-39, 71 West St., New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains more fully the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

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YOU'VE NEVER FOUND SUCH CLEANERS AT SUCH LOW PRICES

Search where you will . . . where can you find values to compare with these General Electric Cleaners? The General Electric name means that every detail of their construction is absolutely accurate; that their materials are only the best; that their service will be long and efficient.

Vast production facilities and the fact that you buy the cleaner from your local dealer . . . these two factors combine to keep prices incomparably low.

Find out about their fourteen quality points—and get a true idea of their lightness and efficiency by trying the cleaners yourself.

For the Standard and Junior models, either of two sets of attachments are available. Prices are $6.50 and $10.

WELCOME the new JUNIORETTE

Welcome indeed to the busy housewife is the new Juniorette—as fine a little helpmate as any woman could want. Light—only 3¾ pounds—thorough in its cleaning because of its powerful suction. A small cleaner that does the work of attachments—with less effort.

The Juniorette cleans its way into corners, down deep into chairs and mattresses, along stair carpets . . . into all the crevices where your large cleaner cannot go.

You should get complete information about all the General Electric Cleaners and compare their prices with other cleaners of similar quality. If you would like details, mail the coupon.

*Prices quoted are those which prevail East of the Rockies.

Section C-333
Merchandise Dept.
General Electric Co.
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Please send me complete information about the General Electric Cleaners.

Name _____

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GENERAL ELECTRIC CLEANER

Pictures by
FRANK HOFFMAN

I blame Sally Drew for startin' all the trouble. Ain't it a caution what a black-haired, big-eyed little frail can start?

It Was THIS Way, SHERIFF

A Story of the Racket and a Rocky Road to Love

By
FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

THERE'S a sheriff down in southern Illinois who hates my guts—said Joggles Hanson—an' he says if I ever come into his county again he'll throw my pants in jail on three murder charges. He says if I beat them cases he'll burn me down hisself, an' plant a gun on me an' say I resisted arrest. I know where he got that; he got it from them Saint Louie dicks. It's a caution the way these southern Illinois sheriffs picks up rough stuff from city dicks.

The funny part of it is I was Clem Richards' best friend. Yeah. Only the dumb ——— don't know it. He wouldn't never give me time to explain; an' I can't write him a letter because he'd come up here an' pinch me for sending obscene matter through the mails. So I thought maybe if you would put it in a story I could mail him the magazine, see? You c'n use blank spaces for the cussin' like you always do, an' change a few names, can'tcha?

Jes' say right off it wasn't me who croaked them three dagos. I was there all right, but I was laughin' so much—bein' a little ginned—I couldn't get neither of my guns cocked in time. The other boys—I ain't mentionin' no names partiklar—was sober an' attended to business that night. They was the ones that knocked off Genola an' Drusso an' Amora.

An' here's another thing. Clem allus accused me of tryin' to turn Sally Drew agin him. That's a—use sev-er'l blanks—lie! I never done it. The trouble Clem

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[IT WAS THIS WAY, SHERIFF
Continued from page forty-five]

had with Sally was his own damn' fault. As a matter of fact I saved Clem's life, an' I saved his girl for him if he only knowed it. Clem never let on to the reel truth about him an' Sally, anyway. Clem's kind of a hero with them newspaper boys, an' they write pieces sayin' how Clem got hisself elected sheriff so's he could clean up southern Illinois.

That's a lot of hooey. Th' reel truth is that Clem run for sheriff so's he could reform Sally Drew. Cleanin' up the county come afterwards. Clem was mainly interested in Sally. Not that Sally Drew needed reformin'. She was jes' flighty, an' liked a good time. But Clem, bein' a up-the-creek Baptist from Breathitt County, Kentucky, he thought Sally was in danger of hell fire or somethin'.

You've seen Clem, ain't you? Well, say he's a lean, lanky, Swede-headed blankety-blank that had ought to have stayed in Breathitt County shootin' squirrels an' revenuers an' fust cousins instead of buttin' hisself into gang wars in southern Illinois. Be sure an' put it in that Clem has a mamma-boy face with a pug nose—Jese, he'll be sore—an' he's allus chawin' on broom straws or crab grass like a mule. Say he fancies hisself as a gunfighter, but—no, I'll take that back. He's a good gunfighter. You got to hand it to the dumbhead.

I BLAME Sally Drew for startin' all the trouble. Jese, ain't it a caution what a pack of trouble a black-haired, big-eyed little frail can start? Sally Drew worked for Mrs. Dennison, the milliner, at the county seat, until all the women around town started tradin' over to Denton because Sally flirted with their men. So Sally went to clerkin' in Todd's drugstore on the square acrosst from the courthouse.

I can remember after Clem come back from the army—he'd went from Kentucky to France an' then moved to southern Illinois—seein' Clem standin' around th' drugstore lookin' goofy-eyed at Sally. She'd be wisecrackin' with the drummers an' miners an' town boys at the sody fountain, but Clem wouldn't join in. He'd jes' stand there shakin' his head an' frownin' at the gal.

I an' the boys was settin' pretty about that time. Glenn Young had got hisself kilt; them Kluxers had busted up; th' soldiers hadn't been down to southern Illinois for two months; everything was quiet. My outfit was collectin' two grand a month from th' joints in the county for th' state's attorney. Huh? Yeah. Harlie Cantwell. Know him? He's a slick, double-crossin' little rat. He's been state's attorney down there for three terms. We had a agreement with Harlie an' th' sheriff by which they let us run twelve licker trucks a week to keep our Saint Louie trade supplied. Every oncet in a while we cut ol' Judge Andrews into the cush, an' sent him dope reg'lar. He's a hophead.

Well, as I say, everything was jake, an' it might of stayed that way exceptin' for Sally Drew. Her an' Clem Richards had a big row in the drugstore one Saturday afternoon. I got there toward th' finish of it. They told me afterwards that it had started because Sally made a date with Connie Reller to go to a dance over to Fat Sylvia's place, an' Clem didn't want her to go.

When I got there Clem was sayin':

"That ain't no place for a lady to be at, Miss Drew."

"You're not the guardian of my morals, Clem Richards," says Sally, reel pert. "I didn't ask you for your advice and I don't want it."

"Connie Reller's no good," says Clem. "He's chasin' around with gangsters."

"Who says I ain't no good?" growls Connie, swaggerin' up to the sody fountain.

"I do," says Clem, reel calm. "And you ain't."

Clem has got funny blue eyes; the color of the front sight of a Colt that's been wore a little. Have you ever seen gun sights jumpin' up under the lights of a saloon when a gunfight's commencin' in a southern Illinois coal town? Well, that's the kind of a feelin' you get when Clem looks at you mean.

He give Connie a look. It got right quiet in the drug-

store. Connie showed yaller. He started whining around with something like: "You're a fine friend—talkin' behind a fellow's back."

"I'm talkin' to your face," says Clem.

But he didn't have Sally Drew bluffed any. She walked right up to him an' said:

"Keep your mouth out of my affairs, Clem Richards. I'll go any place I please whenever I please and with any man I please. It's none of your darn business."

Connie says: "You're stuck on her yourself, Clem. You're sore because I beat your time."

Clem got red. But he shook his head.

"I ain't stuck on her, neither," he says. "I hate the little fool."

"Oh, you do, do you?" says Sally. "Well, we're even. You can't hate me any worse than I hate you."

They glared at each other. It got kind of embarrassing. Everybody started edging away.

"Jes' the same," says Clem, "you ain't agoin' to Fat Sylvia's. An' you ain't goin' to th' Wonderland Dance Hall again. An' you ain't agoin' to Joggles Hanson's roadhouse no more."

"No?" says Sally. "Who'll stop me?"

"I will," says Clem.

Sally got awful sore. Her eyes clouded up till they was almost black.

"Don't you talk like that to me!" she yelled. "Don't you dare! You get out of here. Get out. Get out of here!" She flew at him, kicking an' scratching. She clawed him considerable, until old man Todd run out of the prescription place an' caught holt of her.

"Clear outa yere," says Clem. "They ain't gonna be no more dancin'. The joint is pinched."

CLEM jes' stood there like a big sap, mopping at the blood with a bandanny handkerchief. Old man Todd yelled at him, "I'll call the law, Clem Richards. You been disturbing this poor little girl's peace; that's what you been doing. Get out of my store and don't never come back."

Some of us boys pulled Clem out on the sidewalk.

Clem seen me.

"I didn't mean nothin' against your place, Joggles," he says. "Except that it ain't no place for a gal like her to be at."

Well, I'm right peaceable when the other guy don't keep tromping on my toes. So I says: "That's all right, Clem. Connie Reller brung her to the shack once. They left early and they wasn't no harm done."

"You know yourself it ain't right, Joggles, for a gal like her to be chasin' around with Connie Reller to all these yere joints," says Clem. "It had ought to be stopped."

"It ain't for you to say, is it, Clem?" I ast him. "You ain't related to Sally."

"I wish I was," says Clem. "I'd give her a good pistol whippin'."

He walks off, mopping at the scratches on his pan.

That's how come Clem run for sheriff. They wasn't no other reason. He run on his swell war record an' th' American Legion backed him up. Jes' to show you I was Clem's friend—listen—I an' th' boys laid off'n a big whisky-cuttin' job we had to do out to the shack, an' worked for Clem election day. We rounded up all them bohunk an' Polack miners that wasn't workin', an' marched 'em to the polls. Hell—I voted for Clem twicet myself!

Of course, we figured Clem would act sensible after he got elected. It just goes to show, you can't figure a guy what's gone nuts about a dame.

The first day Clem was in office he took his three deputies an' went raidin'. Yeah. The very first day.

I was settin' in th' kitchen out to Fat Sylvia's on the hard road near the county line about ten o'clock that evenin', chinning with some of Sylvia's broads. A crowd of amateurs from th' county seat was in the main room dancin'. Jes' young punks and town gals who figured they was wild. Sally Drew was there with Connie Reller.

ALL of a sudden the kitchen door busted open. No knock. No astin' permission. No nuthin'. Jes' a boot agin th' panel—blam!—like that. An' in walks Sheriff Clem with his three deputies.

"The joint is pinched," he says; "you stay where you are."

He marches into th' main room an' kicks th' radio loud-speaker off'n a table. Everybody stopped dancin'; Sally Drew along with th' rest.

"Clear outa yere," says Clem, "you-all clear outa yere. They ain't gonna be no more dancin' tonight. The joint is pinched."

Clem looks at Sally reel grim.

"You ain't movin' fast enough, Miss Drew," he says. "You bettah step lively an' go right home to your maw, or you'll spend the night in jail."

Sally tried to make herself right tall.

"All right, Mister Sheriff," she says, "take me to jail. I dare you. I d-double dog dare you—you big bully."

"All right," says Clem.

Some of th' gals in Sally's crowd seen that Clem meant it. They gathered around Sally an' dragged her off th' floor, sayin', "She's goin', sheriff. Don't arrest her, sheriff. Her ma would die."

Connie Reller started to foller Sally.

"Stay right yere, Connie," says Clem; "they'll take Miss Drew home. You're comin' with me."

"What's the charge?" says Connie. "What's the charge? You can't arrest me for . . ."

"Search him," snaps Clem to one of his deputies.

Connie, the darn fool, hadn't been in a raid for so long he'd plumb forgot to bust the bottle he allus carried on his hip.

"I don't reckon," says Clem, drawlin' it out, "that you'll be doin' any more dancin' for six months or so."

Clem throwed Connie's pants in jail.

Of course, bein' as Connie was one of my licker-truck drivers, I had to bail him out the next mornin'. Harlie Cantwell charged me fifty bucks to let Connie off with a fine. He said he had to split with Judge Andrews, but I bet he never done no such thing. Harlie is a slick little rat.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[IT WAS THIS WAY, SHERIFF
Continued from page forty-seven]

Well, durin' th' next two weeks Clem sure played hell. On Saturday night Sally Drew, jes' to spite Clem, went with Connie to the Wonderland Dance Hall. They tell me she hadn't no more'n started to dance when Clem come in an' pinched the joint. Mile-away Dugan, one of my boys, was there. He said Sally Drew acted up something awful. She went after Clem with pop bottles, an' his deputies had to catch holt of her. Mile-away said Clem jes' dodged the bottles an' laughed. He threatened to throw Sally in jail for resistin' a officer, an' Sally said he could go ahead jes' like she done before. But one of the gals phoned Sally's maw, an' Mrs. Drew got Clem on the phone an' begged him not to arrest her. Mile-away said Clem made Mrs. Drew promise to keep Sally to home.

Sime Silverstein who run th' Wonderland let out a awful squawk to me about the raid. I had been collectin' a hundred a week from Sime for a split between Harlie an' the guy that was sheriff before Clem. Sime said to tell Harlie he wouldn't pay another cent until he'd repaired all the damage Clem done to his hall.

I went to talk to Harlie about it. Harlie was sore as hell. He said Fat Sylvia had squawked about the raid on her place, too.

"Clem wants his cut, I guess," Harlie says. "I'll send Jack Bloss over to talk to him."

It didn't work. Clem throwed Jack's pants in jail, an' charged him with bribery. But luckily he didn't have no witnesses but hisself, so Judge Andrews dismissed the case.

I don't know how Clem found it out, but the next Wednesday night Sally told her maw she was goin' to the picture show with some other gals. Instead, her an' Connie went over to Carnival Park to dance. The fust dance hadn't more'n started when in blowed Clem an' his deputies. Al Conti, who runs th' park, come bellyachin' to me the next day. He told me Clem had closed up his place, busted all th' lights, an' had throwed the band instruments into th' lake. Al had been kickin' in with seventy-five every Saturday night, an' he figured he was entitled to some consideration.

SO I went to see Clem. He was asettin' up in his office at the jail, chewin' on a broom straw like he allus done. He'd been watchin' th' front window of Todd's drugstore. Maybe th' dumbhead was figurin' to raid that next, an' throw Sally in jail for mixin' ice-cream sodas.

"Looky here, Clem," I says cold turkey, "what's th' idee of all this hell-raisin' with th' joints?"

"Them joints is agin law an' ordah," says Clem. "Don't reckon I kin let 'em run."

"Aw, hell, Clem," I says, "you know that ain't the reason. You're raidin' jes' to persecute Sally Drew."

"Naw, suh," says Clem, spittin' out a bit of straw. "I ain't neithah. It jes' happens that Miss Sally Drew is a plumb disobedient gal who won't mind her maw an' is shorely bound for the devil. 'Tain't no ways my fault if she jes' happens to be in them joints when I raid 'em in pursuit of my sworn duty."

"Well," I says, reel insinuatin', "you ain't raided none but the ones where she's at. Folks is commencin' to talk. They say it ain't right for you to be usin' your power agin jes' one little gal."

Clem stares out the winder, chewin' on a splinter. After a bit he says, drawly, "Reckon I'll get araound to raidin' othahs, Joggles."

I seen they wasn't no use arguin' with th' big sap.

That night Clem musta got a tip that I was over to Howell callin' on Pete Scabrini. Pete runs the toughest joint in the county. Howell is a coal-mining town—Sicilians—an' when a southern Illinois joint is tough she's *plenty* tough. Especially a Sicilian joint like Pete's. Well, them miners was jes' gettin' lickered up good with two or three fights started, when in walks Clem. He didn't have no deputies with him.

"Pete," says Clem, "this joint is pinched."

"What hell?" says Pete. "Who're you?"

"The sheriff of this yere caounty," says Clem.

"Shereef? What hell? What hell is shereef?"

Pete hadn't been troubled by sheriffs. So I explained to him that Clem was the law. He knew what that meant. He gives the high sign to his bartenders an' they duck.

Clem turns to the pack of Sicilians.

"You-all clear outa yere," he says. "All except you two"—he points to two that had been fightin'. "I'll take you along with me."

HE collars these guys, grabs up a bottle of whisky from the bar, and says to Pete, "You, too, Pete."

My hair started to crawl. The rest of them Sicilians had backed off in a half moon with their hands on their hips. That means knives an' maybe a gun or two pretty soon.

"Go along with him, Pete," I says, tryin' to save Clem. "I'll get you out right off. Don't make no row. He's the law. See?"

Pete nods.

All of a sudden about three knives come out. I got their flicker through the stink an' smoke Sicilians allus make. I seen Clem whirl around.

"Put up them knives," he says.

The Sicilians didn't budge.

Clem drops his hand to the long-barreled gun on his right hip under his coat. He don't draw. He jes' flips it up in the holster an' shoots twicet through the open holster end. Blam! Blam! Like that.

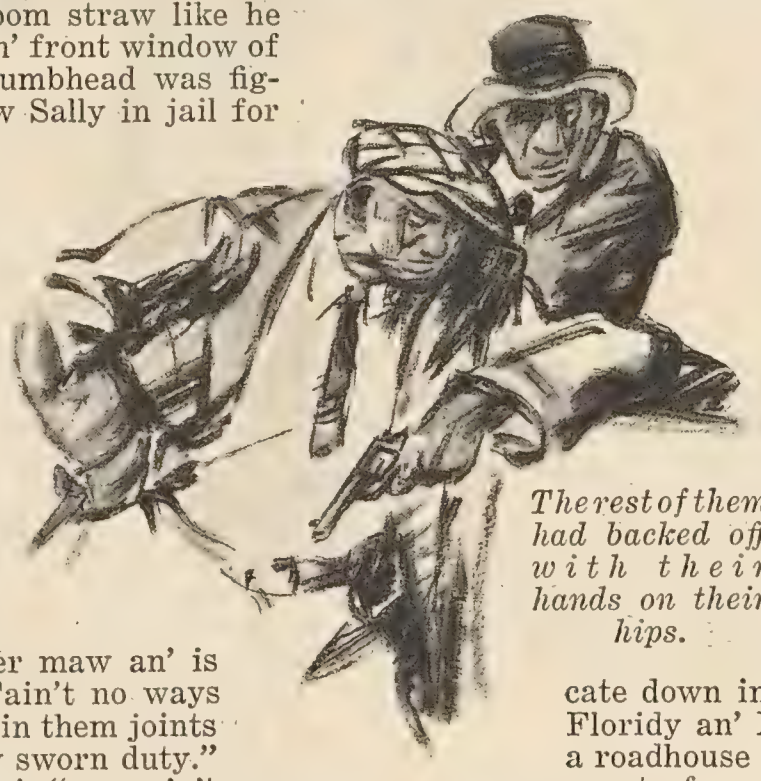
Two Sicilians cussed an' two knives dropped. Clem had got each of 'em through the arm.

"I said put up them knives," Clem says again.

Pete yelled somethin' at them in Sicilian. They understood then. I didn't see no more knives. Clem collars his two scrappers an' motions Pete through the door.

"Sally ain't in this joint, is she, Joggles?" asts Clem.

Can you tie that? Goin' to all this trouble jus' to prove that he'd raid other joints besides the ones Sally was at. Yeah. Th' big dumb— Oh, use sever'l blanks. He'll get th' idee when he reads this.



The rest of them had backed off with their hands on their hips.

Still, that was all right by me. He didn't tromp on my toes none, though he sure made life right dull for Sally Drew. It got so that no joint in the county would let Sally in, an' even the places that wasn't peddlin' hooch got leery of her. They figured they'd get raided as soon as Sally started visitin' 'em. She was bad luck, see?

Things went on this way for a while an' then that dago Genola mob in Saint Louie got to scrappin' amongst theirselves. Vincent Genola an' some of his boys got chased out of town by the other Genolas. So Vincent Genola figured he'd locate down in our county, run his trucks from Floridy an' New Orleans, an' cut his licker in a roadhouse he bought on the other side of the county from my place.

Of course I an' the boys couldn't stand for that. We didn't puppose to go in competition with them dagos in sellin' hooch. Dagos can peddle hooch cheaper'n any white men on account of their standard of living bein' so low. See? Us boys had to keep the hooch business a white man's game. So, the fust licker truck Genola tried to bring into the county didn't get two miles beyond the line. I an' th' boys hijacked it. They was two wops on th' truck. We give both of 'em a pistol whippin'.

"Tell Vincent Genola," I says, "to get out of this county an' stay out. The next time I catch him runnin'

licker through this county I'll turn a machine gun loose in his bowels."

The wops run straight to Genola. An' what does the yaller wop bas—use about two dozen blanks—do, but squawk to the sheriff. Yeah. Can you tie that? He runs whinin' to Clem. He says he's a honorable sugar merchant tryin' to make a livin' for his wife an' kids. He says Joggles Hanson had threatened his life.

Well, Clem calls I an' Pooch Brannigan an' Terence Dunn into his office at the county seat.

"See here, Joggles," says Clem, "this dago Genola complains that you been threatening him."

"'Tain't so, Clem," I says cold turkey. "I jes' said I'd fill th' blankety-blank's digestive system with hot lead if I caught him runnin' booze into th' county."

Clem studied it over serious like for a minute, chawin' on a splinter.

"That there was a threat, Joggles," he says.

"It wasn't no threat," I told him, "it was a plain statement of fact. See here, Clem, you ain't agin a little gunfightin', are you?"

The dern unreasonable dumbhead!

He says, "Gunfightin' is agin law an' ordah, Joggles. Don't reckon I c'n allow no gunfightin' in this yere caounty."

I looked at Pooch an' Terence an' they looked at me. We sure was s'prised.

"You done plenty of gunfightin' yourself, Clem," I says.

"Not no more, though," says Clem. "I seen the error of my way. Sally Drew, she's been accusin' me of bein' a hipercrite, but it ain't so. I know I done wrong in my wild an' reckerless youth, but I shore practices what I preach now. Jes' because I caught Sally Drew spoonin' in a parked car with Connie Reller . . ."

"Let's leave Sally Drew outa this, Clem," I says. "Let's be reasonable. These dagos an' us boys can't get along in the same county. Seein' as we was here fust, it's up to them to leave. Ain't it?"

"Nope," says Clem; "you boys an' them dagos should dwell in peace like brothers."

Some of this up-the-creek Breathitt County Baptist stuff, see?

FIN'LLY I says: "Listen to reason, Clem. We'll agree to keep the killin's scattered out an' not too frequent. I promise you they won't be nobody hollerin' for the soldiers. Tell you what I'll do—jes' to show you my heart is in the right place—I'll promise you we won't knock no dagos off inside the limits of any incorporated town in the county."

Could anything be fairer than that? But Clem, the stubborn, mulish, blankety-blank, jes' shakes his head an' says, "Nope. I cain't allow no killin's in this yere caounty. You-all boys hadn't bettah start no trouble."

Terence an' Pooch led me out the door before I could give Clem half the cussin' he deserved.

Well, it was a tough break not to have the sheriff on our side, but I an' the boys had to go ahead an' do the best we knowed how. Clem's three deputies was fixed easy. We cut them in on the cush that the joints was givin' up, histin' the amount each joint had to pay so the states attorney an' Judge Andrews could get their regular shares. Clem's deputies said it didn't make no difference to them how many wops got knocked off. They even agreed to keep an eye on Clem for us an' tip us off if he was too near a spot where we had some Genolas ready for a croakin'.

Vincent Genola figured, I guess, that Clem had give us boys a talkin' to an' calmed us down. Because one Sunday night he brought another truck into the county. He was too yaller to drive it in hisself. He sent two torpedoes he had hired from Dee-troit to do the drivin'.

Sa-ay, them wops never knowed what had hit 'em. We rake-fired 'em from both sides of the road with machine guns. I don't say I done none of the shooting. See? Clem ain't gonna get nothin' on me. Jes' say they was kilt. The boys let 'em lay in the road, but we drove th' truck over to our place an' throwed a party with Genola's licker.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[IT WAS THIS WAY, SHERIFF]
Continued from page forty-nine

Sheriff Clem got on the job right off. About three o'clock that morning he come out to my place with two of his deputies an' pinched me an' seven of the boys.

"What's this for, Clem?" I asts him.

"For killin' them dagos," says Clem.

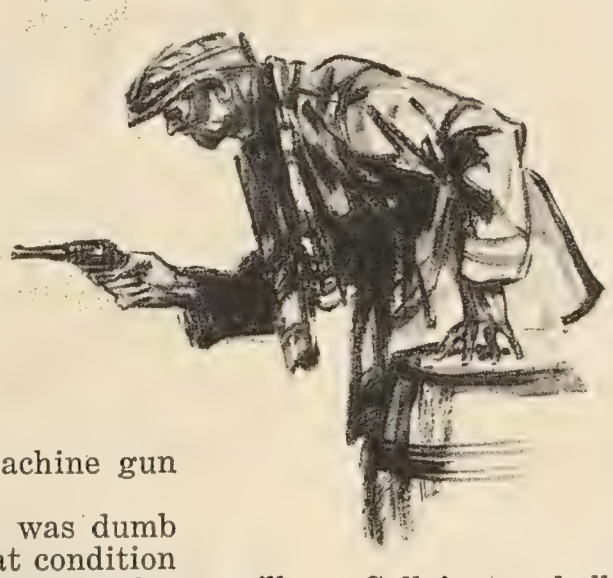
"Ain't that funny?" says I. "Do you reckon you can prove a joke like that in court?"

"Sure I can," says Clem. "Take a look at my evidence."

He holds out a handful of empty machine-gun ca'tridges.

"Them things can't talk," I says to him:

"Look clost, Joggles," says Clem, "you'll see these yere ca'tridges is greasy with cosmoline. I happen to know you-all boys bought a new machine gun a week ago."



He swells hisself up like a reg'lar Sherlock Holmes.

I turned an' give Pooch Brannigan a dirty look. I'd warned th' lazy blankety-blank about cleanin' that machine gun good.

"Ha-ha-ha," I says, "th' guy who was dumb enough to shoot a machine gun in that condition *ought* to have his pants put in the swing. Reckon you'll ever catch him, Clem?"

I give Brannigan another dirty look. The kid got scared. He figured I'd maybe turn him up. But I was jes' kiddin'. I like my little joke, see?

"I've got the boys who is right for this yere job," says Clem. "I'm powerful sorry, Joggles. But you-all cain't say I didn't warn you."

It sure was a turrible fall for Clem when we got to the inquest. Harlie Cantwell was there, representing the State of Illinois, an' old Doc Biggs, th' coroner, let Harlie question the witnesses.

The room was crowded on account of I an' the boys bein' so prominent in the county, and on account of Clem braggin' around town that he was goin' to hang the hull pack. Even Sally Drew was there. I guess she come so she could look mean at Clem. Th' satisfaction them two got out of hatin' each other was a caution.

Well, they had guys to testify about findin' the bodies an' hearin' the shots an' all about the fifty-seven bullets in one dago and the sixty-eight bullets in the other dago. Jes' the usual hokum.

"What witnesses have you, sheriff, who can connect these prisoners with the crime?" Harlie asts Clem.

CLEM blinks. He don't know nothing about law. He gets out his machine-gun shells that he had wrapped up in a piece of newspaper.

"These yere are sticky with cosmoline," says Clem, "an' I happen to know that Joggles Hanson boughten hisself a new machine gun right recent."

"Have you got the machine gun, sheriff?" Harlie asts him, smooth as anythin', an' pretendin' to be hopin' that Clem did have it.

"No, I ain't," says Clem. "Joggles is too slick for that. He hid the gun."

"Have you any proof that Joggles was on the scene of the shooting, sheriff, or near it?"

"No," says Clem, commencin' to get red. "We don't need that, do we? I know Joggles an' his boys done it. I'll swear to it. I'll swear on the Bible to it."

The coroner speaks up. Harlie had given him a wink.

"That's a personal opinion, isn't it, sheriff?" he asts.

"Looky yere, doc," says Clem, gettin' sore, "I'll tell you all about this yere shootin'. It was on account of them dagos interferin' with Joggles' licker peddlin', an' Joggles threatened to kill a dago named Genola, an' . . ."

"Your zeal does you credit, sheriff," says Harlie, the slick little blankety-blank. "But I'm afraid all you could tell us about this case would be hearsay. You never heard Mr. Hanson threaten Mr. Genola, did you? And do you know of your own knowledge that the deceased were working for Mr. Genola?"

"Do we have to get so dern technical, Mister Cantwell?" says Clem. "You get me a jury of farmers an' I'll leave it up to them whether I'm tellin' the truth or not."

Everybody started laughin' at the big sap. I heard Sally Drew laughin' as loud as she could. Clem looked at her an' rapped on a desk with the handle of his gun.

"Ordah in court," he says. "Miss Drew, if there's another sound out of you you'll be throwed outa yere."

The upshot of it was that the coroner took the jury out an' told them what to say. They come in an' said, "We find the deceased came to their deaths at the hands of unknown persons."

Us boys walked out laughin'. Sally follered us outside. "Joggles," she says, "I almost owe you a kiss for showing that smarty up. Maybe he won't swagger so much after this."

SHE didn't know it, but Clem was right at her elbow.

"Move along, Miss Drew," he says, "move along. Or I'll throw you in jail as a associate of gangsters."

"You don't dare," says Sally; "if you do I'll have you removed for oppression in office."

Sally's maw hollered at her. Us boys didn't stick around to see the fuss. I heard afterwards that Sally bawled Clem out to a fare-you-well an' he never done nothin'.

They was a lot more crazy stuff between Clem an' Sally, but I don't remember none of it because I was too busy with our row agin them Genolas.

Well, it wasn't long before Vincent Genola sprung one of them dago vendettas on us. Connie Reller and little Georgie Troll went to a dance down to the American Legion hall one Saturday night. I warned them boys partiklar not to get tight or check their cannons. I told Connie to look after little Georgie. He was a swell hand with a licker car on account of his baby face an' innercent look.

Connie didn't obey orders. Him an' Georgie took aboard a lot of gin. Connie went off to chin-chin some gals an' Georgie went off by hisself on the side street by the hall. Them dagos must of trailed him. They caught him without his cannon an' hustled him into a yellow Chrysler. They took him for a ride out to the edge of town.

When they got him there they put him out an' told him to run. Them dirty wop bas—aw, use a blank—didn't let him get five feet. They burned him down with sawed-off shotguns. They done the job under a street light in front of Wilbur Joneses house. Wilbur run out when he heard the fust shots. He said afterwards that he seen Georgie settin' on the curb holdin' his sides to keep his guts from fallin' out. He says one of the dagos yelled, "Hey, ain't you dead, yet?" an' shot Georgie two more times from the car as they drove off.

Wilbur didn't recergnize none of the wops. But he spotted the Chrysler. As it happened, Clem Richards seen the same Chrysler with Vincent Genola and three other guys in it comin' down Main Street just before they captured little Georgie. It was a lucky break for Clem. This time he had his identification—eye-witness—an' Wilbur Joneses story of seein' the same car.

So Clem pinches Vincent Genola an' half a dozen of his outfit an' throws their pants in jail. As soon as I heard about it I trotted over to Harlie Cantwell's house. Harlie pretended like he was awful sore.

"Clem's got a case this time," he says. "We'll hold these wops without bond. First degree murder."

I says, "It'd suit me better if you was to let 'em out on bond. I can't put on no machine-gun parties in Clem's jail."

But Harlie raves around like he reelly meant to wind up the wops. Harlie Cantwell is a slick little rat. I found out later that Harlie already had took five grand from the Genolas for promisin' them protection; an' he couldn't afford to bear down on 'em in court because they'd squeal about the hush money.

Well, anyway, us boys waited to see what would happen to the Genolas. In the meantime we took Connie Reller out an' give him a good pistol whippin' for lettin' little Georgie get bumped off. Connie got sore, an' said he wasn't comin' out to the shack no more. We told him if he ever did we'd give him what little Georgie got. A few days later we heard he'd went an' joined up with the Genolas.

Hobey Smith, one of Clem's deputies, told us the day after Georgie got kilt that Harlie Cantwell was in a jam. If he went ahead an' prosecuted the Genolas they'd snitch on him or maybe knock him off. If he didn't bear down on the Genolas, Clem would raise hell. Clem figured he had the Genolas on a dead rap. Clem would be one of the two good witnesses agin 'em. Wilbur Jones, the other witness, might be scared out, but nobody could scare Clem.

Of course, Clem was too dumb to tumble to the fact that his own state's attorney was crooked. When you're writin' the story bear down hard on that, will ya? I want to give Clem an earful.

Harlie Cantwell done his stuff. He told Clem the evidence wasn't strong enough to charge the Genolas with first degree murder. He issued on 'em, chargin' second degree murder, an' ol' Judge Andrews let Genola an' his boys out on bonds of ten grand apiece.

I an' the boys was settin' around the courthouse when Genola an' his outfit was turned loose. Genola was a fat, squinty-eyed little wop. Yaller as calf dung. He an' his pack of torpedoes watched us like they was scairt we'd start shootin' right on the square. They made Clem exscort them to their cars. They sure got outa town fast. You could hear their cars screamin' in second all the way down the hard road past Number Two Mine.

Clem come up to me. He was chawin' grass hard.

"Joggles," he says, "you-all boys stick around till noon."

"We ain't in no hurry," I says. "They's plenty of time."

Sheriff Clem stuck his face up clost to mine.

"NONE of that," says he. "If y'all boys is figurin' on knockin' off some more Genolas you're figurin' dead wrong. I ain't agoin' to stand for no more shootin' in this yere caounty. Law an' ordah has got to take its course."

Us boys jes' grinned at him. He pulled them gunsight eyes of his on us, an' he said reel hard:

"If one more wop dies in this yere caounty, Joggles, you an' I shoot on sight. Understand?"

He meant it, see?

Well, I guess I got my share of guts, but I wasn't hankerin' for no gunfight with Clem Richards. It wouldn't be no credit to you if you was to kill th' big, dumbheaded blankety-blank, an' he might kill you. In fact, he's pretty apt to kill you, instead of you killin' him.

"I can see you ain't my friend no more, Clem," I says, sorrerful.

"No, I ain't," says Clem. "I hate your guts. You went an' turned Sally Drew agin me. I've seed through you at last. You was the one that egged her on to laughin' at me at that there inquest. I wouldn't be s'prised if you didn't put Connie Reller up to goin' with Sally jes' to spite me."

"I never done no such a thing," I says. "Sally's agin you for your own dumbheadedness, an' as for Connie—he ain't one of my boys no more an' I never did like him, no ways. You been actin' up this way because you're so nutty about Sally Drew you can't think straight."

"I hate her," says Clem, fingerin' his pistol. "Who says I'm nutty about her?"

It was my turn to say, "I do," but I didn't. I got sense. I didn't give a damn whether he loved Sally Drew or hated her. What th' hell?

"Have it your own way, Clem," I says, an' walked off.

That night the big blow-off come.

As near as I could figure out, here is what happened before I got into it. Sally Drew's mother telephoned

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

IT KEEPS TEETH WHITE

Chew DENTYNE ..and smile!

And here's a tip for *you!* When you smile, it's your teeth that people notice. Never let them grow dull, so you can't be proud to show them in your smile. Chew delicious Dentyne, the gum that keeps teeth gleaming white. You'll love that unique flavor—and Dentyne is *the highest quality chewing gum made today.*

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Sergeant's for the HAIR

[IT WAS THIS WAY, SHERIFF]
Continued from page fifty-one

Clem Richards about seven o'clock that Sally had tooken a notion to go out to Vincent Genola's roadhouse. Clem Richards stopped Sally's car when she was crossin' the square and ast her where she was goin'. Sally wouldn't tell him. Clem got sore an' Sally got sore.

"This time you're goin' to jail," says Clem.

"I dare you," says Sally.

An' this time Clem meant it. He up an' arrested Sally an' took her to jail, an' locked her in one of the women's cells.

About seven-thirty Mrs. Mallett, the matron at the jail, telephoned me at my place. She said Sally Drew was in jail an' wanted to see me right away. She said it was awful important.

I burned the road to the jail. Clem wasn't nowheres about. Mrs. Mallett let me in.

"What's all this, Sally?" I says. "Did you go an' let that dumbheaded sheriff throw you in jail?"

She puts her chin up.

"Does Connie Reller ever tell the truth?" she asts.

"When he's drunk he does . . . sometimes," I says. "Why? What's that got to do with you bein' in jail?"

"Connie was drunk tonight," she says. "He came by my house after supper. He told me a story that sounded so impossible I tried not to pay any attention to it. But I got worried after he left. I started out for Vincent Genola's to find Connie and talk to him some more. Then Clem . . . well, anyway, the story was about Clem Richards."

"Yeah? I ain't got no time to listen to stories about that guy. I thought you needed a bondsman or somethin'."

SHE looked at me kind of funny, as if she didn't know whether to laugh or bust out cryin'.

"Well, I'll tell you the story," she said, "if you promise never to let on to Clem Richards that I even thought enough about him to pay the slightest attention to it. Promise?"

"Clem ain't no friend of mine," I says. "I'm sorry, Sally, but I got a lot of work on hand an' . . . ."

She stopped me.

"Maybe it's just one of Connie's lies," she said, "but I've got to know what you think of it. Connie told me that State's Attorney Cantwell and Vincent Genola are plotting to kill Clem Richards tonight. Of course, Mr. Cantwell couldn't be remotely concerned with such a thing, but this Genola . . ." She half laughed, expectin' me to give her the ha-ha.

I done some quick thinkin'. Knowin' what I knowed about the jam Harlie Cantwell had got hisself in, it didn't seem so impossible that he an' Genola was framin' to knock Clem off. Clem was the one witness agin the Genolas who couldn't be handled.

"Well," I says, "it don't sound any too plausible, but let's hear the rest of it."

"I guess Connie was lying. But he said Mr. Cantwell was going to telephone Clem at nine o'clock and tell him there was a stolen automobile abandoned in the yard of the Matson house on the South Road near town. Connie said Genola and his men would hide in the car and kill Clem when he came. Connie was gloating over it because he hates Clem. Do you suppose such a thing *could* be possible? Anyway, I want you to warn Clem."

"WHY don't you warn him?" I asts her.

Her chin goes up again.

"I'd rather die than have that man know I cared two straws whether he got killed or not. He'd laugh at my warning, anyway."

"Well," I says, not lettin' on that I put much stock in the story, "it won't do no harm to warn Clem. Then, if he reelly gets a call like that he can have his eyes open. I'll tell him."

"Right away?" she says quick.

I kidded her.

"Seems to me," I says, "that you're doin' a lot of worryin' about a guy you hate. Sure you hate Clem as much as you let on?"

She flushed all up. I knowed then that the gal was crazy about Clem.

"I don't care if you tell him or not," she says, shruggin'. But as I was goin' out she said: "Oh, you might as well tell him. But keep my name out of it."

Going back to my place I done some more thinkin'. Now, don't let on in this story that I give a damn about Clem. See? Be sure an' make it out like I was thinkin' only of a swell way to whipsaw them Genolas into a croakin'. Huh? Well, yeah, but don't put that in. See? Of course, I didn't want to see Clem knocked off. Clem's a white man, ain't he? Think I an' the boys would of stood by an' let Clem get hisself kilt in a dirty wop frame-up? Besides, jes' between you an' me, I allus had a sneakin' admiration for th' big dumbhead. But don't let on in the story like I give a damn about Clem. Jes' say I seen a swell chancet to knock off some Genolas.

Jese, it was slick the way we done it. An' funny, too.

I never warned Clem. I let Harlie

NEXT WEEK

A story full of chuckles

The Man Who Gave Up Smoking

by

P. G. Wodehouse

Cantwell phone him. I let the frame-up ride. I took nine of my boys with all the guns we could carry. We ditched the cars blocks from the Matson house an' crept up on it like we was huntin' ducks. The Matson house was vacant. It stands on the edge of town near Number Thirteen Mine. We figured that Clem, the big sap, would drive up to the front of the house an' see the hot car in the back yard. We figured he'd march straight along the sidewalk of the house. It was easy to dope out Clem. He always walked straight to where he wanted to go. He's a regardless son—use a blank.

Us boys divided when we got near the house. I an' Terence an' Pooch—needn't use names—made for the weeds in the back yard. Willie Bristow an' the rest laid for Clem in the shadows of the porch. They had orders to blackjack the big dumbhead, tie him up, an' drag him to the street. We'd left two boys with the cars. They was to speed to the Matson place as soon as they heard the shootin'.

We seen Vincent Genola an' two of his wops settin' in the car. They was so sure of their plant they didn't even have a lookout posted. They figured they could see Clem's headlights on the road an' duck in plenty of time to get set for the killin'.

I an' the boys in the back yard had a awful time to keep from laughin'. Jese, it was funny. We kept thinkin' how s'prised them wops would be when they felt hot lead pourin' into their pants from behind. Funny how you'll think of ridiculous things at times like that.

We didn't have long to wait. We heard Clem's Studebaker rumblin' down the road. He drove up in front of the house an' climbed out. The dagos ducked in the tonneau of the hot car. It was a Packard six touring. The top was up an' the shadows hid them.

AS soon as Clem's heels clicked on the sidewalk I an' the boys in the back yard started quietly for the back side of the Packard. Them dagos was watchin' for Clem. He jes' showed in sight.

All of a sudden I seen th' boys out front clout Clem. He dropped an' was pulled outa sight like a monkey on a string. Jese, I busted right out laughin'.

The dagos in the car jumped up. One of 'em said something in dago, excited like.

My laughin' an' th' wops jumpin' up an' the machine guns goin' off happened all at oncet. Hell! It was so funny I couldn't find the hammers of my Colts. That's a hones' fact.

It was lucky the other boys didn't catch the fever. They never laughed until afterwards. They stuck to business. I'll say that for 'em. They poured plenty of lead into them blankety-blank wops. We figured it up afterwards an' decided we musta put three machine-gun bursts, eight sawed-off shotgun loads, an' miscellaneous pistol bullets into the Packard. Most of it went right on through to the wops.

Well, after the shootin' we didn't have to wait long for our cars. They come up rarin' to go. The boys piled Clem, bound an' gagged an' blind-folded into my Lincoln, an' we hit out for th' county line.

It musta been the gin I had took before we started out. I kept thinkin' of the funniest things an' laughin'. When we got down the road a piece, we decided to put Clem out. I admit I pulled a lousy trick on Clem. It musta been the gin.

"Here's a nice mud puddle," I says, "it'll jes' fit th' sheriff."

So we pitched Clem into the mud puddle an' beat it. We knew that county wouldn't be healthy for none of us when Clem got outa that mud puddle an' found them three dead wops.

Huh? Well—yeah—you can say I'm sorry I put Clem in the mud puddle. But otherwise be plenty hard-boiled. I ain't astin' no friendship with Clem. See? He's threatened to shoot me on sight. He jes' don't know what I done for him. I guess Sally Drew don't know what I done for her, either. In addition to savin' her a dumbheaded husband, wasn't I the fust one to put it in her head that she didn't hate Clem near as much as she let on? Sure I did. Tell Sally to think it over.

THE END

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Feed Fat Away
The Food is in Marmola

It seems queer, but the modern method is to feed away excess fat. The food is a gland substance, taken from cattle and sheep. The amount decided by scientific tests is two grains a day.

The reason is this: Medical research has found that the great cause of excess fat lies in a weakened gland. It is really a disease. No exercise or diet can correct it.

When that gland is underactive, too much food goes to fat. Physicians, the world over in treating obesity, now try to correct that condition.

The main factor is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. They were perfected in a famous medical laboratory. People have used them for more than 20 years—millions of boxes of them. They have told the results to others. Not only constant loss of weight, but new health and vitality. Thus the use has spread, from year to year, until countless people use this modern method.

You can see the results wherever you look. Slender figures are the rule. Excess fat is now a rarity. Men and women try to look and feel their best.

Try this method for excess fat in any part that makes you look old or abnormal. Watch the fat fade away. Watch the new vigor that comes. You will be amazed and delighted. Don't go on with a weight of fat when so many are getting slender. Start today.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

Vox

Honor Among Thieves

Los Angeles, Calif.—I am twenty-eight years of age; have spent one-third of my life in three different prisons.

I would not say that it does society any good to run underworld or crook stories, but of all the false, mean, low, petty knocks I ever read or heard of, the worst was that letter in Vox Pop by that "Reformed Ex-Convict" who said all crooks are yellow.

To read the letter by that rat certainly was disgusting. I have seen men

that have stood up and taken a ten-year sentence to save their pal. I have seen and known men to lay in a solitary confinement cell, on one slice of bread a day, sleep on a cold cement floor and starve for twenty-one days, and then be taken out, given a meal, and put back in the solitary cell for ten or twelve days longer—as much as they could stand—until they were about dead, because they would not "snitch": be unloyal to their friends.

It is true that a big majority of a prison population is no good, and has not one bit of honor—a big majority that will put you in solitary for a week, by snitching, so they can get a favor or a pair of shoes. But when this egg says there is no such thing as honor among thieves it is because he was not allowed to associate with the honorable thieves—the square shooters of the prison. They got his number at first base.

I am through with crookedness and done with the life. I am working hard every day as an automobile salesman, and would be a tramp before I'd be crooked again.

But, as for reforming me, all the prison wardens ever did for me was to take me in as a boy, send me out as a man, give me five dollars, and expect me to go straight to hell.

I am fooling them.—*Another Ex-Convict.*

That's Fine

Minneapolis, Minn.—For fourteen years I've been an inmate of an insane asylum. At last someone's taken enough interest in us to publish Liberty.—*Me.*

In What Capacity Are You Accompanying Him?

Hattiesburg, Miss.—I am accompanying a very distinguished European on a water trip through the South.

Last night he bought Liberty and indicated the Vox Pop page to me.

"This," he said, "is an index to American intelligence!"

"No," was my reply. "It is an index to the intelligence of Liberty readers. An intelligent reader does not buy Liberty unless he wishes to spend his time finding inaccuracies, grammatical errors, and misspelled words."—*Alan Van Anders.*

You Slay Us, Lionel

Toronto, Can.—I see your circulation grows moron more.—*Lionel Reid.*

All the More Interesting

Columbus, Ohio—Why the murder stories? Don't you realize that murders are uninteresting now—that any of us can have one in our own back yard?—(*Mrs.*) *B. I.*

From a Former Chief of New York Detectives

New York, N. Y.—The record of details of the murder of Elwell and Dot King contained in your issues of January 26 and February 2, as written by Sidney Sutherland, is most concise and complete.

Nothing has been overlooked. No favorites have been played or omitted. The naked facts are there. Mighty good reading it makes.—*George S. Dougherty.*

Yes, Yes—Go On

Chicago, Ill.—For years and years we've read stories about poor stenogs who barely manage to exist on forty a week—and then this story, "The Opportunist," comes along and another poor girl in a little "blue wool coat" and "darns at her heels" takes up her struggle.

Don't misunderstand! We loved Phyllis Duganne's story, and we adored Jennifer for turning down the fur coat, but we assure you, from our own personal experience, that a girl who gets forty a week and can't afford a fur coat and three-dollar hose is a mighty poor manager.

We are three hard-working girls, earning, respectively, twenty-five, thirty, and thirty-five a week, living in the second largest city in the United States.

We have fur coats: raccoon, seal, and squirrel! We darn our hose—but we always have a few good pairs, without darns, for best . . . and think of it, we manage to see one or two legitimate shows a week on our own money! I suppose it is necessary to add that we have no "Sweet Daddies" around helping us out, either.

Don't people know, who write such stories, what the average girl can manage on?

How, you ask? Here is a little secret: we paid for our coats all one summer and half a winter. . . but that's another story.—*Twenty-five, Thirty, and Thirty-five.*

We Told Him

Los Angeles, Calif.—Evidently wisdom will die with this boy Werner, who is writing a supposed biography of the Great Commoner from the scraps of abuse and ridicule which his enemies hurled at him during his life.

Tell your bright boy that for twenty years William Jennings Bryan was the idolized leader of nearly one-half of the people of the United States.

Tell him that he influenced public thought during his lifetime more than any other American in the history of our country—that all forward-looking legislation passed in the last forty years was initiated or sponsored by him, and that it does not become a chittering writer to seek fame by belittling our great dead.—*David L. Killen.*

Well, It's a Thought. What Shall We Do About It?

Cleveland, Ohio—Thanks for Paul Gallico's tabloid review of bruisers, entitled, "Here Come the Elephants." Good work! We needed a "Who's Who Among the Cauliflowers" like that.

Speaking of elephants, I've always thought that if a trainer could teach a couple of pachyderms to stand up, in a ring, and smack each other's pachydermatous hides with the gloves, it would beat any sight put on by the late Tex Rickard, that sultan of American showmanship.

Blows with tons of muscle and meat behind 'em. Wow!

And if those modern mammoths had gloves on their trunks as well as on their forefeet, think of the sly punches a boxing elephant could land on places where his opponent was least expecting them.—*Nat.*

Pop

Oklahoma's Well Enough Oiled

NORMAN, OKLA.—I have a suggestion which should prove very valuable to Elliott White Springs. Why not have him make a tour of our various universities, giving lectures on "The Proper Way to Make an Eggnog," and "The Truth About a Tom and Jerry"?

I am sure he would reap a small fortune from university students and I, for one, would appreciate his starting the tour at the University of Oklahoma. —*George R. Travis.*

Yes. God Bless Dishwashing!

ATLANTA, GA.—Seems to me, from reading the mags, including yours, that almost everybody in the U. S. A. is writing short stories and articles—and that most of 'em are getting published!

Even the ones who aren't writing think they have a suppressed talent for writing. If we had the babies off our neck for a month, or the wife would

wash the dishes herself, or—oh, what's the use?

Take the average man, and feed him good, and hang him up by the tail in a quiet place, and he will feel a desire to break into verse—or worse.

The blanket of dull care that keeps us down, and quiet, is Nature's way of protecting the rest of the population.—*A. MacFarland.*

Bert's All Dated Up

NEW KENSINGTON, PA.—Why don't you send Grace Robinson on another automobile tour? This time to the north pole. Send Bert Green with her. —*Edopus St. George Higgins.*

The Tax on Small Estates Is Negligible

CINCINNATI, OHIO—In re your editorial, "Inheritance Taxes." There are more blackbirds than eagles, and you were writing of *eagles* in finance, and not of the common people.

Did you consider the great middle class that is affected by the inheritance tax? No, you didn't seem to be writing about them.

For instance, there are thousands of families where the husband and father raises a family of children part of the way, has a home partly paid for, and only a small insurance policy, if any.

He dies. What little insurance, if any, must be used by the wife to pay funeral expenses and for living income until she can clear up the tangle due to the loss of the providing husband.

Along comes the inheritance tax and levies on her when she is least able, financially, mentally, and every other way. It is the most unfair, un-American burden ever put upon the middle classes.—*C. Edgar Wilson.*

Who Knows?

BOISE, IDAHO—I see a fellow signing himself "Another Bach" had an attack on married men in Vox Pop. In it he said, among other things: "I ain't seen the girl yet that I would give up everything for."

I'm wondering if the world wouldn't, perhaps, be just as smooth and well off if the father of that fellow had taken the same view of matrimony as he does. —*G. Warrenier.*

They Are His Mother and His French Nurse

FALL RIVER, MASS.—To settle an argument between three LIBERTY fans, kindly state in your Vox Pop columns which of the two beautiful ladies taking Ulysses for a walk on the Florida sands —on your February 9 cover—is Lil.—*Jas. O. Harrison.*

Puzzle: How to—

FARIBAULT, MINN.—After working one of your "easy" cross word puzzles, I've decided that anyone who tackles a hard one has a h— of a lot of guts.

For smaller and easier cross word puzzles.—*L. R. Clements.*

—Print Pleasing Puzzles

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Your difficult cross word puzzles are almost too good to be true.

Cross word fans have been suffering a long time from a flood of idiotically simple designs.

If you continue this feature, I venture to predict that it will change a lot of "now and then" readers to "regulars."—*Swift Adams.*

For a One-Page Weekly

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I am most heartily in favor of bobbing LIBERTY some more.

Bob it, bob it, and bob it, until nothing is left but Ralph Barton's "News of the World."

Then you'll have a good magazine.—*M. Marcus.*

Hardship in Canada

TORONTO, CAN.—Your magazine is so rotten that every time I go to get one they are all sold out.—(*Miss*) *L. Carollo.*

It Would Be a Great Help

SUMTER, S. C.—Anybody who can't appreciate the rollicking humor in P. G. Wodehouse's frequent contributions to LIBERTY should present the back of his lap to an onrushing cow. And then he should be exiled for life in a library

which contains nothing but copies of "Pilgrim's Progress" and works on moral ethics.—*H. A. S.*

An Author Talks Back

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—I guess it's time I said something about this horse business. To rebut the amusing Vox Pop bombast regarding my story, "Trail Tang," I quote my laconic cowpuncher friend:

"You have to know more than the horse!"

It's a rare thing for a wild stallion to be a lone renegade. It's extremely unusual for a man to walk a horse down. The coincidence of these two elements of the extraordinary, combining in one incident, makes a story.

Why was Entendedor a renegade, a "hermit"? Crippled? No; a splendid specimen.

In the nature of the beast there could be only one other explanation: Entendedor was not a fighter. He was speedy, affectionate, and mild mannered by nature.

Naturally he wanted a herd of mares and naturally he had to fight to hold them. But the time came when he reached the sensible conclusion that single blessedness was preferable to constantly aching ribs. Wild stallions battle terrifically; the victor shoos the loser's harem in with his own—and the loser has to go without a harem of mares, or else find a stud he can whip.

This mild-mannered type of horse mind exists frequently. Rather run than fight; deeply affectionate nature. Lonely, inquisitive, playful.

What could be more likely than for a man who loved and understood horses to walk the animal down and make friends with him?—*H. Stewart Sar.*

SMOKED-OUT?

WHEN EVERY BRAND YOU TRY BRINGS THE SAME MONOTONY . . . YOU SUDDENLY DISCOVER ONE CIGARETTE WITH A NEW FREEDOM IN OLD-FASHIONED TOBACCO ENJOYMENT.

IT'S MENTHOL-COOLED

SPUD CIGARETTES-20 FOR 20c

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

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A world of people have learned to rely on Phillips Milk of Magnesia. Many physicians have pronounced it the perfect antidote for acidosis and a quick corrective of acid stomach, and attendant ailments. And parents should realize that this medical endorsement applies as well to children. Specialists advise its use in infants' milk. There is no more certain and prompt relief in many cases of sourness, indigestion, biliousness or nausea. Most digestive disturbances succumb to this perfect anti-acid. Talk to your doctor and you may find that Phillips Milk of Magnesia is all your stomach needs.

PHILLIPS
Milk of Magnesia

"East, West, Hame's Best"

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

LIL'S home town and the forlorn inhabitants had a jaded, end-of-the-season look. Domestic rows of drab houses were decorated with ugly semicircles of soot beneath the eaves. The fashionable winter gray of bushes and trees had turned to dowdy black, a few dead leaves still clinging. Muddy front yards were lacerated with ash-can grooves. Flu veterans pressed pale faces against limp lace curtains while the ground hog winked his weather eye. He always liked to flirt with spring! To Lil and Sandy, fresh from the glory that was Florida, everything looked as gay as a stage-door back alley.

This week's cover picture.

"Such unromantic scenery," Lil sighed, staring at two dried ivy plants and some withered parsley on her kitchen fire escape. "No wonder there are so many divorces in town. I couldn't stand seeing you year in and year out without seeing Florida in between times." She flicked the parsley into space.

"Don't have anything rich for supper," Sandy told her. "I'm sick of Florida *à las*. I feel like a baked potato with red pepper." He was mashing carrots with a two-pronged fork for the baby's supper. "And don't forget I walk to the office even if I am rich. If my boss catches me in the Ritz-Ritz he'll gimme the gate. He hates airs. He went to work at thirteen usin' a brace an' bit on hogsheads of gin. He told me he used to get his heels frozen every winter. He's a millionaire, but they say he saves string."

"That's nothing." Lil was smashing eight eggs into a frying pan. "If we had a billion I'd save the heel of the loaf for oyster patties. It's a sin to waste little things. Don't get fired. Then we'd be staring at each other three meals a day. Three times three hundred and sixty-five is—how much, dear?"

"Too much," Sandy said.

"Sizzle, sizzle, sizzle!" hissed the eight eggs. "Blop, blop, blop!" How good they smelled after the rich, spiced, gravied food of swell hotels. How good they looked—yellow, orange, creamy white, with brown, curly edges. And the bacon!

Lil and Sandy had supper at the kitchen table. They ate four eggs apiece and speared figs from a jar.

"I'm so glad we came home just when we did," Lil was saying later that evening. "Little Ulysses is cutting his fourth upper incisor, but don't ask how to spell it."

"I see by the Evening Breeze that we've returned," Sandy read. He didn't mention the big news: that he'd leased Senator Blower's marble-front house on Cedar Avenue. It had twenty-four rooms, a conservatory filled with rubber plants, a gymnasium, and a roof garden!

"Simple living is best of all, dear," Lil said, her realty ignorance being her domestic bliss. "I'm off for Flynn's in the morning. They advertise dress goods cut and slashed to nothing before sold."

Sandy felt as timid as a bachelor crossing Main Street in the protecting lee of a gocart. Should he mention the new house now? Or issue a plain statement over the grapefruit at breakfast? How would Lil take it? Would she enjoy bossing a liveried staff?

"East, west, hame's best," she sang to the Westminster quarter-hour tune. She didn't know that she was a helpless victim of the great real estate bomb to be dropped into her usual cup of weak coffee in the morning!

(Next week's cover adventure: A Spring Twosome)

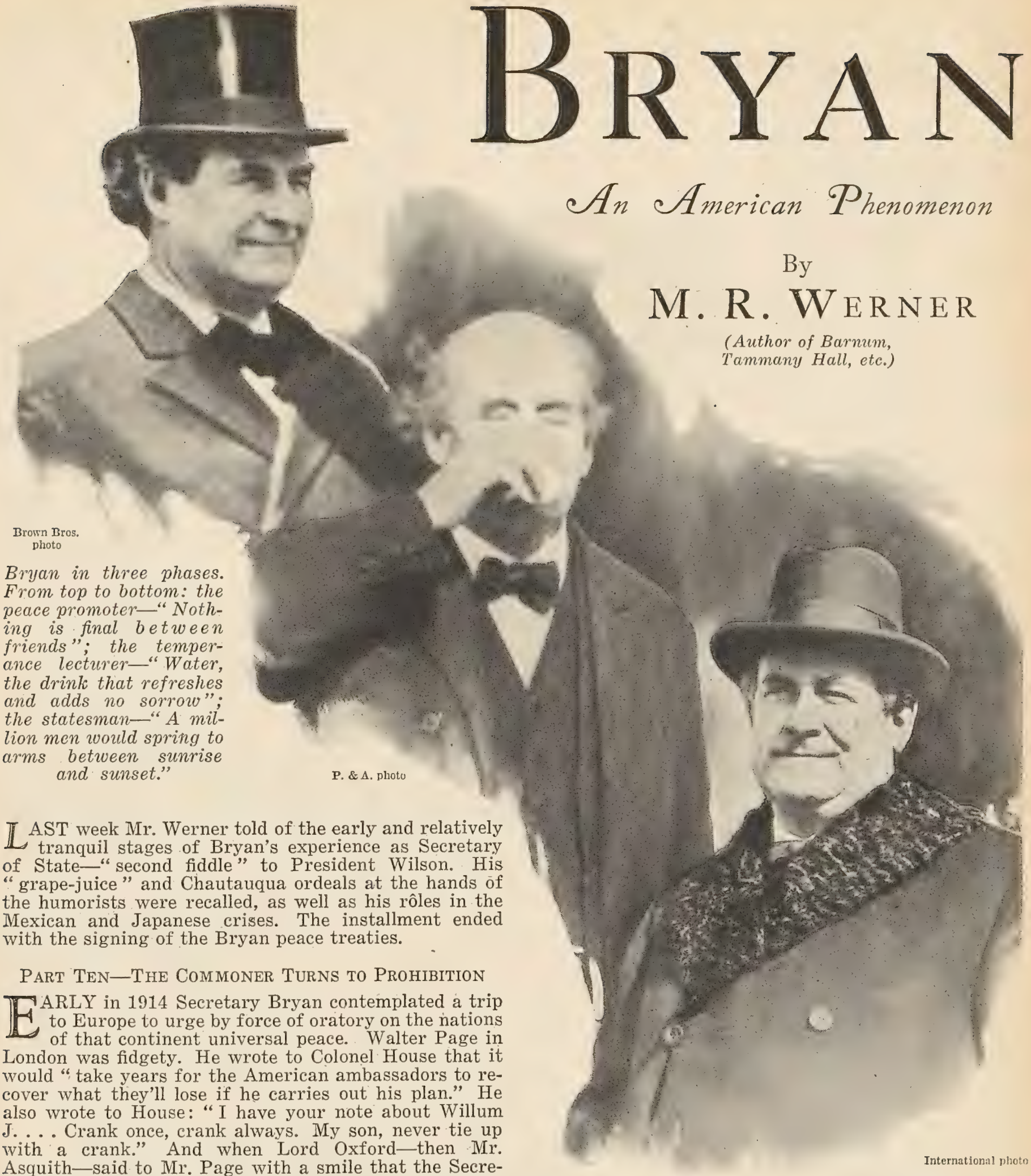
BRYAN

An American Phenomenon

By

M. R. WERNER

(Author of Barnum, Tammany Hall, etc.)



Brown Bros. photo

Bryan in three phases. From top to bottom: the peace promoter—"Nothing is final between friends"; the temperance lecturer—"Water, the drink that refreshes and adds no sorrow"; the statesman—"A million men would spring to arms between sunrise and sunset."

P. & A. photo

International photo

LAST week Mr. Werner told of the early and relatively tranquil stages of Bryan's experience as Secretary of State—"second fiddle" to President Wilson. His "grape-juice" and Chautauqua ordeals at the hands of the humorists were recalled, as well as his rôles in the Mexican and Japanese crises. The installment ended with the signing of the Bryan peace treaties.

PART TEN—THE COMMONER TURNS TO PROHIBITION

EARLY in 1914 Secretary Bryan contemplated a trip to Europe to urge by force of oratory on the nations of that continent universal peace. Walter Page in London was fidgety. He wrote to Colonel House that it would "take years for the American ambassadors to recover what they'll lose if he carries out his plan." He also wrote to House: "I have your note about Willum J. . . . Crank once, crank always. My son, never tie up with a crank." And when Lord Oxford—then Mr. Asquith—said to Mr. Page with a smile that the Secretary of State was "a peculiar product of your country," the American ambassador was not displeased with the remark.

On January 8, 1914, Page wrote to Colonel House: "Mrs. Page has learned something more about Secretary Bryan's proposed visit here in the spring. He's coming to talk his peace plan which, you know, is a sort of grape-juice arbitration—a distinct step backward from a real arbitration treaty. Well, if he comes with *that*, when you come to talk about reducing armaments, you'll wish you'd never been born. Get your ingenuity together, then, and prevent that visit."

Colonel House prevented it, for meanwhile he and President Wilson were worried about the possibility of a war in Europe, and Colonel House planned a visit to Earl Grey, the Kaiser, and M. Briand to see what could be done about universal peace, and they did not think it necessary to mention the matter to the Secretary of State, who was so busy with his own arbitration treaties and his lectures as well as the demands for patronage.

And then war broke out in Europe in the summer of 1914, and all plans for peace were put off for some years.

But Mr. Bryan did not sense that he was a figurehead. He admired President Wilson greatly. He admired especially the ease with which the President could handle words, and he frequently took his notes to foreign governments to the President for his final revision. In a sermon delivered in 1924, Bryan said: "A word as to John's loyalty to Christ: it is a test of a man's character when he yields to a superior successor. . . . Because of the intensity of his nature and the depth of his convictions,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BRYAN
Continued from page fifty-seven]

he might have been inclined to magnify his own importance and to resent competition had he been relying on his own judgment or ability, but John was under no delusion. . . . He knew that he was not the expected Messiah, but only the messenger sent to prepare the way—*'a voice crying in the wilderness.'*"

Life went on serenely and busily for Secretary Bryan. The newspapers, it was true, were sometimes nasty, but he and Mrs. Bryan had pleasant times. They were spending a few days in 1914 at Asheville, North Carolina, when Mrs. Bryan wrote in her diary:

We had breakfast at 7:30 and left promptly on the dot of eight for the mountains by automobile. We took Will's axes and our book, some fruit and heavy gloves, etc., and a pitcher of water and a kitchen chair from Mr. Seeley's house on Sunset Mountain. We left the car at an unfrequented spot where the view down the valley is particularly lovely. Mr. Bryan then . . . began to cut down a tree. I sat near and read aloud from Trevelyan's Life of John Bright. When he stopped to rest, we discussed John Bright and the Corn Laws, the conditions of the working people at that time, etc. While Will was dragging away the brush which he threw into the ravine, I worked on my hemstitching. . . .

Another day we spent much time gathering chestnuts which were just beginning to drop. . . . We usually reached the hotel at dark, slipped quietly to our rooms, had a good dinner served there, sent telegrams, read the papers, and went to bed.

© Brown Bros.

Mr. Secretary Bryan at the historic desk which, after resigning, he purchased from the government and removed to his home in Nebraska—bringing upon himself another storm of ridicule.

IN Washington Bryan rose before seven every morning and went for a horseback ride.

Then the war in Europe came along, distressing everybody and filling all with anxiety. Bryan became feverishly busy and terribly anxious. He had predicted that there would be no war while he was Secretary of State, and now he was determined that at least for America there should be none. He admired President Wilson's numerous notes to foreign powers demanding respect for the rights of Americans, and he signed them. But months went by and the foreign powers found it necessary in the course of their war to destroy the lives and interfere with the property of American citizens, and Mr. Bryan became more and more worried and more and more determined. But he began to realize that in spite of all his efforts, America was drifting slowly but surely into war, and the realization made him lose sleep, weight, and peace of mind. Mrs. Bryan wrote of this period:

Cabinet meeting day had become a hard day for Mr. Bryan. More than once he came home with bloodshot eyes and weary steps, and said words to this effect: "Mary, what does the President mean! *Why* can't he see that by keeping open the way for mediation and arbitration he has an opportunity to do the greatest work man can do? I cannot understand his attitude."

As the days wore on his sleep became broken. He would lie awake three and four hours at a time, tossing, jotting down memoranda for next day's work, etc. Upon such occasions I sometimes persuaded him to take a hot bath, to eat something light, to count monotonously—all the sleep-inducing remedies I knew, but without much result.

And then when Mr. Bryan got to his office there were all kinds of petty annoyances. There were, for example, the newspaper men. Oswald Garrison Villard, who was writing in Washington for his own newspaper at the time, visited Bryan's office many times to get news, and these were his impressions:

Never in my journalistic career have I seen anything as pitiful as Mr. Bryan in his daily conference with newspaper men. One blushed to be of the profession when one listened to the deliberate and studied effort of some of the correspondents to ask Mr. Bryan impertinent and embarrassing questions, some of which could no more be answered than the famous one as to whether you had stopped beating your wife. Needless to say no one ever thought of asking such questions of Mr. Wilson or of the other important members of the cabinet. The Hearst journalists were the worst offenders, and as Mr. Bryan stood in the Secretary of State's office, trying to ward off these snapping wolves of the press, I could only think of him as an old, nearly worn-out, and very shaggy buffalo, trying to drive away the pack by much lowering of his head and many menacing lunges.

Unfortunately, Mr. Bryan had laid himself open to these attacks, for though there was a time in his earlier life when he thought that no one should amass, or be allowed to amass, more than a hundred thousand dollars, he was eager for money, and would therefore not give up his public speaking for a price. It had been for so many years the very breath of his nostrils, he hungered so for the excitement of the platform and the thrill of the applause which he received, that he could not abandon going the rounds of the near-by Chautauquas. . . . He was inordinately proud of the large sums he made by an evening's talk, and was not unhappy that it was known that he received $400 or $600 or $800 for single appearances.

So it was the habit of the malicious journalists to begin the daily newspaper conferences by asking Mr. Bryan: "Well, Mr. Secretary, what is the arrangement tonight, $300 and half the gate money, or fifty-fifty straight?" This would be varied by asking him whether he would appear between the Swiss bell-ringers and the world's greatest saxophone artist, or whether he would follow the Siamese jugglers upon the program. Try as he would, Mr. Bryan could not stop these impertinences. Sometimes the questions obviously flattered him. Then there would follow diabolical inquiries, cleverly framed to make him betray the secrets of his department, whether he answered yes or no.

His final interview with the correspondents was pathetic to a degree. Said he: "I have been like an old hen with a lot of chicks. The chicks were my secrets, which I tried to keep under my wings, while you were trying to get them away from me." It was hard for the men to keep their countenances, it was such a perfect description of what had been going on. None the less, they did, and all of the earnest men who were there felt a real touch of sorrow on parting with him, just as did his fellow members of the cabinet.

THERE were distressing leaks in the Department of State and elsewhere, and for most of these Bryan was blamed, even when he did not deserve it. In London, Walter Page, an ambassador who accepted the British situation without any reference whatever to the opinions or state of mind of his own country, screamed his disgust with Mr. Bryan's incompetence and carelessness. In Washington the situation was hardly better. The British ambassador, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, was constantly on edge because the views of his own government were not those of the government to which he was accredited. When Colonel House visited Sir Cecil, he found him very irritable, and he expressed his intention to remain away from the State Department altogether because of the premature and garbled publication of the President's note to Great Britain protesting against the holding up of neutral vessels. Colonel House investigated and discovered that the Department of State was not to blame for the premature publication.

Colonel House's papers also indicate that France's am-

bassador, Jusserand, "had an extremely bad case of nerves at present, and the Russian ambassador . . . was little less than mad."

It is no wonder that Secretary of State Bryan found it hard to sleep at nights.

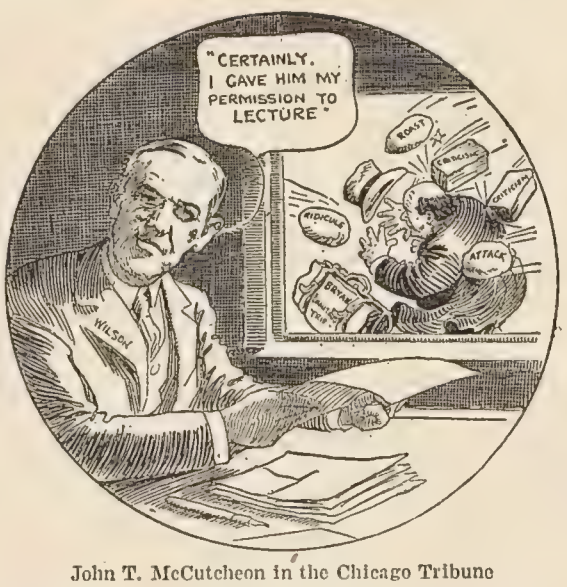
Bryan found it impossible to understand why there should be war. It was his old failing of imagining conditions to be as he wished they were. He firmly believed, and said many times, that if the necessity arose a million armed defenders would spring up in America overnight, and therefore he was opposed to preparedness for war. He did not say where they would spring from, nor how they would get their arms. He, he said, had faith in the heart of the American people. "The President knows," Bryan said in a public statement, "that if this country needed a million men, and needed them in a day, the call would go out at sunrise and the sun would go down on a million men in arms."

It was a pretty picture for an insurance calendar, and it was hopeless to argue against it. Colonel House tried, and he came to this conclusion: "He talked as innocently as my little grandchild, Jane Tucker. He spoke with great feeling, and I fear he may give trouble." Bryan also believed that by Christian forbearance he could change the heart of the German people.

The result was that Bryan was distrusted at home and abroad as a practical influence, and any plan for peace or mediation which was suspected of originating with him or with which he was suspected of being associated in any way immediately received contempt and ridicule. Colonel House wrote to President Wilson, when the President contemplated offering his services as a mediator in the European war, and suggested that if he did so it should be made perfectly clear that he did so "on his own" and not with Mr. Bryan's coöperation.

This was as early as August 5, 1914, and Mr. Bryan's influence steadily decreased. Colonel House wrote the President: "I hate to harp upon Mr. Bryan, but you cannot know as I do how he is thought of in this connection. You and I understand better and know that the grossest sort of injustice is done him. Nevertheless, just now it is impossible to make people think differently."

Another thing which Bryan could not understand was why the diplomatic negotiations with England should not be just as firm as those with Germany. There was some abstract justice in his point of view, but, sentimentalist as he was, he refused to discriminate between lives and property. He had talked so often about the perfidy of Albion that he had convinced himself of his own sinister vision. Once at a cabinet meeting he broke out and accused the cabinet of being pro-Ally. President Wilson fixed him with a stony eye and rebuked him sternly for the accusation. Bryan apologized.



John T. McCutcheon in the Chicago Tribune

A hint that Wilson wasn't surprised or displeased when his Secretary of State became the target for all the brickbats.

THEN, in May, 1915, the Lusitania was sunk by a German submarine. Mrs. Bryan wrote in her diary: "The evening we had word of the sinking of the Lusitania we were dining out. Coming home, Mr. Bryan said: 'I wonder if that ship carried munitions of war? I will have Lansing investigate that! If she did carry them, it puts a different phase on the whole matter! England has been using our citizens to protect her ammunition!' Lansing the next day had the clearance papers examined and reported ammunition on board. There is a ruling under international law permitting ships to carry small ammunition, but, as Will said, cartridges, as well as bombs and shrapnel, were made to kill men. From that time Mr. Bryan took the position that, in order to maintain strict neutrality, we must send a note to England protesting against her interference with our shipping, as well as one to Germany for destroying the Lusitania."

This was not the view of President Wilson, but Bryan almost succeeded in having his views followed partially. Bryan persuaded Wilson that America did not want war and that Germany should be given another chance. He suggested that, simultaneously with the first note of President Wilson to Germany concerning the Lusitania case, a postscript should be sent to Ambassador Gerard in Germany advising him of the willingness of the United States government to submit the questions to a commission of investigation as suggested in the Bryan peace treaties.

This supplementary instruction, it was said, was drafted and ordered to be telegraphed. Robert Lansing, who was then counselor of the Department of State, saw the telegram just before it was to be transmitted, and he thought that it would be a great mistake to weaken the case of the United States by expressing a willingness to arbitrate. Pressure was brought to bear upon President Wilson by members of the cabinet as soon as they heard of the supplementary instruction, and the telegram was ordered not to be sent.

BRYAN signed the first note to Germany concerning the Lusitania case, "because it was the opening statement of our position and simply called for a similar statement on the part of Germany," Mrs. Bryan noted in her diary.

Then Germany's Foreign Minister Zimmermann came to lunch at the American Embassy in Berlin. After his customary two quarts of Moselle, he told an American lady that there would be no trouble with America, because he had information that the United States was not serious in the Lusitania matter. The American lady told Ambassador Gerard, who called on Zimmermann and demanded the source of his information. Zimmermann, wishing to call what he felt to be Gerard's bluff, pulled out a cable from Dr. Constantin Dumba, the ambassador of Austria-Hungary to Washington, which said that Dumba had it from Mr. Bryan himself that the President's strong words about the Lusitania sinking were largely for home consumption and were not the final word.

Gerard did not know just what to do. If he cabled the State Department, the cable went to Mr. Bryan. And so he cabled to Colonel House, the invaluable intermediary, over the head of Bryan, between the ambassadors abroad and the President in Washington.

When Bryan was informed of the situation, he asked Ambassador Dumba to call at his office, and he cabled Ambassador Gerard to inform the German government that nothing was said by Mr. Bryan to Dr. Dumba that would justify such a cable as Zimmermann had showed to Gerard. Then there was a period of hurried attempts to save face. But it did turn out from the correspondence that Bryan had said to Dr. Dumba that the note of the President was couched in friendly terms, and that it was to be hoped that Germany would answer in the same spirit.

And Dr. Dumba's cable, a copy of which is among Bryan's papers in the Library of Congress, said: "The American protest, which, with regard to the high waves of indignation roused in American public opinion by destruction of so many lives, was bound to be more energetic than that of the 30th of March addressed to England, is yet kept in a friendly tone, and he [Mr. Bryan] hopes for an answer in the same friendly tone and spirit." This statement could easily be translated into the language of conversation as a statement that the firm note of President Wilson was merely "a sop to public opinion."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BRYAN
Continued from page fifty-nine]

However, Secretary Bryan was formally exonerated, and Dr. Dumba was given his passports and dismissed from Washington. Germany, feeling that the United States would never go to war, answered President Wilson's note noncommittally, and the President decided to send another note early in June, 1915.

During the weeks between the first and the second Lusitania notes Bryan was under great mental strain. He saw the United States drifting into war, and he did not see how to prevent it, and he could not consent to help bring it about. At the cabinet meeting on June 1 he sat in his chair at the President's right hand with his eyes closed. He maintained that the second Lusitania note as President Wilson had drafted it left Germany no chance except to discontinue submarine warfare, and he still thought that Germany should be given an opportunity to express willingness to arbitrate the question. "It is virtually placing the power to declare war in the hands of another nation," he said.*

© Brown Bros.

The first Wilson cabinet in 1913, with Bryan contentedly playing "second fiddle." From his right, and coming around the table to the President, the others are Garrison, Burleson, Lane, Redfield (almost hidden), W. B. Wilson, Houston, Daniels, McReynolds, and McAdoo.

Between the cabinet meeting on Tuesday and that on the next Friday, Bryan told the President that he could not sign his second Lusitania note. The President was surprised when he added that he did not feel that he could remain in the cabinet.

On Friday after the cabinet meeting Mrs. Bryan met her husband and they went home together. Bryan lay down, but he could not sleep, and that night he tossed and remained awake.

"He told me," wrote Mrs. Bryan, "what it would mean, how he would be abused, vilified, and misrepresented, but he said: 'If I wait until this note goes and a curt rejoinder is returned, it will then be too late. The President evidently feels he is voicing the sentiment of the country. I feel sure there are comparatively few Americans who want our country to be involved in this cataclysm. If I resign now, I believe it will be possible to bring the real sentiments of the people to the surface. The President may then feel at liberty to take steps which he now feels are unwise to take.'"

ON Saturday morning Bryan went to his office. Mrs. Bryan was worried about him and thought that a week-end in the country was imperative, and she arranged to go to the home of their friend Senator Blair Lee at Silver Spring, where there was a beautiful old magnolia tree under which they used to sit and read. Bryan did not want to go, for fear the President might wish to see him, but Secretary McAdoo, the President's son-in-law, assured Mrs. Bryan that the President would not need Mr. Bryan over the week-end.

"Mr. Bryan then consented to go," wrote Mrs. Bryan, "and twilight found us listening to the good-night song of birds. We were beyond the reach of newspaper men." They were in bed for eleven hours, "of which Mr. Bryan slept four." Mrs. Bryan suggested that he read, and he took from his hand bag a book published in 1829, called A Wreath of Appreciation of Andrew Jackson. Sunday night Mrs. Bryan gave her weary husband a sleeping powder.

On Monday morning Bryan saw the President. They talked for an hour, at the end of which time President Wilson, calm and silent, pressed a button. "Mr. Bryan wants a drink of water," said the President. When it was brought, Bryan's hand shook as he drank it. That night Bryan sent the President his resignation.

The cabinet met on Tuesday, June 8, 1915, and Bryan was absent. There was some discussion of the President's second note to Germany, which had not yet been sent. The President was interrupted by a message. "Gentlemen," he said, "Mr. Bryan has resigned as Secretary of State, to take effect when the German note is sent. He is on the telephone and wants to know whether it would be desirable or agreeable for him to attend the cabinet meeting. Would it be embarrassing? What do you think?" All the members of the cabinet agreed that it would not embarrass them.

Bryan came in a few minutes later. The cabinet members stood up solemnly. Then the discussion was resumed. "Bryan," wrote Secretary Houston, "looking exhausted and appearing to be under a great emotional strain, leaned back in his chair with his eyes closed."

AFTER the meeting Bryan invited the cabinet members to lunch. Some of them accepted. He told them that he could not "go along with" the President in this note, because he thought it might lead to war. "I think I can help the President more on the outside," he said. "I can work to control popular opinion so that it will not exert pressure for extreme action which the President does not want. We both want the same thing, peace."

That evening Bryan's resignation was made public. "There were great interest and excitement on all sides," wrote Secretary Houston, "the greatest, perhaps, since our arrival in Washington." People wondered what could be in the second note to Germany, and there was a breathless interval until the publication of that note. It was discovered that the second note was milder than the first.

Bryan told Attorney-General Gregory, who told Colonel House, that President Wilson had taken out a sentence mitigating the tone of the note before Bryan resigned and had put back the softer sentence after his resignation. Gregory maintained that this was not the truth, that the entire note as sent to Germany was discussed at the last cabinet meeting. "This is also the President's recollection," wrote Colonel House.

There was a storm of abuse in the newspapers against Bryan as soon as the editorial writers all over the country got time to express their opinions. Many of the newspapers maintained that Bryan's action was disloyal. Theodore Roosevelt, then a journalist, wrote to Henry Cabot Lodge: "It is possible that Wilson, who is the worst President by all odds we have had since Buchanan with the possible exception of Andrew Johnson, may find that his break with Bryan is of more permanent hurt to him than anything else." "Mr. Bryan's official career is ended," wrote Colonel Harvey. "That he will continue to exist as a public nuisance must be assumed. . . ."

But Mr. Bryan's friends welcomed him back to Lincoln, Nebraska. His brother "Charlie," now mayor, received him officially. A crowd of 6,000 listened to Bryan that night on The Farmer's Interest in Peace. He congratulated the people of Nebraska on living thirty-six hours from New York, and said the Allegheny Mountains served as a dike "to keep the prejudice, the

* The Memoirs of William Jennings Bryan by Himself and His Wife, p. 422.

venom, the insolence, and the ignorance of the New York press from inundating the Mississippi Valley."

There was still one matter Bryan wished to settle in Washington: he wanted to purchase the desk at which he had sat as Secretary of State. His wish was gratified, and the press of the East had another subject of ridicule. "So he could not part with it," said the New York Times, "and he took it away from the scenes in which Seward and Fish and Evarts and Hay thought more reverent to leave it, and carried it off to Fairfield County, Nebraska, to repose among the souvenirs of his visit to Japan, and the sea shells and snapshots, and the original drawings of cartoons in the hall, and the curious specimens of Oriental weaving in the sitting room, and the copy of The First Battle on the center table."

The activities of Bryan from the time of his resignation until his death are explained somewhat by the statement of Edgar Lee Masters: "He is the Christian statesman, out of a job." Bryan had spent his early life using his religion as part of his politics, and when his political control finally waned with the election of Woodrow Wilson as the first Democratic President since 1892, he spent the rest of his life injecting politics into religion, and vice versa, using the methods of conventions and campaigns to further ideas he regarded as spiritual.

It was he, perhaps, more than anyone else in the United States who taught clergymen how to lobby for peace, prohibition, and the Bible.

During the summer of 1915 President Wilson was still making an effort to keep the United States out of the war, but imperceptibly it was drawing nearer and nearer. Bryan in his own way was trying to keep the nation out of any war. A few months after he resigned he visited the San Francisco Exposition and spoke on peace to thousands of people. Mrs. Bryan wrote in her diary:

These days are full of trains and changing cars and small hotels and crowds and shouts and rain and wind and auto rides across country. He has been making two speeches daily. It is hard work. One night when he was very tired, he said: "Mama, maybe it is a good thing I make my living this way. I believe I do good and it needs the spur of necessity to keep me at it. I would not work like this if we had plenty without it."

AS yet there was no open antagonism between the administration of President Wilson and Mr. Bryan. He opposed any preparedness for war, because he still believed that a million men would spring up overnight if necessary. Efforts were made to interest him in the expedition of Henry Ford's peace ship, but he had plans of his own for a personal, private effort, and if it were successful the glory would be undivided. Colonel House wrote to Ambassador Page on August 12, 1915:

X writes me that Bryan told him that he intended to go to Europe soon and try peace negotiations. He has Lloyd George in mind in England, and it is then his purpose to go to Germany.

I take it he will want credentials from the President, which, of course, he will not want to give, but just what he will feel obliged to give is another story. I anticipated this when he resigned. I knew it was merely a matter of time when he would take this step.

He may find encouragement in Germany, for he is in high favor now in that quarter. It is his purpose to oppose the President upon the matter of "preparedness," and, from what we can learn, it will not be long before there will be open antagonism between the Administration and himself.

It might be a good thing to encourage his going to Europe. He would probably come back a sadder and wiser man. I take it that no one in authority in England would discuss the matter seriously with him, and, in France, I do not believe he would even get a hearing.

Please let me know your impressions.

AMBASSADOR PAGE answered that it would do no harm to let Bryan come to Europe, and it would be a good way of getting rid of him at home. "It'll be fun to watch Bryan perform," Page wrote to House, "and never suspect that anybody is lying to him or laughing at him; and he'll go home convinced that he's done the job and he'll let loose doves all over the land till they are thick as English sparrows. Not even the President could teach him anything permanently." And the President, it was admitted, was the best school-teacher in the land.

But Bryan finally decided against a peace trip to Europe. Maybe he saw its futility, maybe the spur of necessity was absent, and maybe the gate receipts were not guaranteed.

Bryan and his wife spent much of their time at their Florida home. Mrs. Bryan noted in her diary:

We lead a simple life. Will works three or three and a half hours each morning, felling trees (his greatest enjoyment), cutting off dead limbs, pruning, splitting wood, etc.

I have been reading to him as he works. We are going on with The Life of John Bright, which we began at Asheville more than a year ago. In the morning, too, we have a little reading. Will can dress more quickly than I and so reads while I comb my hair. We are reading Ruskin's Ethics of the Dust. After a few pages of that, we read our Bible verses and say our prayers, little John joining. It is so sweet to be able to begin the day in this quiet way without any hurry. If it were not for the mail! This is the fly in the ointment! It takes a tremendous amount of patience to answer every sort of question.

As the campaign of 1916 approached, many of President Wilson's supporters were worrying about Mr. Bryan's attitude toward his former chief. For the first time since he had

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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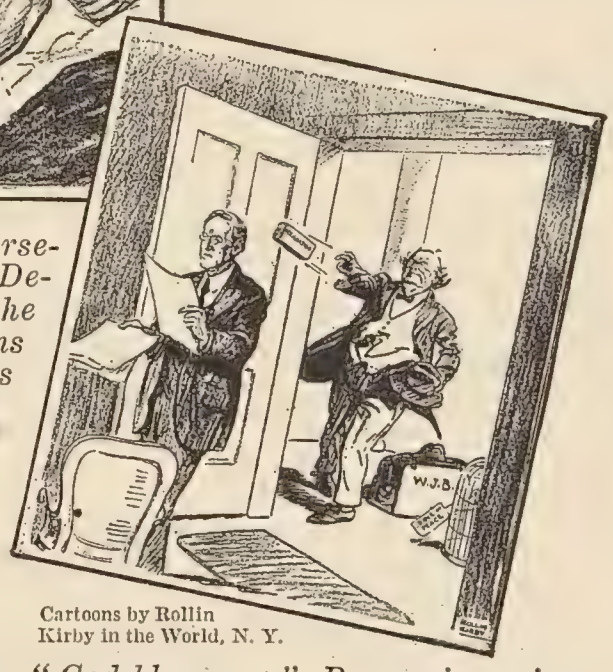
[BRYAN
Continued from page sixty-one]

emerged into the limelight in 1896, Bryan was not a delegate to a Democratic national convention. He had failed to win a seat in Nebraska, and he went to the convention as a newspaper correspondent. But delegates and the galleries clamored for a speech from him—no Democratic national convention within the memory of man had been complete without that—and a motion was passed calling upon him for a speech. Mr. Bryan was willing. The Wilson men feared that he might oppose Wilson and make his reëlection difficult.

And then Bryan began to speak in the same resonant voice, with the same oratorical gestures, and this time he used an "expansive smile" and he looked to the New York World correspondent like "a patriarch conferring a benediction over his congregation." He said that for him every Democratic convention was "a Democratic love feast," and he praised Wilson mightily for doing his best to keep the nation out of the war, and for breaking the power of Wall Street by the Federal Reserve system. In his enthusiasm he forgot that he had inserted in the 1912 platform a plank that the President should serve only one term. Everybody forgot it, as was everybody's wont with inconvenient platform planks.

During the campaign of 1916 Bryan went about the West speaking in favor of the reëlection of Woodrow Wilson, telling the people that the President had kept the country out of war. After the reëlection of Wilson the United States drifted nearer to war than ever, and it looked impossible to prevent it. Bryan continued his efforts, and as late as the first months of 1917 he urged a referendum to the people. But on April 6, 1917, when war was finally declared, he hastened to telegraph to President Wilson: "Believing it to be the duty of the citizen to bear his part of the burdens of war and his share of its perils, I hereby tender my services to the government. Please enroll me as a private whenever I am needed, and assign me to any work that I can do. Until called to the colors, I shall, through the Red Cross, contribute to the comfort of soldiers in the hospital and, through the Y. M. C. A., aid in safeguarding the morals of the men in camp." It was decided not to use Mr. Bryan in the front-line trenches, for he was fifty-seven years old in 1917.

"The headless horseman" of the State Department—one of the most biting cartoons that jeered Bryan's incumbency.



Cartoons by Rollin Kirby in the World, N. Y.

"God bless you." Bryan, in resigning, did say that to Wilson, but some unfriendly newspapers had their doubts of his sincerity.

IN his later years Bryan was compelled to change his issues and his tactics because of numerous developments in the social life of the country. As Bryan himself put it in 1920: "There is less partisanship today than I have ever known before. The partisanship we knew grew largely out of the Civil War. The further it gets away the less influence it has, and since then two wars have tended to bring the people of the United States into united action."

When Bryan first entered national politics, it was comparatively easy to arouse sectional feeling, and in his first campaign of 1896 it was his main endeavor to put the new West against the corrupt East and the great common man against the calculating banker of European origin.

As he advanced in years the economic interest of the western population and of the eastern population became more nearly the same, so that he found that gradually the problems he was interested in were solved by circumstances and dead for political purposes.

Bryan found it necessary to renew the sources of his propaganda. He revived his lifelong personal interest in prohibition and renewed his advocacy of God. The rest of his life was spent helping to bring the one into politics and trying to inject the other into science.

Four months after Bryan resigned as Secretary of State Mrs. Bryan noted in her diary under date of October 2, 1915: "This last week . . . Will has done his first real campaigning for prohibition. . . . He made sixty speeches in forty counties to between 200,000 and 250,000 people. It was in a sense a triumph for him. It demonstrated . . . that, in spite of all the abuse from the press, he has lost none of his popularity. The audiences were so attentive and responsive, I do not see how he could have failed to convince many. I had some glimpses of what a national campaign on this subject would be—a veritable religious crusade."

And there was nothing that Bryan, retired from the cares of state, liked better than a religious crusade. "In his zeal for souls," wrote Mrs. Bryan, "he was like an evangelist."

But there was always one place where Mr. Bryan could never conquer. Wicked New York, apparently, was not interested in its soul.

IN the early years of his career Bryan, although he was firm in his belief in temperance and made every private effort to convert others, refused to have anything to do with the political activities of the prohibitionists. He thought it a local question, and he contented himself with generalizations on the virtues of water.

In his speeches and writings he continually urged temperance or gave examples of intemperance. He found authority for the use of grape juice, unfermented, in the Biblical story of Joseph the Dreamer, which he told in his book, Famous Figures of the Old Testament. He also remarked concerning the story of Joseph, "It is not bad to be a dreamer—if you have the corn."

Aside from these pleasantries, it was impossible to interest Mr. Bryan in the cause of bringing about temperance by national law until other men had done so much propaganda work throughout the country that it looked as if there were great chances of success. The newspapers criticized him because he accepted pay from the Anti-Saloon League for prohibition lectures. Later he had a controversy with William H. Anderson, the superintendent of the League, who accused him of only jumping on the prohibition bandwagon after success was assured, and of using the movement to further his own political ends.

But Bryan did effective propaganda work for the movement. At Billy Sunday's tabernacle he made converts by the thousands, while the audience sang The Brewers' Big Horses Can't Run Over Me. In January, 1917, he sent an audience of 5,000 in Illinois into a spasm of enthusiasm by shouting: "You shall not bury the Democratic party in a drunkard's grave."

(Copyright, 1929, by M. R. Werner)

In next week's installment, after touching on Bryan's activities in Florida as real-estate booster and Bible teacher, and recounting his efforts in his party's conventions of 1920 and 1924, Mr. Werner will discuss him as the militant Fundamentalist who was to fall upon Darwin and Darrow in the battle of Dayton.

Most of em have bare feet, thats because meat is cheaper than leather.

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

That Rococo Morocco

Words and Pictures

By Bert Green

Casablanca, North Africa.

DEAR MARG:

I wood have wrote you before but I was feelin a bit low.

Oh boy what a sea the last coupla days! I held out as long as I could but I hadda give into the fishes. Yea, and I wasnt the only one. Half of the passengers was hangin on the rail playin their own toon, while the rest was down below in their bunks hollerin to be thrown overboard.

Every time the boat would slide down one of them 80 foot waves my bridge work would bounce against my tonsils. Then the bat-toe—thats French for boat—would roll over on its side so that youd be layin flat on your back up against the bureau watchin the bed go up on the ceiling. Oh it was swell!

We were supposed to stop at the Canary Islands, but the sea was so rough that Captain Simon decided that if the customers got in the little tenders they would go for a watery grave. Between me and you Marg theres more canaries in the Bronx anyway than there is in the islands so I guess I didnt miss much.

Gosh what a ship this is. And the eats! WOW!!! Ive eaten some swell groceries but never the way these french sheffs dish em up. Why the other night we had on the table a pineapple all hollowed out and filled with fancy stuff like puddin—yea and it had a light burnin in it! All over the top it was covered with cobwebs made outa sugar. I'll bet even Oscar at the Waldorf couldnt dish up one like that. You should taste the french fried berdatoes they make! They look like sofa pillers. They must blow em up with a bicycle pump cause there fuller nothin but hot air, theyre wonderful, fuller charm and make you delirious.

But the french money gets me goofy. Its all Swedish to me. You give them a buck and they give you 25 Franks. Its He money. It looks like the wrappers they have around grape fruit. A hundred frank note is about the size of a bed quilt. If you had a hundred dollars of it you would have enough paper to wrap up a pipe organ.

After the rough days at sea we landed at a place called Casablanca in Morocco, North Africa. You shoulda seen the costumes in the place. Oh my dear! Me and a Kentucky Judge and a girl from Boston sat down to a table in one of the street cafes to have a dash of quantro. Its a Frog drink—and how!! The cafes look like the Rue de la Pay in Paris. The tables are out on the sidewalk and the sights that pass by would knock you bowlegged.

THE wimen are all dressed up in bed sheets. Some have one eye stickin out and some have two. They look like the Klue Klux Klan. The janes aint allowed to show their faces. If a white man looks at em they cover up their eyes or turn their backs. Its the custom of the country. The arabs and the Moors have portiers wrapt round em, they dont wear any suits. Most of em have bare feet, thats because meat is cheaper than leather. I dont think the men wear any pants under the portiers because they have bare legs.

Honest Marg the sights you see from the Cafe is a riot! You see an Arab on a woman's bicycle ridin along with a foldin bed on his head. Then along will come a guy ridin a camel with a kitchen stove strapped on his skull and a basket full of dried eels hung ova the camel. Then you see a sap, black six inches down the throat, sellin water out of an old goatskin. No foolin you can get all the wine you want but water is rare, especially on their necks!!

At Casablanca we took a twelve wheeled automobile and drove 250 miles to the Transatlantique Hotel at Marrakesh, Morocco. Its on the edge of the Sahara Dessert.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-THREE]

Sweet essence of brandy, how that Arabian Ralph de Palma could drive!!! He had the hand on the steam gauge pointing to 120 kilometers most of the time! The frogs never use miles—they call em kilometers, it sounds more intrigueing. Camels were flyin by us like teeth in a side comb.

Marrakesh is the Coney Island for the tribesmen. They come offer the dessert for miles to make merry. Its the gayest, baddest, maddest and most passionate spot in North Africa. The imagination goes nakid. The natives call it the Place of Death. Yea, and after youve seen the DANCING GIRLS do their stuff with nothin on but a hat youre ready to die. The troop sits around on the ground beatin tom toms while one guy plays a lot of squeakie music on a busted piece of gas pipe. WHAT A DANCE, I ask you!! They have about as many joints as a nice fresh steamer chair.

Yes, and you shoulda seen the arab doctor proscribing for a woman what was sick. The medical was a WOW!! They both sat down in the sand and the doc opened up an old sheep skin bag fuller tricks. It had more germs in it than there is on the back of a hippopotimus. Then he dragged out a coupla feathers what he musta plucked out of the tail board of a boogy bird. He began passin em over her head and singin like an army mule with a bad case of chillblanes.

After the performance was all over she threw away the nutty lookin crutches she had and did eight or ten handsprings without battin an eye.

IN another corner of the square there was a Turkey playin the Hungarian Rappsody on a flute to a nice healthy snake. An eight ball was watchin him with part of his hairum. Oh, the music that guy blew outer that horn musta gone sour. But the eel loved it. She did the Campus Drag like nobodys nevermind. She crawled up his leg and planted a kiss right on his pan.

Along the streets in Morocco, Marg the buildings and signs have funny lookin words painted on em. It looks like shorthand—eels and snails and hooks, silly lookin stuff that nobody but a high voltage stenographer could read. Gregg and Pitman musta put a heavy canvass on the town when the boys were young. On the level I cant dope out weather its Chinese, Polish, Jewish, Algebra or Spanish influenza, its all Greek to me.

Well, I got to go now and dress up in my tux. I just got a swell pair of yaller French shoes to go with it.

Your ever lovin pal,
MIKE SHEA.

p. s. Tell your old man I sent him some of the naughtiest French postcards he ever hung an eyelash over. Tell him to put a cake of ice on his head when he sees em!!! M. S.
Aboard SS France.

The next mail from Gibralter should have another letter from this bird.

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Back to Backs

By Eileen Bourne

Howard Chandler Christy's portrait (at the left) of Margaret Shotwell, whose back he considers the most beautiful since the Venus de Milo's.

Vandamm photo

To straighten your back, don't stiffen it. Lift your chest, in the manner of Natalie Moorhead, at the right.

One of the best methods of back beautifying is the stretching, toe-touching exercise shown in the center of this page. It may be done (after a little practice) either sitting or standing.

Nickolas Muray photos

FOR the girl of a thousand charms there is promise of an additional and sweeping score in the back-revealing mode predicted for this summer.

Dispatches from Paris indicate what the headlines call, more forcibly than elegantly, a bareback era. "Miss Summertime," we are told, "will have a little more covering than last year, but a little less on her back." The covered arm, the semiconcealed ankle, under the smart long sleeve and lengthened skirt, it appears, must be offset by a shapely, provocative back.

How to prepare a bent back, a sway back, a thickly padded one, a wing back, an aging one, for its début?

Look to your posture! Therein lies the secret of a back's beauty or its lack. Sitting, standing, walking, hold yourself erect. Don't stiffen your back to straighten it. Lift your chest. That's the trick. Further corrective work, if needed, is found in bending and stretching exercises.

Another beautifully modeled back is that of Irene Delroy, pictured at the left.

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Golf Architecture

Those Hazards Don't Just Happen; Somebody Thinks Them Up!

By Joseph W. Kaye

Picture by Tony Sarg

The first tee has a great hazard—a mental one—in the crowd there, watching the player drive off.

YOU probably have never thought of it, but over your favorite golf course there is an unseen, sinister presence.

It is he who makes you raise your arms to heaven in mute despair, as you slice into the bunker. It is to him you owe that bitter trip into the rough to find your ball. It is at his door you can lay most of the unpleasant things that happen when you drive across the green acreage.

He is the golf architect, the man who lays out the links. He is unknown and unthought of, but his power over you, poor, unsuspecting player, is monarchical.

He knows you, as a golfer, through and through. All your favorite little tricks, all your golfing inhibitions are familiar to him. He has catalogued and analyzed them and, in accordance with his findings, he provides you with a course to play upon.

He has one mission: to reward the good player and penalize the bad. However, what actually comes of it is the penalizing of the bad player. He works mainly on the theory that fundamentally all golfers are bad and have to be taught better. Those who improve and become good will not mind what he does to them; on the contrary, they will like it.

I talked with Maurice J. McCarthy on this subject. McCarthy is the links expert for Spalding's, the famous sporting goods firm. He has laid out more courses than he can remember, and in addition is a fine golfer.

"We know," said McCarthy, "that right-handed players always slice to the right and hook to the left. Now, then, look."

He took a sheet of paper and drew a diagram of a hole. To the north was the green, with a bunker (sand trap) to the left and one to the right—guarding it; halfway down to the east was a large trap and a little lower down to the west another trap; about 140 feet from the tee, stretching across a large part of the fairway in a diagonal form and reaching northward was another trap.

With his pencil, McCarthy indicated several plays that explained what he had in mind.

"Take the good golfer," he said, "playing on this hole, which is about 400 yards. The green is fairly opposite the tee; he will drive off to about two-thirds of the way and, sailing completely over the first (the diagonal) trap, he will lie in a straight line for the second shot to bring him between the bunkers at the green and on the green itself. So you see all those traps don't bother him at all. As a matter of fact, they serve him as guides and help him shoot straighter.

"Now take the passable player. He will drive off and, although he will clear the cross trap, he will only go about halfway. Since he could only go halfway with his driver, it stands to reason that he won't be able to go the remaining distance to the green with an iron. It is more likely that with his second shot he will fall short of the green, and just falling short will get him nicely in one of the green bunkers. He is therefore penalized for not having made the green in two shots, as he should.

"The poor player will take a third course. Knowing his drive is limited, he will divide the distance in three parts and try to make the green in three. So, for his especial benefit, we have the cross bunker. His first shot, being only between 100 and 150 yards, he stands in imminent danger of falling into this trap. But, even should he clear it, his second shot will bring him to a point where he will have to aim carefully to avoid the green traps.

"But besides these three grades of players, we have also taken care of the slicers and the hookers. So, as you see, there is a trap within hailing distance of the tee to the west and to the east; one for the slice and one for the pull."

IT occurred to me that I had never seen any of these hazards at the first hole, and asked McCarthy why. "We don't need any. The first tee has one of the greatest of all hazards," he said.

I asked to be enlightened.

"Why, the gallery is enough," he replied. "The player who drives off at the first hole finds himself an interesting object to a crowd of people who are waiting their turn. As he lifts his club, it seems to him that every eye is ready to light up with amusement if he makes a bad shot. The hazard here is mental and difficult to overcome.

"However, there is another reason for giving the first hole a clear fairway. It is to get players started. Once on the course, players spread out; but it would cause an awful congestion on the first hole to get players into difficulties there."

That mental hazard caused McCarthy to remember a course he had designed with an unusual trap of this nature.

Good golf architects always endeavor to utilize the natural scenery of the land. McCarthy was building a course, part of which was on the bank of a river. A little distance out from the bank was a small island. In looking over the

acreage, he decided to incorporate the island in the course. It was one of those happy inspirations to which good architects are prone. What more delightful and novel than to play across to the island, then back, crossing by a quaint little rustic bridge?

McCarthy so arranged it that either a player could drive off directly to the island from some distance, or, by using two additional strokes, an inferior player could go round to another position on the bank and shoot over a narrow strip of water that was easily negotiable.

It was the mental hazard that these poor players had to contend with—the thought that the ball would fall into the water.

There was no other hazard on that hole. None was needed.

Cruel as that hole may seem, it has probably made more good golfers than any other on that course.

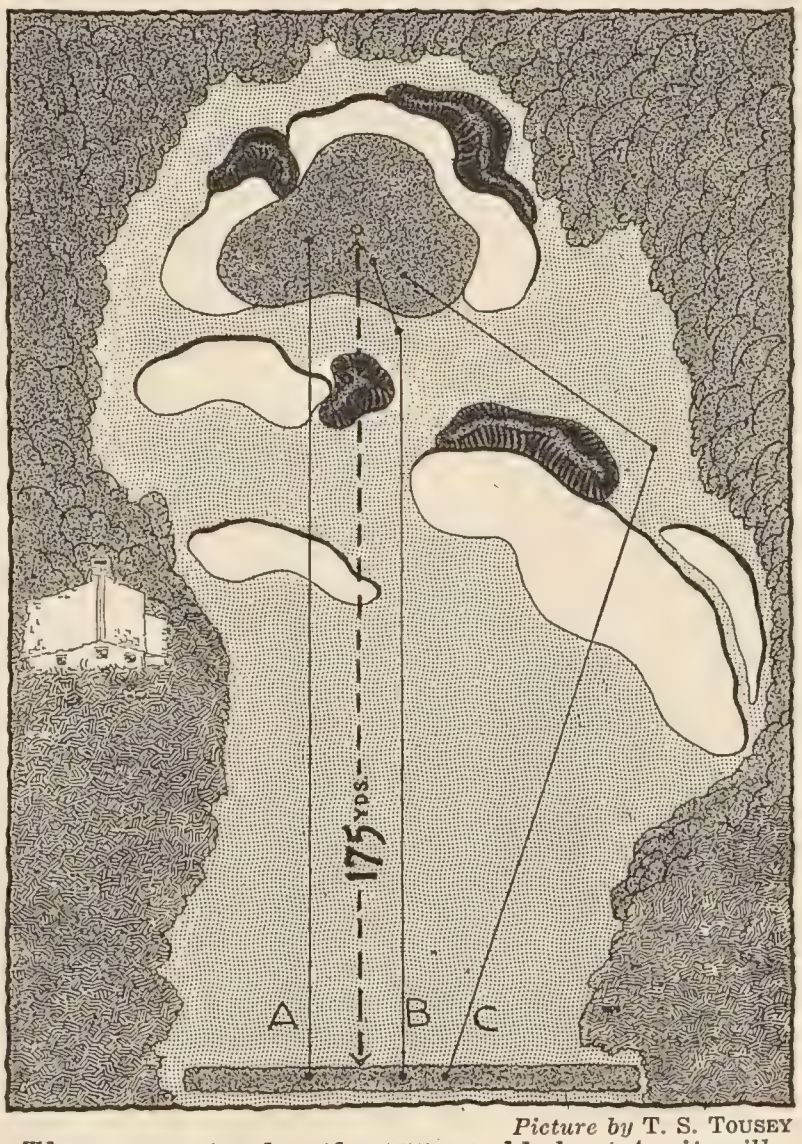
Another notable hazard which golf architects inflict upon us is the fine-looking alley of trees. It is a pretty view as we stand at the tee and look toward the distant green. A fine undulating fairway spreads out beyond the shaded passage which is flanked on each side by the trees. Then we shoot. And the next moment, a disgusted roar breaks the peaceful harmony of that tender scene.

Of course, you have no one to blame but yourself. Why don't you shoot straight?

Take the Nassau Shores course at Amityville, Long Island, another links which McCarthy has laid out. There is one hole there which is only 175 yards, and as pretty as a picture. It is oval in shape, surrounded partly by trees. Two charming roads end near it. An old, grass-grown pump and a little antiquated shack are on the fringe of the fairway opposite the roads. Who stops to think of the two bunkers that are indented on the fairway about two-thirds of the way up? It is easily a one-shot hole and we settle ourselves smilingly to grace our score card with a par.

THAT may happen. But what is likelier is that, if we slice a bit and are a fair player, the ball will lie on the second and more distant of those charming roadways. If we are a poor player and have sliced with a weak shot, the ball will lie in the first of the roads. If we hook, the ball will be buried snugly at the side of the antiquated shack or the grass-grown pump. If we shoot straight, but without enough juice, the ball will go in either of the two fairway traps. If we shoot straight with the proper impetus, but not just so, the ball will arrive in the green bunker; and if we shoot just a little too far, in the rough back of the green.

So far, we have seen the golf architect as a Nemesis of the poor player; but occasionally he has a little fun with the topnotchers too.



Picture by T. S. TOUSEY

Three ways to play the 175-yard hole at Amityville, L. I.: A, on in one—the expert's way; B, on in two —by good luck; C, the safer, dog-leg route.

Over in Great Britain they have some magnificent courses and in several there are tests for the expert. On the famous Westward Ho! links, for example, the tenth hole goes over an area of rushes, then turns, passes between flanks of hillocks, and ends up in a set of bunkers, the distance being 346 yards.

The medium player here contents himself with a five, driving over the narrowest part of the rushes, and from there taking two strokes to the green. But the extra good player, hungering for a four, plans to cut a larger corner of the rushes by driving over the widest part and then making the green with one more. The result is often a humiliating six or more.

A similar difficult test for good players is on the eleventh hole of that most celebrated of all British courses, the St. Andrews. This hole is only 148 yards, but what a path of the damned! Fifty feet from the tee there are two bunkers in turfed hollows. Sixty yards further, on the same side, is the " cockle " bunker, a shell-shaped affair one to five feet deep. A little farther, on the other side, is another bunker, while near the hole opposite to this is a yawning cavity named the " strath," two to eight feet deep. At the back of the green is a combination of bank, road, and sand beach.

Now, the player who is average or worse takes one look at this collection of horrors, takes out his putter, and negotiates a safe path through it, leaving the number of strokes to the kindness of fate. But the he-man of golf—strokes count with him, and here they not infrequently count up.

APART from hazards, the golf architect aims to make the player use all the clubs in his bag, that he may become proficient with each.

The uses of the various clubs for different holes are of course regulated by the yardage that can be had with each club. The length of a shot naturally varies with the player and the ball, but most authorities give the following average yardages, excluding the playing of champions:

Driver, 175 to 230 yards; brassie, 170 to 230; spoon, 150 to 210; cleek, 150 to 190; midiron, 120 to 180; mashie, 130 to 180.

For par playing, the following is the official table of strokes:

Par 3, any distance up to 250 yards; par 4, 251 to 445 yards; par 5, 446 to 600; par 6, 601 yards and over.

For playing on the green two shots are allowed.

It is by bearing in mind the qualities of the clubs and the limitations of par that the golf architect arrives at many of his designs.

Another important element that enters into links planning is variety. " Here is an example of a monotonous course," said McCarthy. " I was called in recently to make over a course in New Jersey. This course is located on an elevation and is one of the prettiest pieces of land in the United States. But it was spoiled by bad construction.

" The short holes all come together in the first nine; the greens have patches of different colored grasses, which causes distraction to the players; the hazards are ineffective for bringing out good play and arouse no interest, and the drainage is bad."

Discussion with McCarthy of inferior links brought out some striking facts. He said that about three in

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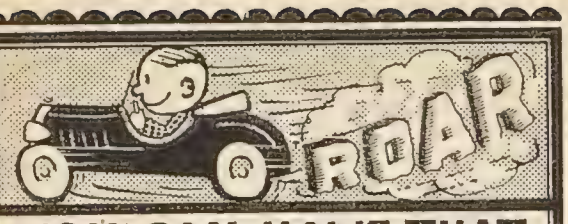

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SEVEN]

four of the golf courses in this country were laid out by players, not by men who had studied this art.

"You will generally find some pet player," he said, "who takes it upon himself to lay out the course. He may be a good golfer, and this adds to his incompetence. For this man there exists only one player—himself. Almost unconsciously, he meets the problems that may come up in the work with solutions that his own play might give them. He cannot be impersonal. He cannot put himself in the place of the various classes of players who use the course."

Then it came out that the yardage of most golf courses, as marked on the score cards, does not tally with the actual yardage of the holes.

"Not five per cent of the score cards," he declared, "give the correct yardage of the links."

"Is the yardage higher or lower?" I asked.

"Generally higher," he replied.

The reason is twofold. Some clubs, especially country resort clubs, raise the yardage on the cards deliberately to make it seem that their courses are larger than they are.

Golfers have an incurable dislike for playing on small courses, and some clubs that must be content with such courses take advantage of what can be politely termed a subterfuge.

Other clubs are not troubled by the length of the links, but have a number of members who are poor golfers and always will be. Their dues, however, are substantial and, rather than risk their attributing their bad playing to the course, or risk their losing interest and resigning, the clubs have these members playing over holes that are shorter than they appear on the cards.

Other little humbugs are indulged in for the same purpose, such as fewer and simpler traps and larger greens.

McCARTHY said his ideal course would be one that occupied about 125 acres of rolling land. By rolling he meant undulating but not too hilly. Hills make it hard for the elderly and weaker people, and monotonous for the others. Rolling is the happy medium.

The eighteen holes should be divided in two wings of nine holes each, with the ninth and eighteenth holes leading to the clubhouse. Those who tire easily or have to stop playing can do so conveniently at the ninth, and when the course is very crowded two sets of players can be started off, one from each section.

McCarthy also had a good word to say for the new twenty-seven-hole courses that are now being introduced. Such a course serves those golfers who find it too much to go around the eighteen holes twice and yet are in tune for a little more after going around once, and it serves very well for starting three sets of players.

Here are the lengths, and the reasons for the lengths, of an ideal course planned about twenty years ago by James Braid, an English champion golfer of that time, and an authority on courses.

The following specifications still hold good:

FIRST hole—360 yards; not too difficult, to get the players away quickly.

Second hole—390 yards; same object, but slightly more difficult. Two good shots.

Third hole—380 yards; to complete the object of getting the players well away. This hole should be difficult and the green well guarded.

Fourth hole—190 yards; meant to be a full shot for a good player. Length may be increased up to 210 or 220 yards.

Fifth hole—320 yards; iron play. Very difficult near the green.

Sixth hole—500 yards; test of wooden club play.

Seventh hole—120 yards; test of delicacy and accuracy.

Eighth hole—400 yards, and—

Ninth hole—420 yards; two good two-shot holes to finish the outward half. Length to the turn, 3,080 yards.

Tenth hole—340 yards; within two shots. A difficult first shot and a trying second.

Eleventh hole—410 yards; two fine shots. Three needed to get on the green in case of the slightest mistake, or by a moderate player.

Twelfth hole—130 yards; difficult mashie or iron shot.

Thirteenth hole—370 yards; two good shots.

Fourteenth hole—520 yards; long hole coming in. Counterpart of sixth. Difficult near the green.

Fifteenth hole—180 yards; a severely testing one-shot hole.

Sixteenth hole—390 yards; seventeenth hole—420 yards; eighteenth hole—400 yards; hard to finish. Second shots difficult.

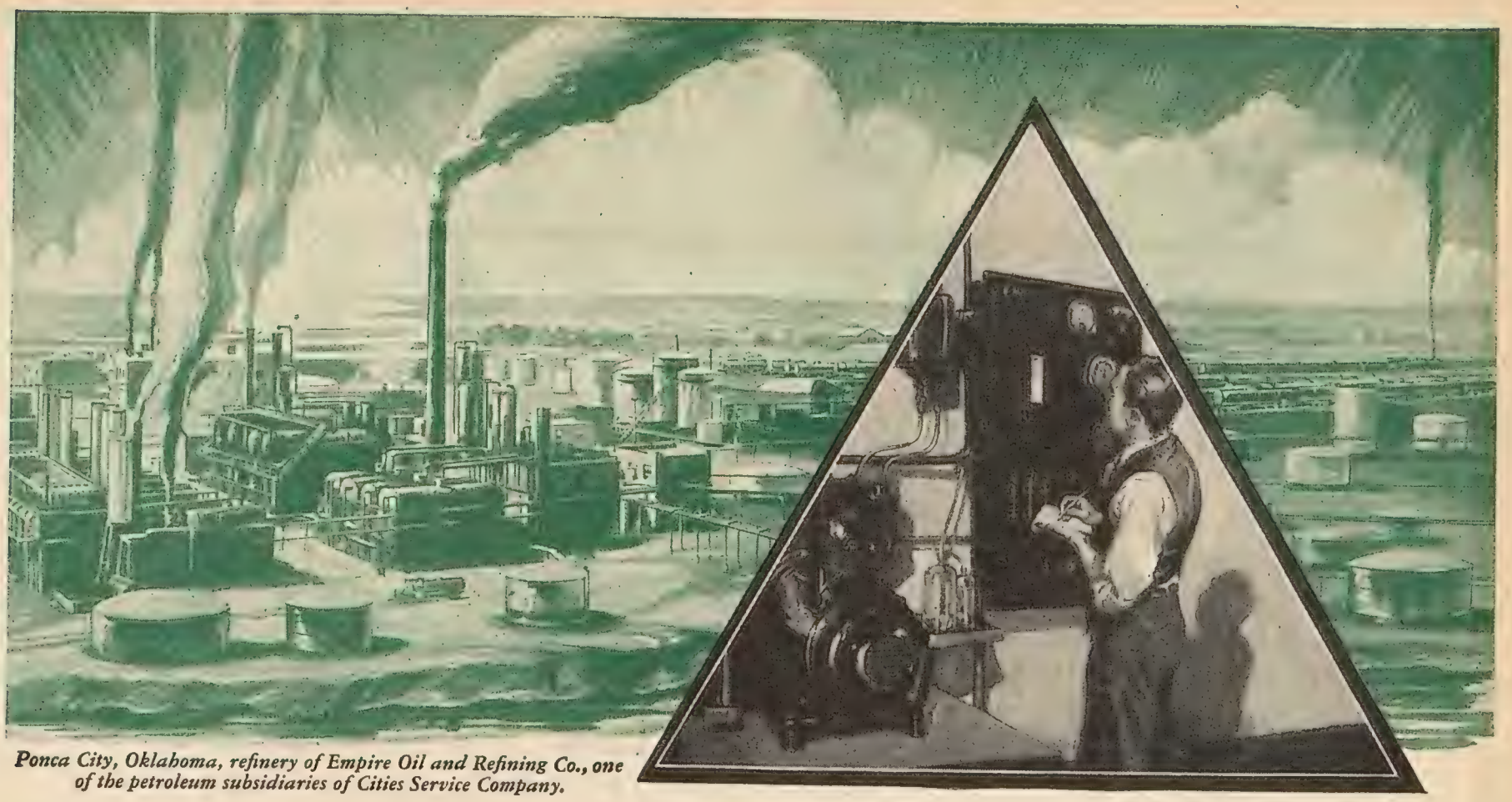
Total length of the course is 6,240 yards.

How closely the best modern clubs have kept to this early designation of the ideal course can be judged from the fact that, taking twenty of the best courses in this country, such as the Pine Valley, Lido, Westchester, Ojai, and Biltmore, we find the yardage from 6,163 to 6,707, the latter being the Oakmont course.

McCarthy finally insists that it is not necessary to go to vast expense to get up the ideal course.

"I know courses that cost a million. The new Yale course cost $480,000. But they have nothing that the average club cannot have—except lakes, lagoons, or clubhouse improvements. Much wealth is not necessary to have a good course. Only good sense is."

THE END



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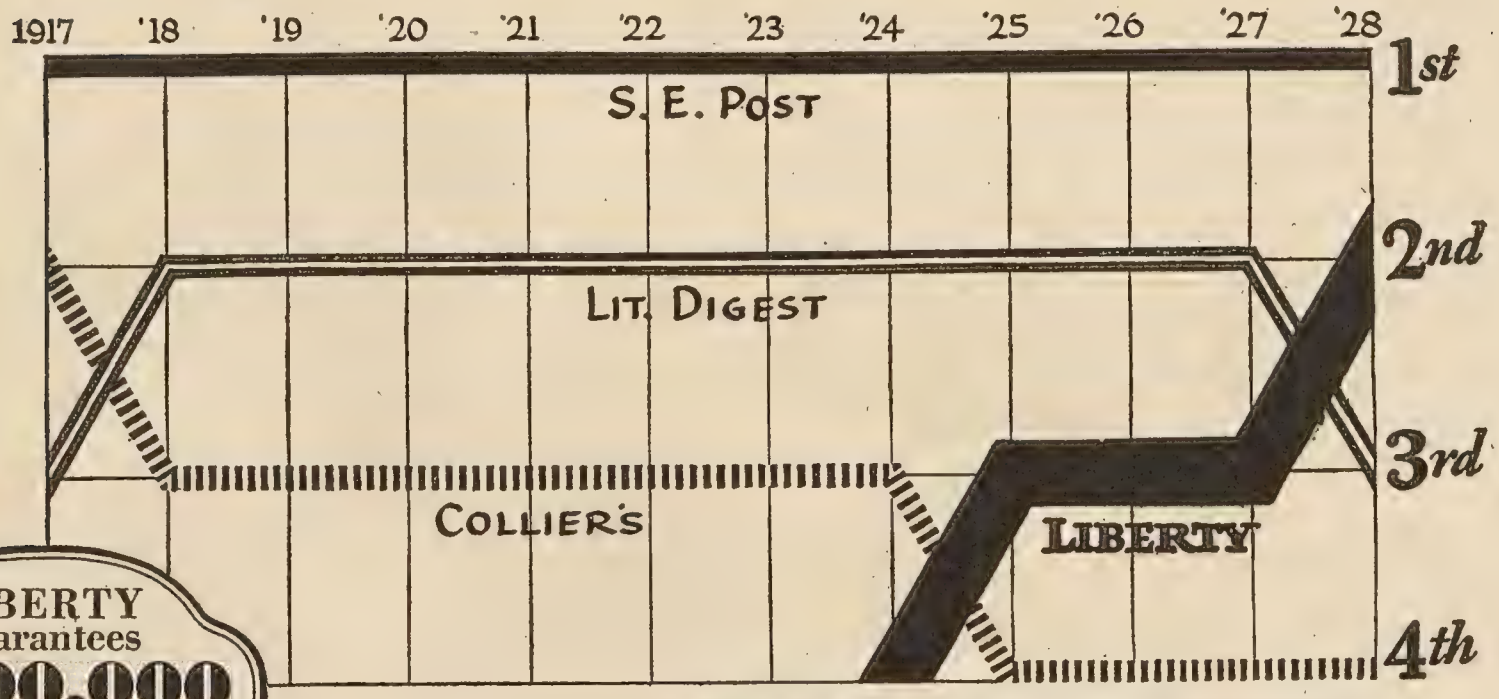

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IN The Corsairs Club, Spots Larkin was stabbed. Anthony Sommers was imprisoned for the murder. Molly, his daughter, in an effort to find the real murderer, became a singer in the club, under the name Eileen Drew. There she fascinated Joe Carozzo, the club's brutal owner.

One night a shot rang out, and Molly saw Joe's fallen body with Ted Morehouse, the man she loved, standing over it. No escape possible.

Geoffrey Platt, acting police commissioner, appeared and, amazingly, Molly's father also.

As Marcia, Joe's girl, accused Molly, a bloody dagger dropped from Molly's sleeve.

PART NINE

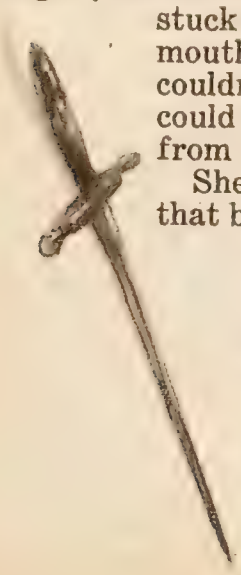
MOLLY stood very still, hands on her heart, shoulders bent, looking down at the red stain on the silver blade. It held her in a spell.

It shook at her feet, a silent, clamorous, bloodstained witness. It danced. It accused her, damned her—left her without defense.

She had gone to Carozzo armed with this dagger. She had been alone with him. She had seen him dead, bleeding. She had covered him with roses. She had come out of his den with this dagger in her sleeve—and it was covered with his blood.

She tried to wet her dry lips with her tongue; but her tongue was dry, too. It stuck to the roof of her dry mouth. She felt that she couldn't breathe, that she could not move or look away from the dagger.

She didn't know how that blood had come on the silver blade. She did not remember dropping the weapon among the roses, did not remember picking it up. She didn't remember striking the blow that slew Carozzo—yet she must have struck it!



Pictures by DALTON STEVENS

This was actually happening to her! She was in The Corsairs Club. Her dagger was sticking up from the wooden floor.

She heard her father's voice: "Say nothing!"

It came from far away. It was meaningless, vague. It was false, impossible. It wasn't her father's voice. Her father was in prison, serving life for a murder he did not commit. She had tried to save him. How hard she had tried! She had failed—failed woefully. And now she, too, would be tried for murder.

She felt that something was expected of her. She

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF]
Continued from page seventy-one

must say something, do something. What was it? These people were all in their places, in their proper rôles—women who hated her, men who loved her, policemen, newspaper men, the district attorney's man who had convicted her father. They were all expecting something of her. She must keep looking at that hideous swaying thing; yet she could see all these people looking at her, waiting for her to act, to speak. Their faces were dull, stupid, questioning. She did not find that strange. Rather, she found it strangely familiar, like a scene she had rehearsed with them long, long ago, and had forgotten. What must she do?

Ah, yes! She must open her eyes. The dagger would vanish then, and all these people. That was it. She must wake, and find herself at home in her white room. She must open her eyes and look at the clothes hanging in her closet, at the lamp on the little stand by her pillow, at the books on her table. She must wake and find Ted's letter between her breasts, feel the sharp edges of the paper pricking her flesh.

That was it. She must wake herself. But she could not. The spell held her until she felt Ted and her father putting her in her chair. She looked from one face to the other, then felt them with her fingers.

They were real! This was actually happening to her!

She was in The Corsairs Club. Carozzo was dead. Her dagger was sticking up from the wooden floor. She would be placed in a cell presently. She would be taken from these two men who loved her, and she would be alone in a cell.

These two were the ones who would suffer. These two, and her mother and her little sisters. One blow had not been enough for them. They must suffer more.

She heard her father's voice in her ear: "Steady! Steady! Don't give way." He was frightened, she saw; sick with fright.

A little while ago she had seen him walking into this room, strong, free, a proud man come mysteriously back from prison, shaking his white mane, smiling, lifting his head.

A little while ago! And now he was sick and old.

Her father and all who loved her—they would suffer most.

Ted might be put in prison with her—as her accomplice. Because he had tried to save her. Because he loved her. They would even try to make him testify against her!

She felt her father's hand on hers.

It shook. It was weak, without courage, without hope.

"Don't keep looking at that knife," Ted whispered. "And don't be afraid, Molly. Don't be afraid!"

She touched his hand lightly, then clung to it. She looked into his eyes. They were warm, comforting. They made her feel that nothing could harm her, nothing could frighten her.

She raised his hand quickly to her lips.

II

"PLEASE take your seats, everybody." Platt's voice was curt. The policemen snapped into action. The reporters sat down and began to scribble furiously, one of them using the tablecloth for a writing pad. Platt looked at Marcia.

"You said Miss Sommers stabbed Big Joe Carozzo in the heart."

"Yeah. I did."

"Why did you say it was in the heart?"

Molly saw the blood ebb out of Marcia's face.

"I seen her!" the girl said.

"Tell us about it."

Platt was unexcited. His flat voice seemed to provoke the girl, though she tried not to show it.

"I was outside one of the windows, looking through the glass."

"Wasn't the glass covered with frost?"

"It was," Marcia said quickly. "But—but maybe my breath melted it. Anyhow, I could see her clear. I seen her kill him."

"But frost forms on the inside of the pane. You were outside, you say?"

"Yeah. I was outside, and I seen her."

"One moment."

Platt whispered to a policeman who had come out of the den, sent him on an errand, and turned again to Marcia.

"Was that window locked or open, Miss Caponi?"

"It was—I don't remember that. All I know is, I looked through the glass and—"

"Yes, yes. Maybe you're right. True, we found footprints outside one of those windows. They were made by some woman. They were going away from the window. They went around the roof, passed close to the place where they're putting the bridge across to the new building, and stopped at the entrance to the service bar."

Marcia looked at him vacantly, but said nothing. She bent her head and stared at the floor.

Molly could see the girl's hands lying in her lap, palms up, fingers twitching. She had never seen Marcia like that before. She was Marcia, of course, with the many bracelets on her left forearm, and a ring on every finger. But she was not the Marcia Molly had known. She was not the queen cobra at the moment. And she was always to remain in Molly's memory as she was then—sitting on a chair, watching her fingers twitch.

A police sergeant hurried in from the den. The door

ear to God sn't dead!" cried. She n her knees raised her s. "Swear God!"

banged shut after him with a noise so loud that Marcia jumped. He rushed across the room, kicking a chair out of his way, and Platt leaped up and asked in a loud voice: "What's the matter?"

"Carozzo's not dead yet," the sergeant said.

It seemed to the crowd he was trying to whisper, yet his voice was audible in the farthest corner of the room.

"Not dead?"

"The medical examiner says—" the sergeant began.

He had no chance to say more. Marcia had shot from her chair and was running toward him.

"Swear to God he isn't dead!" she cried. She fell on her knees and raised her hands to him. "Swear to God!"

Platt raised her up, led her back to her seat.

"We have only the sergeant's word for it," he said. "Sit down, please. I'm sorry I can't help you."

"Please let me go to him, Mr. Platt!" she cried. "Let me go to him, won't you, please?"

She seized Platt's arms, looked into his face. Molly could see Platt steeling himself against the pity he must feel.

"Miss Caponi," he said, "if Carozzo is still alive and conscious, as the sergeant says, we shall have a statement from him in a few minutes. In view of this—is there anything you wish to say? I must warn you again, however, that anything you say may be used against you."

"I DIDN'T mean it," Marcia said, weeping. "As God hears me, I didn't!"

She ran her rings through her black hair. They glittered like fireflies in the night. She laughed. Her words came fast—shrill words, little words beating like frightened knuckles on a door, beating on the silence of the room.

"I was in the den. I was under the table when she came. I meant to kill *her*. He wanted to marry her, and I meant to kill her. How could I let her have him? The damn blonde gold-digger! She didn't love him. I loved him. He was mine. I was in the room all the time. Hiding. I had a knife.

"She went into the bedroom. She was afraid and ran. It was only Pio Mora, but she was afraid. She got away. I waited. I waited until Mora went. I got up. I thought she had come back. But he was alone. And—and it just happened. I didn't mean to kill him. I loved him. How could I kill him?

"'Joe,' I said. He looked at me as if I was a worm. 'What are you doing here, Snake Eyes?' he said. He never called me that before. It made me mad. I said—I don't know what I said. I know I begged him not to marry her. I begged him not to kick me out. I told him how much I loved him. I told him I'd kill him. And her too. He—he hit me. He knocked me down. Me! He knocked me down and laughed at me."

She was silent a moment, panting, running her rings through her hair.

"There was a rose. Lying on the floor, it was. A red rose. I seen her playing with it—before she ran out. I seen where she stepped on it. I seen where her heel mashed it. He picked it up. I seen him. I seen him kiss it."

She threw up her head and laughed, looking at the high beamed ceiling from which the black flags hung.

"Big Joe kissing a rose! Ain't it funny? Did you think Carozzo kissed roses? He kissed it. Like a sap. A dirty rose she stepped on!"

She threw herself on the chair, her forehead against its back, her arms around it, hugging it. Her shoulders shook, and her back, and the long black hair that covered her.

"I killed him," she said.

Slowly she turned to face Geoffrey Platt. Slowly she lifted her face. Slowly she brushed the hair away from her eyes.

"I give him fair warning," she said. "Long ago! Long ago I told him I'd kill him. 'One more blonde,' I said, 'and I'll cut your heart out. I'll kill you and her both,' I said."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF
Continued from page seventy-three]

She laughed.

"He's dead," she said quietly, matter-of-fact. "You thought you fooled me with your cheap trick, didn't you? Like hell you fooled me!"

Her voice rose a note or two, fell away again.

"I put the knife into his dirty, rotten heart—as far in as it would go. I seen him die. With his rose in his hand. And I laughed at him. I spit in his face. 'Keep your damn rose,' I said. 'It should of been a lily,' I said. And so I beat it. You thought you could fool me? God, that's good. I turned the knife in his heart, and I beat it."

She lay back on the chair, inert, head hanging, mouth open, tongue moving slowly out and in, out and in, bosom rising and falling slowly, painfully. Her eyes stared at nothing—unwinking black eyes. Her hands rested in her lap, palms up. Her fingers twitched.

So she remained until they led her away.

III

"GENTLEMEN," Platt addressed the reporters, "when I spoke to you some little time ago of righting a great wrong, I had no idea that Carozzo was to be stabbed, and that Miss Sommers was to be suspected of the crime.

"I needed no help in establishing the proof of guilt in this crime, thanks to the good work of Captain O'Malley and his men. Detective Sergeants Mannix and Moffett found a knife which we easily identified as Miss Caponi's. It was in the snow near the edge of the roof.

"They've started a bridge from this building, you know, to the one across the street. The workmen have temporarily removed the top of the fire escape. It was in the way. The part of the fire escape they removed lies about twenty feet from the bridge. And it was at this point the knife was found."

He glanced at a sheet of paper on which was some sort of diagram, and passed it to the reporters.

"Captain O'Malley has had this sketch made for you. You will note that the footprints pass close to the spot where the knife was found. It is marked with a circle, I believe. I may remark that we found in the dressing room a pair of slippers that fitted the footprints. They were wet and there was a little snow still on them. They are Miss Caponi's.

"No doubt, for a moment, you believed Miss Sommers was guilty of this crime. The direct accusation, the falling of her dagger, the fact that she had been in Carozzo's room—these and other things tended to incriminate her. Had it not been for Miss Caponi's confession it might be she would have gone to trial, charged with murder.

"But the wrong I spoke of, gentlemen, was the wrong done to Anthony Sommers."

He smiled at Sommers, and at Anson Keen.

"Anthony Sommers was tried and convicted by my friend Mr. Keen for the murder of one Spots Larkin, whose real name was Pietro Bonofiglio. He was sentenced to Sing Sing penitentiary for from twenty years to life. And he was an innocent man. I propose to prove it to you this morning."

He sat back, evidently enjoying the faces he saw before him.

"You have seen how circumstances almost entrapped an innocent girl," he went on, thumbing a sheaf of papers. "You will see how diabolically they did entrap her father. And when you have seen I know you will do him justice."

He spoke to the stenographer. The stenographer spoke to a policeman, and presently four men came out of the den, carrying spindles. Platt ranged them in a row. Forty of them.

"Please observe these spindles," he said. "Forty. I think that is all of them, is it not, Mr. Mora?"

Mora cleared his throat, but made no reply.

"No, there is one more," Platt said. He took it from a brown paper package handed to him by the stenographer, and held it up. "Forty-one," he said.

The stenographer opened another package and disclosed a plumber's blowtorch. He lit it. A blue flame leaped out of it. Chairs were edged nearer. Nobody spoke until Platt held up a spindle for attention.

"This particular spindle," he said, "was the one thrown at Mr. Morehouse in this room yesterday morning. I took it out of the table top, because I was curious. I wondered why a spindle with such a heavy base as this, and such a comparatively light shaft, could have been thrown so it would land point first. It seemed to me that the base, being heavier, would strike the table, rather than the point.

"However, I was deceived, for the base of this spindle is light. It is light because it is hollow. Yet all these other spindles—"

He took the one nearest to him, held its bottom to the blue flame for a moment, and watched the lead melt.

"All these other spindles have heavy bases. They are filled with—"

A sparkling rain fell out of the spindle base and lay on the table. Diamonds!

Platt melted the bottom of another spindle. Another heap of diamonds fell from it.

"Gentlemen, I venture to say there is more than half a million dollars' worth of stolen jewels in these spindles!"

HE scooped the diamonds into a little heap.

"Mora," he said, "you carved all the figures on these spindles. You did it to mark each particular one, did you not?"

Again Mora cleared his throat. Again he held his tongue.

"You need not answer unless you wish," Platt assured him. "But I know that you, and others, have more jewels hidden in this place than we will find in the bases of these spindles. Carozzo had a belt of diamonds on him when he died. I know where some of these stones came from. I know some of the thieves concerned. Most of them are under arrest. Several of them have already made statements to Mr. Keen."

Again he turned to the reporters.

"This is merely incidental, gentlemen," he said. "You must have known that Carozzo was one of the biggest bootleggers in the country. You must have known that he was a sort of feudal lord, with an army of gunmen and sluggers at his command. You must have known that he was concerned in most of the gang killings in New York and nearby cities. Don't be surprised that he was also the head of an army of jewel thieves. Jewels were Carozzo's mania.

"Big Joe Carozzo made millions of dollars by smuggling liquor into this country, and by selling it. He had his own fleet, his own trucks. He has bribed hundreds of men sworn to uphold the law. He paid out millions in bribes.

"When he could not bribe a man he had him killed—or framed. He got rid of him some way."

"All thees ees lies!" Mora shouted. "Beeg damn lies."

Platt gave a signal, and a detective standing behind Mora put the barrel of his revolver to the back of Mora's neck.

"Search him," said Platt.

"This particular spindle," he said, "was the one thrown at Mr. Morehouse."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-SIX]

WHY FAMOUS MEN OF THE DAY USE BARBASOL

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD
. . . Glorifier of feminine pulchritude, creator of superb musical productions.

"I insist on shaving quickly, in comfort."

"Without the old-fashioned props, brush, lather and rubbing, Barbasol gives a perfect shaving performance quickly and leaves the skin feeling soft and refreshed."

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Barbasol
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No brushing — No lathering — No rubbing

Here's how it's done: 1: Wash the face (leave it wet). 2: Spread on Barbasol (don't rub). 3: Shave — dry the face. That's all! In a mere fraction of the usual time . . . you have the cleanest, smoothest and by far the most comfortable shave you ever had!

Today, get a tube of Barbasol from your druggist. Two sizes, 35¢ and 65¢. And tomorrow morning, step into the bathroom and treat yourself to this "who's who" shave. Your face will enjoy it and so will you. The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.

[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF]
Continued from page seventy-four

Theresa screamed something in Italian. She tried to get out of her chair, but strong hands held her down, and a detective who spoke her idiom quieted her.

The search revealed nothing, and Mora was allowed to sit down.

Platt seemed to ignore Mora for a moment. He shuffled his papers again.

"So we come," he said, "to the night of the murder of Spots Larkin, and the conviction of Anthony Sommers.

"I have lost an important witness, and so you must take my word for what I tell you. This witness was a girl who used to sell cigarettes here. Many of you knew her. Her name was Monica Lane."

Molly sat forward in her seat. At last she was going to get to the bottom of the mystery of Monica Lane, the mystery of the Larkin murder.

"When Larkin came to this club he came with a diamond that has no price. It was quite a big diamond. He and another crook had stolen it from a private home. He intended to sell it to Carozzo. I had received information of this, and I determined to get that stone.

"I was sitting at this very table, with my friend Mr. Keen, when Larkin came in. I saw him there at the door, talking to Carozzo and Anthony Sommers. Marcia Caponi had gone up to the balcony before they entered the door. Her testimony at the trial, therefore, was of course untrue.

"I saw these three men there. I saw Monica Lane. I signaled her, and she knew what to do. I had already given her instructions. She went at once into the den, and waited.

"She told me later what happened there. Check me up, Mr. Mora, if I am wrong."

The scar leaped out on Mora's face—the only sign that he had heard.

"Sommers came into the den with Larkin. They sat at a table. Sommers had a little bottle of whisky. They began to drink. Monica Lane approached them with her basket of cigarettes. She took part in their conversation, and, as I had instructed her, proffered a package of cigarettes to Larkin. 'Try them,' she said. 'They're a new brand.' Larkin took a cigarette, and—I suppose simply to humor the girl—Sommers asked for one.

"I had instructed Miss Lane to give these cigarettes to no one but Larkin. But, under the circumstances, I suppose she felt justified in doing as she did. She held a match and lit both cigarettes."

PLATT looked at Sommers, gave him a rueful smile.

"You have guessed, of course," he said, "that these cigarettes were especially prepared. In a moment both you and Larkin were apparently asleep. Miss Lane took your cigarettes, threw them into a cuspidor, searched Larkin's pockets until she found the diamond. She replaced it with a piece of glass I had given her, left the room by one of those French windows, and came directly to my table.

"You wonder, no doubt, why I didn't have Larkin arrested. I had come here more or less prepared for that. Mr. Keen was with me. It would have been a simple thing to have claimed that stone, to have proved it was stolen. But I had no time for that. I had to take that diamond to Paris—to take it there at the earliest possible moment. I will tell you why later.

"I was not a deputy police commissioner then. I had no authority as such until yesterday, when I told the commissioner everything. He decided, then, that I should handle the case in my own way, and gave me full power to do so. I decided to make the arrests tonight, not only because Mr. Sommers had just returned to New York, but for another excellent reason."

Molly thought she knew what that reason was. She gave Platt a grateful look. Platt smiled, and looked at Mora.

"Monica Lane, when she put that diamond in my hand," he said, "told me that, as she was going around the roof, Pio Mora passed her. She watched him, saw him go in through the window she had left open. Now, Mr. Mora—have you anything you wish to say to us?"

"I talk!" Mora shouted. "I talk now! I tell you everything—you let me hold Joe hees han' unteel he die!"

Platt shook his head.

"Carozzo's dead," he said.

"Dead? Joe eez dead?"

He did not seem to understand.

"You tell Snake Eyes—you tell her he ees make talk to your men. You tell her he ees not dead. She say she keel heem. I theenk she ees crez' girl."

"It seemed necessary at the time," Platt said. "I knew she was lying, you see. I had to shock her into telling the truth, because she had accused another person of the murder. And I did not want that innocent girl to be placed in jail for even one moment. You understand?"

"Carozz'—he ees dead!"

Mora's great hands went to his flaming mustaches—as Carozzo's used to leap to his black, sharp points.

"And me—you put me in thees chair? Yes, no? You theenk I keel thees Larkin?"

"Tell your story, if you want to. I can't promise you any immunity, remember."

"I talk."

HE hitched his chair up a little nearer to Platt's table. He made a gesture of resignation with his hands.

"Ees true, what you say. I went into thees den through French weendow. I see Sommers and Larkin. They are asleep, I theenk. I feel careful through thees Larkin's pockets. So! I have found thees fake stone. I look at it. I hold it thees way, I hold it that way. I hold it to thees light. She ees still a fake. I go through hees pockets again. Nothing. Only thees fake.

"I leeve queek. Larkin he ees greep thees table with hees hands. Thees way. Tight."

He illustrated for Platt's benefit, clutching the edge of the table, leaning forward in his chair.

"Sommers he ees sit back, with hees hands falling. So! He make some move. So! I theenk he is wake up. I put my hand on hees face. Like thees. No? I geev a leetla push. Hees nose bleed. So. I no lika thees, and so I go queek through the weendow, and I find Carozz'.

"I geev Carozz' thees phony stone, and he swear like anything. He ees theenk Larkin geev heem thees doubla cross. He swear to keel him. He ees swear to cut Larkin hees throat—but I have better way.

"'Let me take thees phony stone,' I say. 'Let me take thees so clumsy fake. I feex heem. I break heem here, I break heem there. I break off leetla bit on thees side, leetla bit on that. So, thees fake she have sharp edges for cut a man's insides.

"'He shall eat thees fake stone,' I tell Carozz. 'He shall eat thees cut glass. In leetla while it begin to cut. It cut inside heem, where nobody see. Nobody blame us, eh? Nobody say, "Carozz' he keel thees man."'"

Platt stopped his calm recital.

"Wait," he said. "You took this stone, this fake stone, upstairs to your laboratory, did you not? You fixed it up there, and then brought it down?"

"Correct! I put heem in thees vise, and I chip heem here, and I chip heem there. I make good, fine job. So. I breeng heem down to Carozz'. I breeng down, too, thees leetla pieces I have chip off.

"I breeng them down. But firs' I smash thees leetla pieces with thees hammer. I make them fine, nice dust. I meex thees dust in my chewing gum. And I put thees chewing gum around thees fake stone.

"Now thees stone can go down easy to Larkin hees stomach. Thees gum—" He paused.

"The gum would dissolve in Larkin's stomach? Is that what you wanted to say?"

Mora bowed to Platt, smiled at him politely.

"Correct!" he said. "Thees gum ees dis-solve. And

thees leetla powder glass, and the so sharp edges of thees fake stone I have feex, they cut leetla bit here, leetla bit there. And so thees Larkin he suffer whole lot for doubla cross Carozz'. No, yes?"

"Go on," said Platt.

"So we go back in thees den. We go in by thees weendow. And Larkin he ees ver' dead. Already thees speendle stick out from hees throat. My ver' bes' speendle!"

"Then, for God's sake, who *did* kill Larkin?"

It was Sommers who asked the question. He was on his feet, glaring at Mora, shaking his lion's mane.

Mora made a gesture with his hands.

"That I don' know! We are there in thees den, Larkin with thees speendle sticking out from the back of hees neck, Sommers with hees nose bleed, me, and Carozz'. Carozz' he ees ver' mad. He swear lika everything. He throw thees gum diamond in thees basket.

"'Sombodee has keel heem already,' Carozz' he complain. 'Keel heem with mucha blood. It ees no good! Thees Keen he ees in next room. He blame me—yes, no? Maybe not. Maybe he blame Sommers.'

"Me, I pull back Larkin hees head for make sure he ees dead. I put my hand in hees hair and pull him back on thees chair. For sure he ees dead. I am disgus'. I push heem back. I drink beeg drink of thees wheesky.

"Carozz' he ees search Sommers' pockets. He find thees handkerchief, and he dip it in thees blood. So! He lay it on top of thees wastebasket. So! Nice, fine, it look. Any cop can see."

MORA looked at O'Malley who had come out of the den and was standing behind Platt. He grinned. The captain scowled in return.

"Carozz' he not satisfied by thees," Mora went on. "He ees send me for gun. I ask Theresa. She geeve me thees gun and I come back and put thees gun in Larkin hees coat pocket."

Theresa screamed at him in Italian. He said something to her. She looked sharply at the detectives standing at either side of her chair, and was silent.

"Go on," said Platt.

"Carozz'," said Mora, grinning now at Sommers, "he want to keel Sommers too. He ees scare. 'Thees man ees a devil,' he say. 'We no keel heem he no go to jail. We keel heem, Meester Keen he theenk Larkin keel heem. He look for knife for cut Sommers hees throat. But I no lika that.

"'Sommers,' I tell heem, 'he ees dead man already. New Yorka state ees keel heem dead in thees leetla electric chair.' But Carozz' he don' believe until he sees Sommers fall from hees chair.

"'Ees good!' he say then. 'We make it look lika he ees try to run away.'"

"So you and Carozzo carried him out on the roof between you, and left him lying there near the fire escape?" Platt asked.

"Ees correct! Flat Wheel, he help. So!"

"But how about the receipts that were found on the spindles?"

"Receipts?"

"The receipts that had been on the spindles—the papers Sergeant Hanson found in the basket."

Mora shrugged his shoulders. "I don' know. Whoever he keel Larkin put those papers in thees basket."

"They were on the crucifix spindle?"

"Ees correct!"

Platt searched among the spindles on his table until he found the one with the crucifix. He weighed it.

"Light," he said.

"The unfilled spindles were simply spindles, I suppose," Keen said. "The others were jewel cases."

"Is that right, Mora?" Platt asked.

"Correct!"

Platt turned to Anthony Sommers.

"Is there anything you want to ask Mora?" he said.

Sommers stood up.

"I should like to ask about those gum wrappers," he said. "During the trial I tried to get some information from Sergeant Hanson as to the various objects he found in the wastebasket. But the good sergeant was confused.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Danger

Spring Colds Lurking!

Here is a new kind of Underwear that will protect you from treacherous changeable Spring Days

IF you want to dodge your annual Spring cold, here is a simple precaution your doctor will recommend. Don't subject your body to extreme temperatures.

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[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF
Continued from page seventy-seven]

He didn't know whether the gum wrappers were on the top or the bottom of the basket. Apparently he didn't think it mattered. He didn't know where he found the wad of gum with the glass in it. He couldn't relocate the receipts. All he knew was that my handkerchief was on the top of the basket, and everything else was underneath it.

"You have said, Pio, in your diffident, shy way, that the gummed diamond must have been just beneath the handkerchief. You have said that the spindle was cleaned of its receipts before you came into the room. Therefore the receipts must have been under the gum.

"Now—where were the gum wrappers? Were they beneath the receipts or on top of them?"

"I don' know."

Sommers was not disappointed.

"You did not throw them there?"

"No."

"You did not take out a package of gum while you were begging Carozzo not to cut my throat? You didn't chew gum while framing me?"

"No. I no chew gum at thees time."

Sommers said easily, "That's all," and walked back to his seat.

"There's something I don't understand," said Retticker. "Why—why aren't you in jail?"

"We'll answer all your questions in a little while," said Platt. "And don't forget to mention, gentlemen, that Captain O'Malley has been working night and day on this case—and that he has done much to solve the murder of Spots Larkin."

"But it isn't solved!"

It was Anson Keen who spoke.

"But it will be solved before we leave," Platt said. "Bring in Chet Qug."

Be on hand for the climax which the whole of this serial has been leading up to, by reading next week's concluding installment.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 32

1—Sacramento; Denver; Hartford.
2—Plumpness of person; stoutness.
3—They are names of glands.
4—Leaves of the coca plant.
5—Astronomy.
6—Shah.
7—They are names of breeds of cats.
8—Red Sox; Yankees; Athletics.
9—Regiment, battalion, company, platoon, squad.
10—A dancer.
11—Horn of plenty.
12—Five.
13—They are shapes of cigars.
14—Mortal combat.
15—Mercury.
16—A figure having many angles and hence many sides, especially one of more than four angles.
17—Ivanhoe.
18—Leaves of the mulberry and of the Osage orange.
19—One minute.
20—They are kinds of cheese.

When a Princess Marries

By Bettina Bedwell

Paris.

WHEN Princesse Anne of France was married, her sister, the Princesse Françoise, was maid of honor. She had her own ideas about what she would wear when she should marry. Daughter of a hundred kings (poetically speaking), Princesse Françoise wanted a modern wedding dress.

Such a wish would be easily gratified for most girls, but for one of the Bourbons, and daughter of the Duc de Guise, this wasn't so easy. Even though the French royal family has no standing officially, it preserves meticulously all of the formality of a ruling house, and Princesse Françoise's engagement to Prince Christopher of Greece was a signal for preparations for a really royal wedding.

Just how Princesse Françoise got her way is her own secret. She chose for her bridal dress ivory white transparent velvet, and the frock was designed in the spirit of a fashionable afternoon frock. The slenderizing lines are varied by three scalloped tiers on the skirt, and the flaring panel gives a back and side dip to the short skirt. The long fitted sleeves and the modest V-shaped décolletage are important details. The veil is a family heirloom of Chantilly lace, with the royal coronet and crest in point d'Argentan.

For her reception Princesse Françoise wore the frock shown to the left of the bridal gown. Worth made this of royal blue dotted tulle, with a slender, sleeveless bodice having a strap and tassel of diamonds depending from the left shoulder. The fitted yoke which outlines the hips is a style feature of importance.

The French have an expression that they apply to any particularly beautiful frock for the older woman. They say, "That's a frock to marry your daughter in." The Duchesse de Guise chose to marry her daughter in a frock, by Worth, of pale gray satin, with a girdle and tunic of gray tulle. Diamonds are used for the embroidery around the neck, and the large gray flower is also embroidered with diamonds.

ANOTHER frock designed by Worth for this wedding is shown at the extreme right. It is a gown of rose-pink satin, with an untrimmed blouse having small shoulder straps of pearls. The skirt is a straight slip, over which is placed a very full tunic plaited at the hips and drooping at the sides and back. There is a narrow girdle of pearls and diamonds, and the décolletage in back is outlined with pearl-and-diamond embroidery.

At the wedding of Princesse Françoise there was no unified color scheme beyond the bridal white. It sets the precedent for the varicolored costuming of bridal parties.

Royal blue, pink, gray, and a pale spring green were the tones chosen by Princesse Françoise for her attendants, all of whom were of royal blood.

Photo by Taponier, Paris

Princesse Françoise, daughter of the Duc de Guise, French pretender, wearing the gown in which she was recently married to Prince Christopher of Greece.

Worth made the Princesse Françoise's bridal dress of ivory white velvet, with a veil of rare Chantilly lace. At her wedding reception the Princesse wore a frock of royal blue dotted tulle.

The bride's mother wore gray satin and tulle. Worth outlined the neck and shoulder flower in diamonds. On the right is shown another charming frock created by Worth for this notable wedding.

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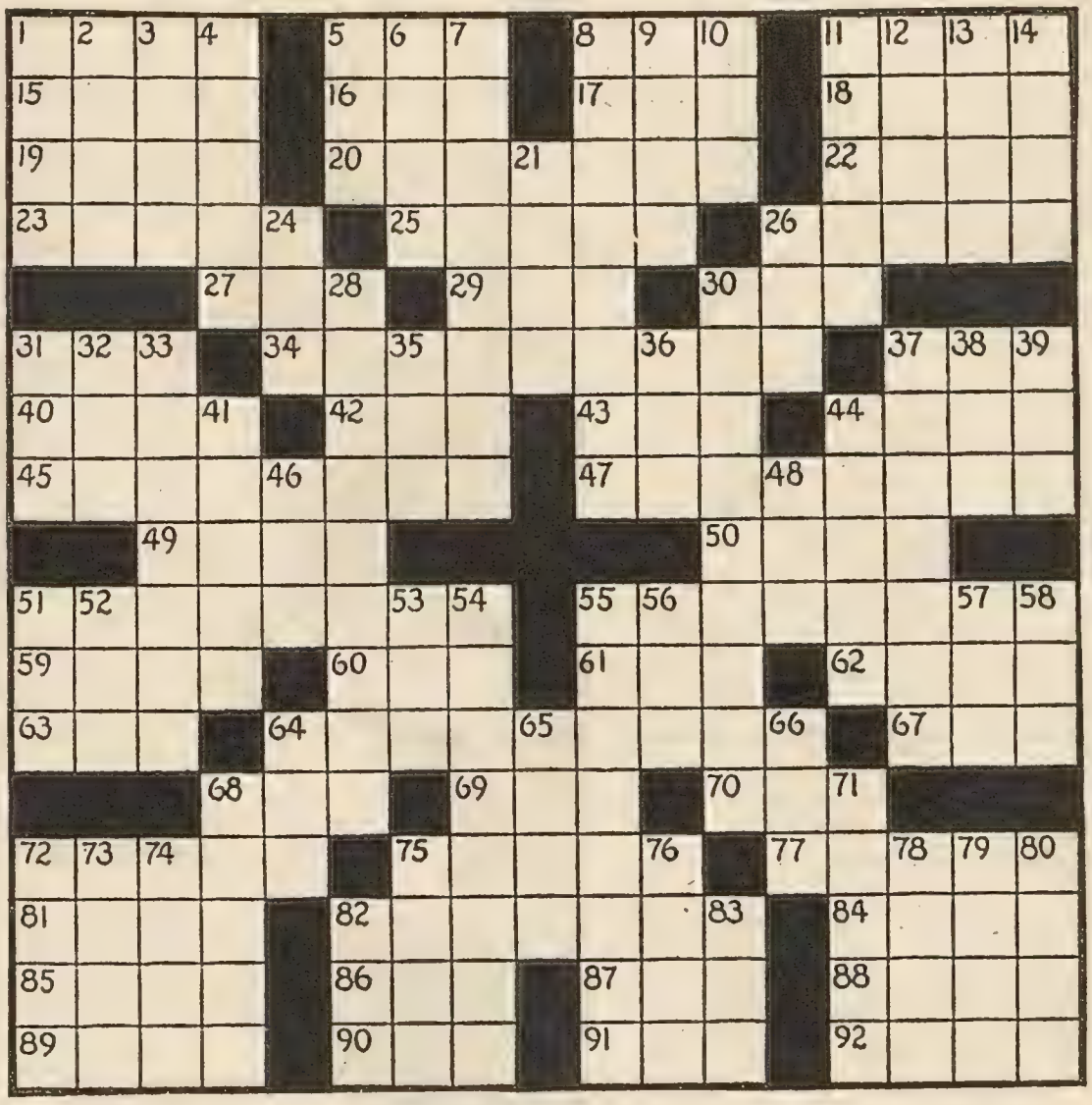
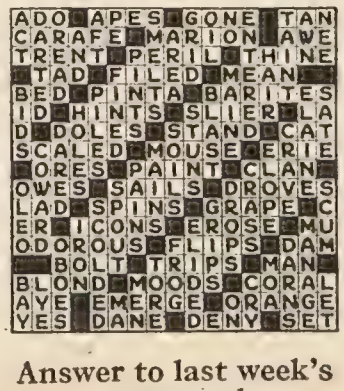


HORIZONTAL

1 Pleased
5 Strike smartly
8 Crow's cry
11 Cut short
15 Rant
16 Malt liquor
17 Anglo-Saxon coin
18 Went horseback
19 The same (Latin)
20 Small balls used as children's toys
22 Island
23 Mountainous district in Austria
25 Thresholds
26 One of the Disciples
27 Short sleep
29 Hint
30 A fish
31 Undermine
34 Gathered together
37 A bone
40 The father of Cain
42 Confederate general
43 Acknowledge
44 Mentally balanced
45 Large artery (plural)
47 Turning
49 Amend and revise
50 Employs
51 A compound of arsenic
55 Dissenters
59 Wading bird
60 Opposed to
61 High priest of Israel
62 Break off suddenly
63 Printer's measures
64 Complete and comprehensive view (plural)
67 Artful
68 Measure of length
69 Steep or soak
70 A great deal
72 A score
75 East Indian women servants
77 Part of the British Isles
81 Dry; barren
82 Impels onward
84 A tree
85 Solitary
86 Ostrichlike bird
87 River (Spanish)
88 A metal
89 A pitcher
90 Beast of burden
91 See at a distance
92 Cease from action

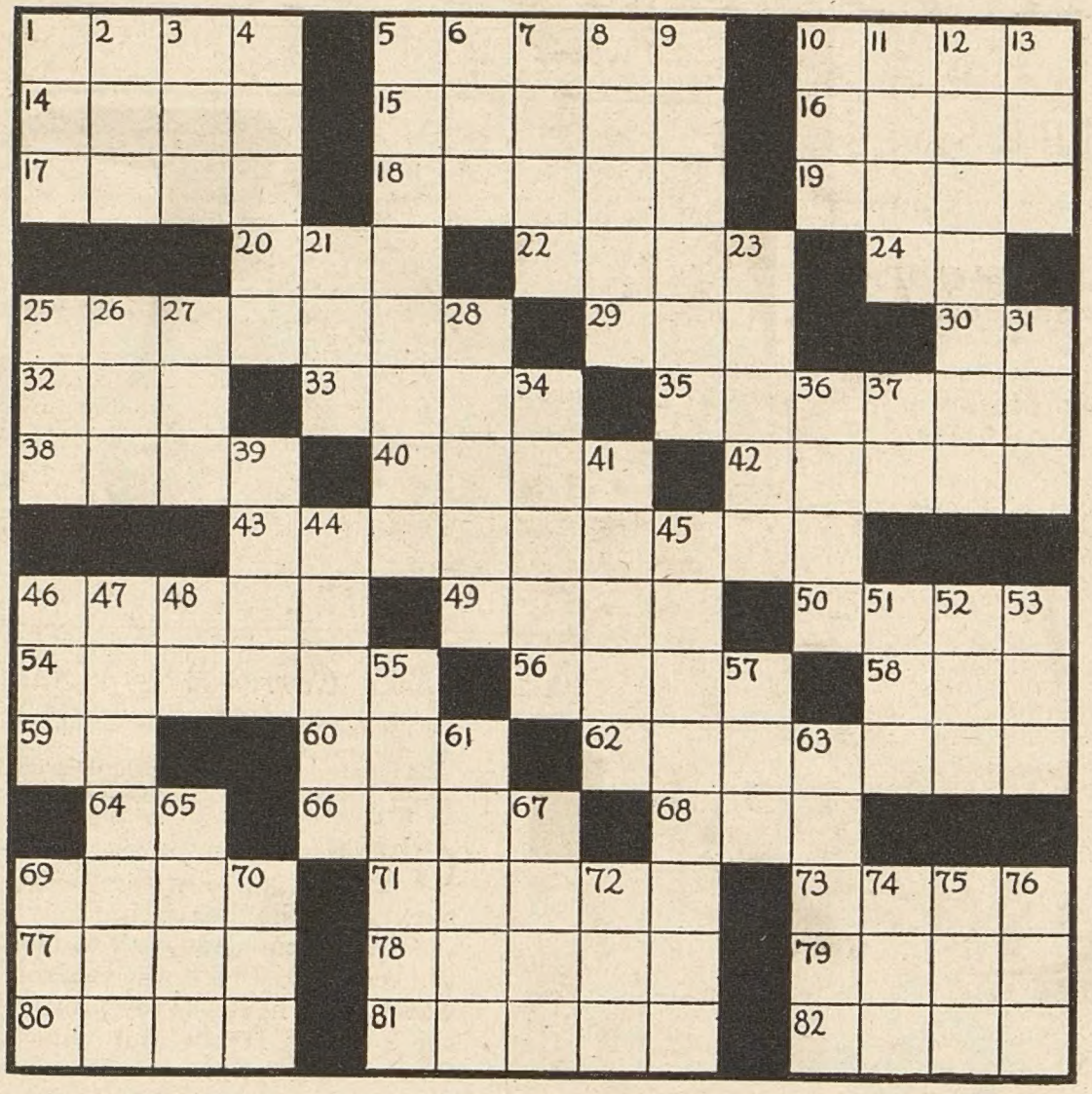
VERTICAL

1 Sand
2 Gentlewoman
3 State
4 Evil spirit
5 Thrust with violence
6 Alack!
7 An Athenian statesman
8 An assembler
9 Measures of area
10 Existed
11 Yelled
12 Mislaid
13 Unoccupied
14 Equal
21 A color
24 One hundred thousand rupees
26 Seed envelope
28 Pertaining to polity
30 Relating to ten decades
31 Pouch
32 Woman's name
33 Incomplete paralysis
35 Guided
36 Cardinal number
37 Dried fruit (plural)
38 Tavern
39 Entreat
41 A criterion
44 Restores (printing)
46 Stannum
48 An Ibsen character
51 Form of to be
52 Hastened
53 To put on
54 Gigantic
55 Plants of the heath family
56 A tree
57 One of the United States (abbreviation)
58 Inspect secretly
64 Work diligently
65 Harvest
66 Plant by strewing
68 Church official
71 Animal of Madagascar
72 Narrative
73 In a line
74 Pencil mark
75 Equips with weapons
76 Slide
78 Italian coins
79 Son of Seth
80 Dispatched
82 Edible seed
83 A bean



Answer to last week's easy puzzle

Take Your Choice



HORIZONTAL

1 Pull along by main force
5 A river in Ireland
10 Early Roman emperor
14 One of the four ages of the world (Hindu cosmogony)
15 Wife of Menelaus (Greek mythology)
16 Hostile incursion
17 Eponymous ancestor of the Hebrews
18 Cast or throw out
19 Crafts
20 Thrice (music)
22 Puncture for fastening by wire (bookbinding)
24 Latin conjunction
25 Water container used in laundering
29 Yellow ocher
30 Island off the French coast
32 A tree
33 Qualified
35 Covered with hairlike filaments
38 Those who vote in the negative
40 An island of the Hebrides
42 Eminent; celebrated
43 Trees of tropical Asia
46 Pertaining to a continent
49 Division of the Hebrew Bible
50 Fruiting spikes
54 Fabulous Australian animal
56 Protective covering of a certain plant louse
58 Town in France
59 Article
60 An ingredient of sealing wax
62 Deprives of light
64 Partake of reality
66 Biblical name (Genesis x)
68 Regard studiously
69 To whimper
71 Armistice
73 In excess
77 Persia
78 King of Moab (Biblical)
79 Have being
80 Woman's name
81 Moves by means of small wheels
82 Conduct

VERTICAL

1 Coloring agent
2 Chafe
3 Duration of life
4 Dam or weir for catching fish
5 Cherubs
6 Limb
7 Beverage (plural)
8 Ceases from action
9 Carry as a necessary accompaniment
10 Mouth (plural)
11 A weed of grainfields
12 One of an ancient Near East people
13 Alleged force or natural power (plural)
21 Greek letter
23 Any void space
25 Pallid
26 Masculine name
27 Start aside, as from fright
28 Inflate
31 Supplied with nourishment
34 Insert in records
36 Muzzle of an animal
37 By
39 Abide
41 Ventilated
44 Old-womanish
45 Mussulmans hostiie to the Crusaders
46 Arab garment
47 Tan
48 Within
51 Pertaining to apes and monkeys
52 Hurried
53 Tibetan antelope
55 Equivocate
57 For, or in behalf of
61 Freight
63 Hillock of rounded form
65 Dash
67 Thin soft muslin
69 Starch-yielding herb of East India
70 Compass point
72 Book of the New Testament (abbr.)
74 Strive for superiority
75 Woman's name
76 A color

THEM AEGIR REAR
RAMA ANODE ARIA
ALP EMS ISOBARS
PETERS MOTE SEE
IAN PACS AM
AFER PONY ABUSE
RED POLY AVESTA
RA BARE FRET AS
ASSORT TOES DIE
STYLE SERA PINS
RE STET CAN
ANI UPON CADENT
VENISON SAW RES
ERGO RESIN NOVA
ROAN TRINE OSAR

Answer to last week's hard puzzle

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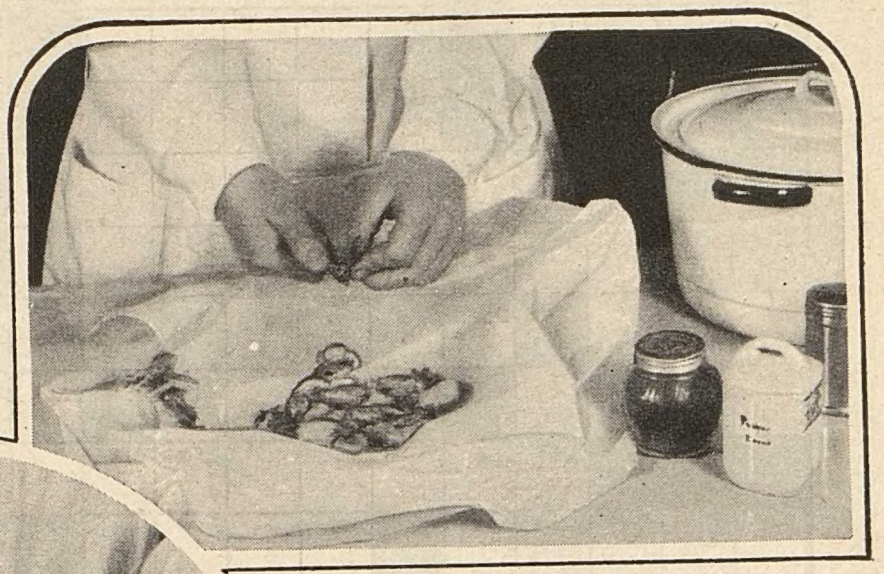
A Lenten Dinner Menu

By Ethel Somers



(At right) Preparing oysters with celery, and savory seasonings for steaming in parchment.

THERE is no question as to the health-building properties of sea food. Salt-water fish, with its body-building proteins, rich mineral stores, and vitamin solubles, is a positive health factory.

Fish menus are also economical. The small amount of waste and the quick cooking properties should encourage the use of fish throughout the year.

Whether or not our fish dinners are palatable, as we saw in last week's LIBERTY, lies largely with the cook.

A bright salad, a colorful sauce, baked potatoes in their tawny jackets, snappy vegetables, and a fruity dessert also greatly enhance such a dinner.

A LENTEN DINNER MENU

Savory Oyster Appetizer Crackers
Cream of Pea Soup
Baked Mackerel or Haddock in Sauce
Baked Potato Buttered Beets
Raw Carrot-Raisin Salad with Greens
Graham Gems Butter Jam
Orange Cake
With Fruit or Cream Filling
Demi-Tasse Cheese

Savory Oyster Appetizer

(For six)

2 dozen large oysters
¼ cup butter
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
8 peppercorns
½ cup chopped celery leaves
Parsley
Pimento

MOISTEN a sheet of parchment paper of the type that is used for cookery. Place the oysters and seasonings therein and tie securely as if in a bag. Place in a steamer over boiling water for fifteen minutes. Serve in heated shells. Moisten with the sauce in which they are steamed and garnish with parsley and pimento, or vary the recipe by adding tomato catsup, Worcestershire sauce, or lemon juice, celery salt, and paprika to the liquor after the oysters are cooked.

Baked Mackerel

(Or oily-meated fish of any variety: salmon, shad, whitefish, lake trout, bluefish, herring, or sable fish. Dry-meated fish may be used if fat salt pork is added.)

1½ to 2 pounds fish fillet
1 pint milk or cream
1 tablespoon butter
Parsley
1 lemon
Paprika to garnish

IF salted fish is used, freshen it by placing on a rack, skin side up, in a pan filled with cold water. It may be so soaked from twenty-four to thirty-six hours, depending upon the freshness desired. The water should be changed once during the soaking. Place the fresh fish or freshened salt fish on a baking dish or heat-proof glass platter.

Fruit and cake combinations are ideal desserts on a fish menu.

Add the milk or cream. Place in a moderate oven (375° F.) and bake thirty to thirty-five minutes, at which time the richness of the milk is almost absorbed by the fish, leaving a thin sauce. Add the butter to this sauce several minutes before serving. Serve the sauce about the fish on the platter. Garnish with baked potatoes, parsley, lemon, and paprika.

RECIPES for sunshine, sponge, hot-water sponge, angel food, or cheap butter cake may be found in LIBERTY'S three cookbooks, also a variety of cream and custard fillings as well as fillings for ice-box cakes, any of which may be used as a filling for the orange cake of the menu above.

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Raw Carrot-Raisin Salad

6 carrots
¼ cup mayonnaise
2 tablespoons honey or currant jelly, if desired
⅛ to ¼ cup raisins
Crisp salad greens
French dressing, if desired

GRIND the raw carrots through the fine knife of the food chopper. Add the honey or jelly and then mayonnaise enough to moisten the carrot. Place the raisins in water and heat slowly until they are puffed. Drain and wipe dry. Scatter through the carrot mixture. Mold and serve on crisp greens.

Orange Cake

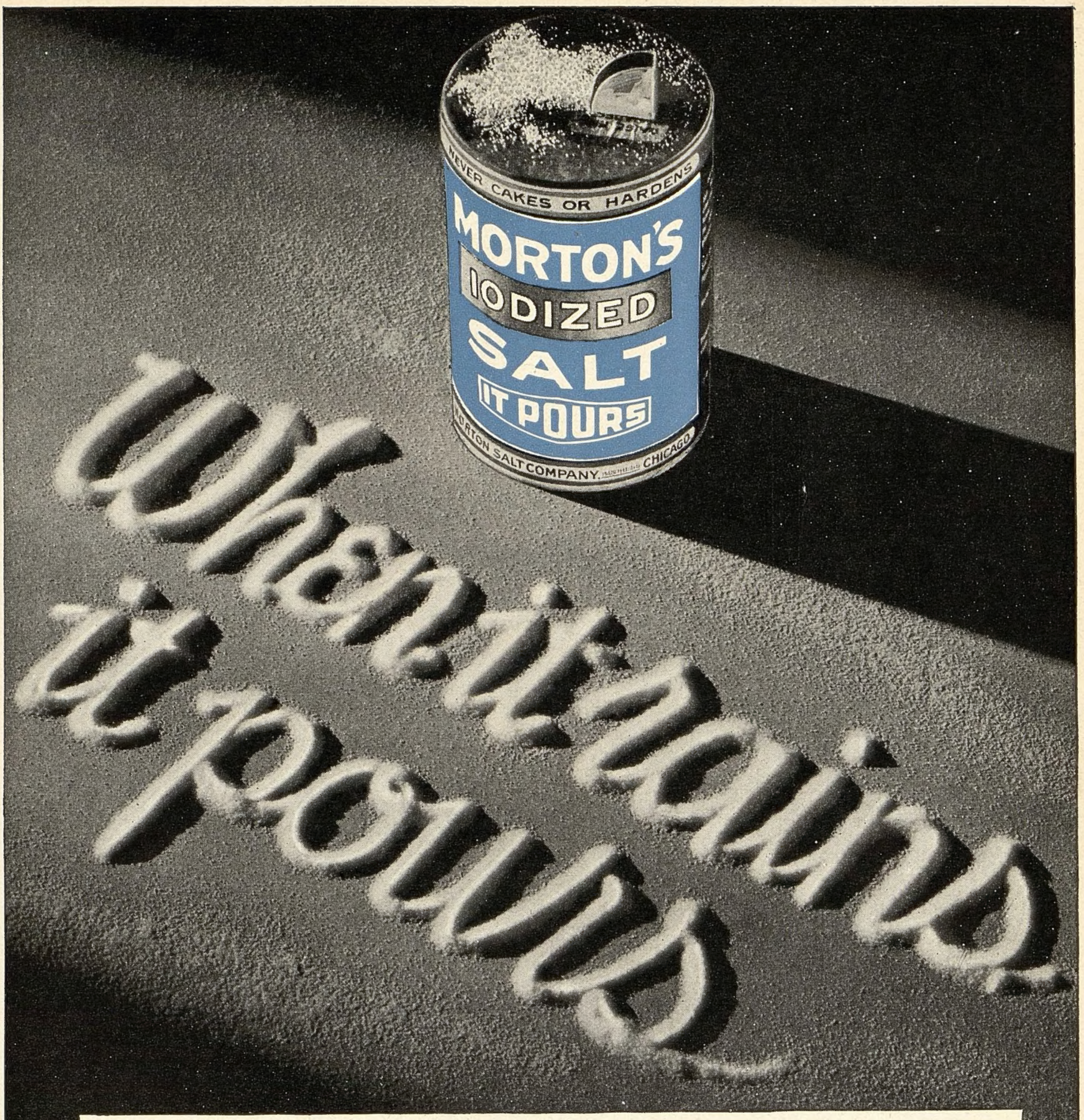
ONE standard sunshine cake or sponge, hot-water sponge, angel food, or cheap butter cake made with the addition of two tablespoons grated orange rind and orange juice instead of milk or water called for in the recipe. Do not use the hot-water sponge or butter cake unless it is to be eaten the same day it is made.

Bake the cake in a false bottom pan (see picture), or cut away part of the center to produce this same effect. Fill as desired and garnish with fruit and whipped cream.

Orange Cream Filling

1 teaspoon cornstarch
¾ cup sugar
1 tablespoon butter
3 eggs
1 cup hot milk or cream
1½ tablespoons gelatin
¼ cup cold water
1 cup orange juice
1 to 2 tablespoons grated orange rind
1 lemon grated rind only, or
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 or 3 oranges separated in lobes
Whipped cream to garnish

COMBINE sugar and cornstarch. Stir in the hot milk and then the lightly beaten egg yolks. Stir and cook over water until thick. Continue the cooking (without stirring) fifteen minutes longer, but do not let the water boil. Then stir in the butter and add the gelatin, which has been softened in the cold water. Stir until the gelatin is completely dissolved. Add the fruit juice and grated rinds, and then fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Cool and spread in the hollow of the cake. Set in the ice box. Garnish with the fruit and whipped cream just before serving.



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